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ABSTRACT

This collection of 260 dream texts from Zinacantan, Chiapas, Mexico, is an English translation of the original texts recorded in the Tzotzil (Mayan) language. The introduction discusses dreams as a centrally important, but much neglected aspect of Middle American cultures. The dreams of eleven Zinacantecs, two of whom were shamans, are included. Dreams are ascribed considerable importance by the Zinacantecs, who see them not merely as portents of future events, but as actual, present encounters of the individual's soul, both in its contest with the souls of hostile humans and in communication with the deities. Over one hundred dream motifs are given standard interpretations by the Zinacantecs, who modify them to fit personal situations. The dreams are accompanied by ethnographic commentary. (Author/NCR)

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SMITHSONIAN CONTRIBUTIONS TO ANTHROPOLOGY • NUMBER 22

Of Wonders Wild and New

DREAMS FROM ZINACANTÁN

Robert M. Laughlin

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Yaʔahvil (La Ventana). (Photograph by Marcey Jacobson)

ABSTRACT

Laughlin, Robert M. Of Wonders Wild and New: Dreams from Zinacantán. *Smithsonian Contributions to Anthropology,* number 22, 178 pages, frontispiece, 14 figures, 1976.—This collection of 260 dream texts from Zinacantán, Chiapas, Mexico, was recorded in Tzotzil, primarily during 1963, and subsequently translated by the author into English. Dreams are ascribed considerable importance by the Zinacantecs, who see them not merely as portents of future events, but as actual, present encounters of the individual's soul, both in its contest with the souls of hostile humans and in communicataion with the deities. Dreams inform an individual of his capacity as a musician, a bonesetter, a midwife, or a shaman.

Over one hundred dream motifs are given standard interpretations by the Zinacantecs, who modify them to fit personal situations.

Included here are the dreams of eleven Zinacantecs, two of whom were shamans. Their richness of dialogue and imagery represent a hitherto much neglected aspect of Middle American culture. The dreams are accompanied by ethnographic commentary.

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Acknowledgments

It seemed, eleven years ago, when I stumbled through Dream 251, that I had traveled "through caverns measureless to man." If this was manifest reality in Zinacantán the latent truths were, like the works of Ozymandius, a matter for despair. And so I took an easy out, a mere scratching of the surface, a sweeping up of words. A decade later the task was done— *The Great Tzotzil Dictionary of San Lorenzo Zinacantán.** Not content to delay the publication of these dreams, the dictionary also appropriated my profound expressions of gratitude to all those in Zinacantán, San Cristóbal de Las Casas, Mexico City, and north of the border whose aid and encouragement have been of equal stimulus to *Of Wonders Wild and New*. I beg their indulgence and ask them to turn to my dictionary for the last word.

Special mention should be made of a few individuals who were more intimately involved with the elaboration of these oneiric inventions. For decoding my script and transforming it into typed pages I am indebted to Rosemary Macchiavelli De Rosa, Anne Mason Lewis, Frances T. Méndez, and Jessie Standish Shaw. The Tzotzil texts were typed on a word processor by Susan Linn and Frances Méndez. Rosemary De Rosa, Jane Norman, and Jessie Shaw attended to my many long distance needs.

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To my father, Ledlie I. Laughlin, who enlivened many a breakfast with vivid accounts of his twilight adventures, and to my mother, Roberta H. Laughlin, who awoke one morn sporting blue medallions down her flank in commemoration of my father's desperate but victorious struggle to rid his big toe of a tenacious lobster, I owe my faith in the reality of dreams.

For over a decade, this faith has been constantly renewed by my wife, Mimi, and our children, Liana and Reese, if not at breakfast at least by supper.

I reserve to the last my gratitude to the dreamers: Mikel Ȼoȼil, Mal Heronimo, Maruč Lopis, Šun Min, Mal Montišyo, Petuˀ Nibak, Tonik Nibak, ˀAnselmo Peres, Romin Tan-čak, Romin Teratol, and the late Maltil Tulum. While their names may be considered illusory, their souls are the essence of reality. I pray that in sharing their visions with strangers, with the natives of the world beneath their magic mountain, I have not betrayed their trust, but will widen horizons and arouse new dreams.

---

* *Smithsonian Contributions to Anthropology*, number 19 (1975).

Epigraph

A man walked down the street with three dreams for sale. Of course he would not tell anyone what they were. He even said that he couldn't, because the dreams wouldn't be the same for them. He couldn't tell them anything about the dreams at all. They were there like straws to be drawn. Everyone hopes for better dreams than his own, and people bought them. The dreams were to be opened in private, the buyers were told. They were printed on exactly the same paper, which was made to dissolve as it was read, or to dissolve anyway if someone tried to keep it without reading it, like a talisman, so that it might produce its dream as everything can do if the right spirit approaches it. A little later they would return to sight in the man's hand.

People who bought the dreams sometimes met each other later and tried to compare which dreams they had bought. Very suspiciously, at first. Very cautiously, with hints back and forth. Everyone found out after a while that the other person seemed to have bought a different dream. But then it turned out finally that there were too many of them in the same room for them all to have had different dreams, and they started arguing with each other. For they had all seen that there were only three dreams in the man's hand.

But with each person each dream clearly had been different. And still the buyers wanted to know which of the three dreams they had had. They tried everything. They classified by means of every triad they could think of. They divided each other into three factions, which never seemed accurate enough. They kept changing sides, and never forgiving each other. Eventually, in order to check, two of them tried to read the same dream at the same time, and it disappeared at once, entirely, and never reappearad in the man's hand. That happened again and the man was left with only one.

"Now won't the others come back at all?" he was asked.

"No," he said. "But it doesn't matter. They were all copies of the same dream."

"Will you sell us that one?" they asked.

"No," he said. "I'm going to give it back."

"Which one is it?" they asked, almost in unison.

For none of them had learned anything at all. What can you learn from a bought dream?

—W. S. Merwin
A Fable of the Buyers
The New Yorker (5 February 1972)

OF WONDERS WILD AND NEW

Robert M. Laughlin

Introduction

Staging and Production

In 1959, when Zinacantecs first told me their dreams, the hamlets of Zinacantán were separated by gleaming forests of oak and pine. Wisps of smoke rose from the tall, black pyramids of thatch nestled in the green corn fields. Men ran down muddy trails, urging on their convoy of mules, or strode jauntily along the highway, weaving a coil of palm fiber for a new hat. Their Mayan profiles slanted obliquely under straw platters spilling yards of pink and purple ribbons! Brief white shorts set off their brown muscular thighs as they paraded at the head of their flock of womenfolk. The women, bowed under bristling bundles of firewood, drew shawls across their faces as the cars raced past.

Now the forests ringing the hamlets are mostly knee-high stumps. Low tile roofs cover the adobe or brick rectangles. Trucks, few mules, carry corn. Store-bought sombreros and long pants far outnumber beribboned platters and white shorts. Most boys walk bare-headed. Those who can, wear watches on their wrists and carry radios in their plastic shoulderbags. Girls stare boldly and may even smile.

Electricity is still dim, meals are still cooked on wood fires, dogs still bark, and roosters still crow through the night; men still lead the way, mist swirls still past the ragged limestone cliffs, the sun also rises and the thunderbolt crashes, shaking the mountains to their foundations. The profile is still Mayan.

In 1545, when Fray Tomás de la Torre arrived on muleback in the mountains of southeastern Mexico he discovered that the fame of the merchants of Zinacantán was so great that simply to be a native of that town was deemed an honor. The Zinacantecs' tradition as worldly wise traders has persisted to this day. It should be no surprise, therefore, that these people should seize the novel opportunity provided by a curious anthropologist to extend their trading activities and install themselves as dream merchants, if only for a day.

Though I was merely a familiar figure to the majority of this company of dreamers, they described to me with undisguised enthusiasm the wanderings of their souls. It would not be correct to claim that they had sold me their souls in exchange for gold, but they did sell the visions of their souls. Even though these visions are now at least eleven years old, and though many were disclaimed by their former owners as being merely their "soul's madness," they felt it would not be prudent to publish them in their own language, since now so many of the younger generation are literate. Their objection was not that their revelations be revealed, but rather that they themselves would be paraded before their peers as traffickers in matters of the soul. Accordingly, their own true words shall be archived in the Smithsonian Institution. Should any Zinacantec object to the ensuing adventures, I can reply with assurance, "These visions, now in English, are the invention of *my* soul's madness." Moreover, I will remind my Indian inquisitor of the canniness of his people who could make a profit from the sale of their dreams, for "What is the value of a bought dream?"

Scholarship

Very little indeed is known of the power of dreams in the daily lives of the Indians of Mexico and Cen-

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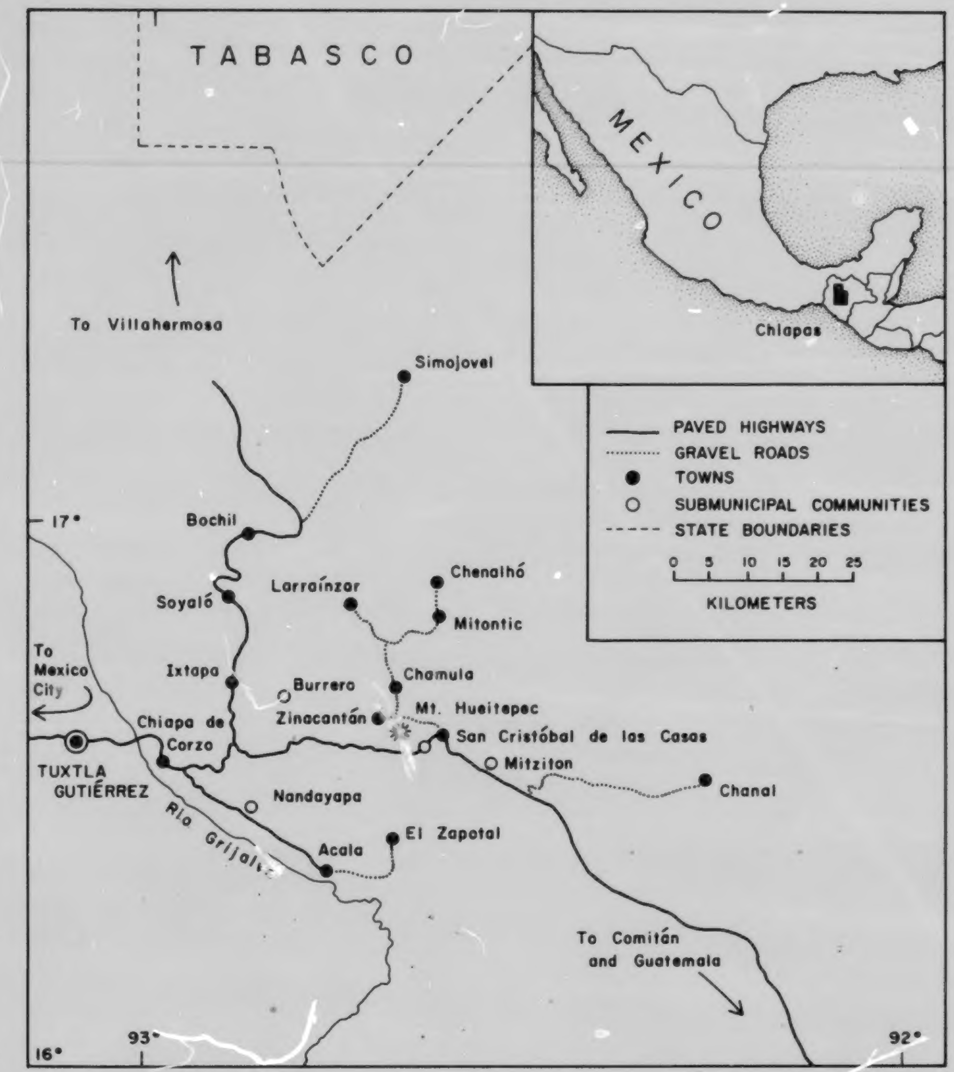

FIGURE 1.—Central Chiapas.

tral America. Shortly before the arrival of Cortés, the Aztec Empire was shaken by a series of ill omens.

> Anyone dreaming anything about the end of the Empire was ordered to the palace to tell of it. Night and day emissaries combed the city, and Tenochtitlan paid tribute in dreams . . . . But finding no good in the thousands offered, Moctezuma killed all the offenders. It was the massacre of the dreamers, the most pathetic of all.
>
> From that day there were no more forecasts, no more dreams, terror weighed upon the spirit world . . . (Séjourné, 1957:42).

Once the conquistadors had subdued the native people, the friars set about converting the multitudes to Christianity, asking, "Have you practiced witchcraft? Do you believe in dreams? Do you believe in the devil?"

Searching through the many published descriptions and analyses of Indian cultures of Middle America it soon becomes apparent that anthropologists have shut their eyes to the Indians' dreams as if they were in fact the work of the devil. Aside from Guiteras-Holmes' *Perils of the Soul* (1961), my brief review of Zinacantec dream interpretation (1966), Pitt-Rivers' "Spiritual Power in Central America" (1970), and Fabrega and Silver's study of shamanism in Zinacantán (1973), our knowledge of Middle American dreams and dream theory could be expounded in three pages. We learn, for instance, that shamans have initiatory dreams among the Huichol (Benitez, 1968:329) and the Ixil (Lincoln, 1945:207). We learn that shamans interpret dreams

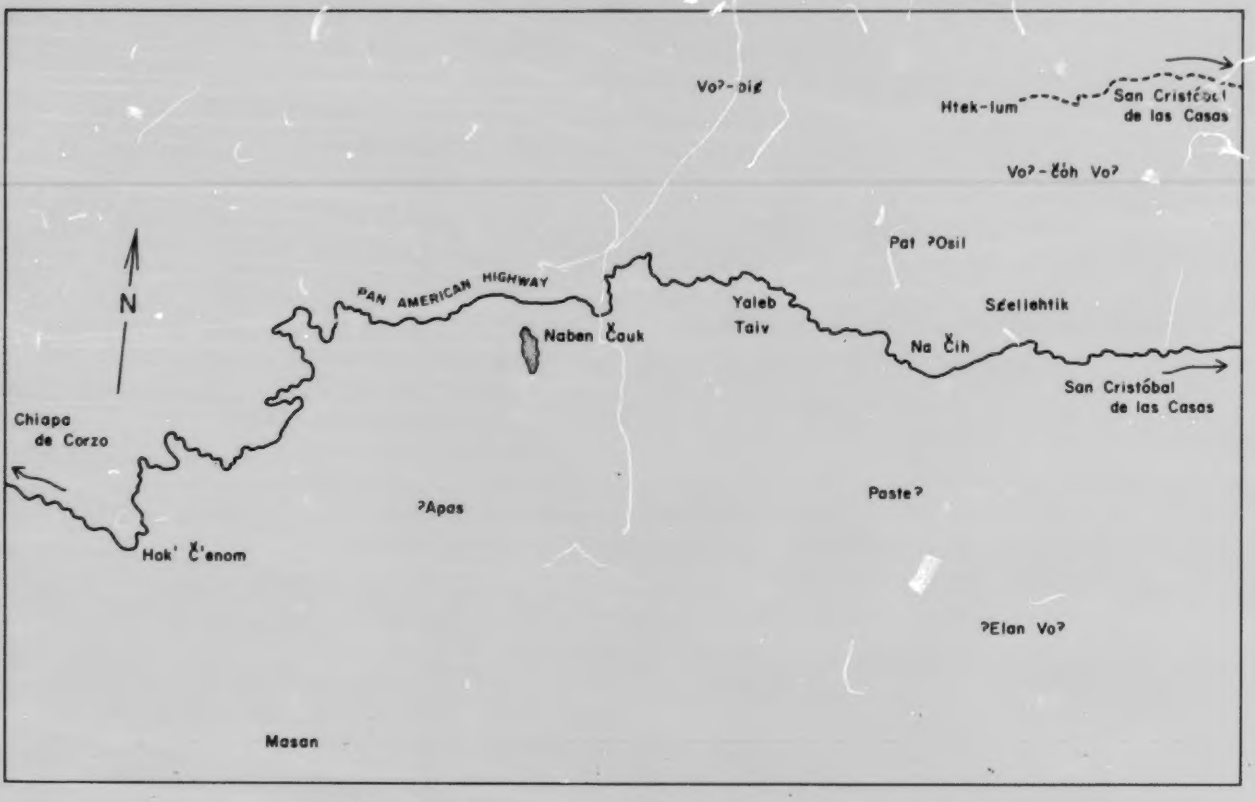

FIGURE 2.—Zinacantán.

among the Cakchiquel (Tax, 1950:732), the Ixil (Lincoln, 1945:428–429), Pokomam (Reina, 1969: 116), and Zutuhil (Rosales, 1945:935) of Guatemala, and among the Tepehua (Williams García, 1972: 42) of Mexico. We learn that the soul wanders in dreams among the Huichol (Furst and Nahmad, 1972:29), Nahuatl (Montoya Briones, 1964:176–177), and Tarahumara (Bennett and Zingg, 1935: 323–324) of Mexico, and among the Chorti (Reina, 1969:129), Pokomam (Reina, 1969:116), and Quiché (Tax, 1947:468) of Guatemala. We learn that dreams tell of "past or future events" among the Nahuatl (Montoya Briones, 1964:176–177), that they "inform" the Tarahumara (Bennett and Zingg, 1935:323–324), that for the Ixil they constitute "a message from God" (Lincoln, 1945:92). The Pocomchi even say, "If we did not dream, then the day is not very good" (Mayers, 1958:22). These are mere scraps of scholarship, yet they hint at the central importance of dreams in Middle American culture, an importance soon to be spotlighted by Robert Bruce in his study, *Lacandon Dream Symbolism*. I confess that I, too, am guilty, for, overwhelmed at my inability to interpret Zinacantec dreams, I buried myself for ten years in a dictionary rather than expose these visions to the view of my colleagues, unprotected by any theoretical wrappings.

Belonging to no school of dream interpretation, I feel free to introduce my discussion of Zinacantec dreams with the sensible words of Carl Jung:

> First, the dream should be treated as a fact, about which one must make no previous assumption except that it somehow makes sense; and second, the dream is a specific expression of the unconscious. . . . No matter how low anyone's opinion of the unconscious may be, he must concede that it is worth investigating; the unconscious is at least on the level of the louse, which, after all, enjoys the honest interest of the entomologist (Jung 1964:32).

KNOWLEDGE

Dogs dream, and cats dream. Horses dream, and even pigs, say the Zinacantecs. No one knows why; but there is no question in the mind of a Zinacantec why men dream. They dream to live a full life. They dream to save their lives.

While we "complacently assume that consciousness is sense and the unconscious is nonsense" (Jung, 1964:102), and so take extraordinary pains to distinguish between dreams and "reality," the Zinacantecs would call our wisdom stupidity, sheer blindness. We seem to concern ourselves only with what transpires "on the earth's surface"[1] as the Zinacantecs describe the material world. In Zinacantán, however, it is the inner reality that motivates, explains, and clarifies the irrational, hazardous events of our lives. There must be a reason for poverty, sickness, and death, for all the disagreeable happenings that bring sadness to our hearts. The reasons are not to be found "on the earth's surface," but in the "soul."[2] Our naiveté is a source of constant wonderment to the Zinacantecs, who look upon it almost covetously, in the spirit of "ignorance is bliss." But Zinacantecs live in no fool's paradise. They are born with a soul and a companion animal spirit[3] whose reality they deny at the risk of their lives.

There can be no dream without a soul, for to dream is to "see in one's soul" or to "see with one's soul."[4] As the alternative Tzotzil expression for "dream"[5] testifies, dreams are derivatives of sleep.

When still a fetus, every Zinacantec is bestowed with a soul by the tutelary gods,[6] the ancestral deities who reside in the surrounding mountains and who jealously guard and sustain the souls of their descendants, so long as they live in humility and righteousness. The soul, say some, is lodged in the back of the head, others locate it in the heart. The soul is believed to be composed of thirteen parts. It is immortal, but it, or parts of it, may be dislodged from the body by fright, by the excitement of sexual intercourse, by a divine beating, or by witchcraft. When a person is ill, a shaman can determine the state of his patient's soul by "pulsing," since the soul resides also in the blood, permitting the shaman to listen "as if to a telephone."

Under cover of darkness the soul sits on the tip of its owner's nose and surveys the world, or it wanders abroad. The soul's adventures are recalled by a child when he reaches about seven years of age. It is generally believed that a man's soul is more powerful than a woman's, but there is a variety of opinion whether the soul increases its strength as the individual ages. Some believe that the soul is at its strongest when the person is at the peak of his physical and mental powers, a state they ascribe to middle age, around forty. Others associate longevity with increasing strength of soul. One of the contributors, herself no longer young, and with a healthy respect for the powers of her soul, concedes that girls have more robust souls than mature women, for they have yet to suffer the permanently debilitating effects of childbirth. Quite apart from sex and age, there are people whose souls are inherently "clever"[7] or "strong,"[8] and there are others whose souls are "ignorant" or "stupid."[9] To qualify as a shaman, an individual's soul must be clever. Indeed, the population is divided into shamans who are clever, and everyone else who is ignorant. There are, however, degrees of cleverness and strength, both among shamans and among ordinary citizens.

Should the "crimson hour"[10] strike, when the tutelary gods, the saints, and the sun withdraw their grace, and the soul is permanently lost or consumed, it departs from the body in the shape of a fly. For nine days it retraces its steps on earth. Then it undertakes its journey to the otherworld, ferried across the chthonian river on the back of a black dog. The "ghost"[11] soon reaches a fork in the road. To the left is a broad path, to the right, a crooked trail, the first leading straight down to hell, the place of "burning bones,"[12] the second winding up to "heaven."[13] For as long as the soul was alive on earth, that many years it will suffer in hell or delight in heaven, waning steadily until it is at last reborn in a baby of the opposite sex, belonging, some say, to the same patrilineage. If, however, the soul was "sold to the earth"[14] by a witch, it must first labor in the fields of the Earth Lord until the contract has been fulfilled.

In addition to the soul, everyone has a "companion animal spirit" whose identity is consonant with his personality, with the strength of his soul. Some would say that the individual man and the individual animal have the same soul. These animal spirits reside in corrals inside Hueitepec Mountain overlooking Zinacantán Center. They range from jaguars and the lesser cats to coyotes, deer, anteaters, foxes, raccoons, weasels, opossum, squirrels, hawks, and owls. Every day the tutelary gods transform these wild animals into sheep and cows so they may graze peacefully, then, at night, they are transformed back into their pristine forms and are fed by the assistants of the tutelary gods, the "embracers"[15] and "bearers."[16] If the individual earns the disfavor of the tutelary gods by breaking moral codes or by failing in his duties, his companion animal spirit will be heaved out of the corral into the woods, where it soon will become the target of a hunter's bullets or the prey of a witch's soul. Its death and the death of its owner are usually simultaneous.

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[1] *ta sba balamil*

[2] *č'ulel*

[3] *čanul*

[4] *šil ta šč'ulel*

[5] *vayičil*

[6] *totil meʔiletik*

[7] *p'ih*

[8] *¢o¢*

[9] *sonso*

[10] *cahal ʔora*

[11] *č'ulelal*

[12] *k'atin bak*

[13] *vinahel*

[14] *čonbil ta balamil*

The identity of a person's companion animal spirit is revealed in dreams. While shamans, because of their superior vision, are aware of their animal spirits, many Zinacantecs remain ignorant of them throughout their lives. If a shaman determines by pulsing that an illness is caused by the ejection of his patient's animal spirit from the protective corral, he will reveal the animal spirit's identity to its owner and speedily perform the necessary ceremonies to restore it to divine custody. Shamans alone are credited with the power to change their animal spirits. This is done if the shaman perceives that his animal spirit has died, and it can only be done within the three-day period following the animal spirit's demise. To keep body and soul together, and the animal spirit safely corralled, requires more than diligent and responsible activity on the earth's surface; it requires vigilance and boldness when awake or asleep.

Unlike the Ladinos of San Cristóbal who tell their children at bedtime, "May you not dream tonight!" the Zincantecs may say to their young, "Go see your ranch, go see your hacienda, go and see your crops!" [17] Zinacantec children are taught not to sleep face down for then "they would be looking into their graves." Instead they should sleep on their backs, because then they are most apt to dream. Romin Teratol recalls with amusement how his eldest son used to toddle out the door into the sunshine, walk around the house and back in, announcing importantly, "Mother, I had a dream!" followed by a quick rendition invented on the spot.

In neighboring San Pedro Chenalhó, mothers are reported to ask each child about his dreams every morning (Guiteras-Holmes, 1961:109). Zinacantec mothers are not so conscientious, but it is not uncommon for a sleeper to awaken in the pitch black of night and arouse his family to describe in minute detail the visions of his soul. He may be told roughly to quiet down and let the others sleep, but if his dream is particularly frightening or uncanny it will stir up a lively discussion.

It is said flippantly that dreams are but the product of a hearty bedtime meal—"How well your beans speak!"[18] a girl retorted to her mother with mockery. Others claim that the failure to cross oneself before retiring at night leaves one liable to nightmares.

"Whoever sees, dreams well."[19] Whoever aspires to shamanhood, to become a powerful "seer,"[20] must appear three times before the tutelary gods in Calvary to receive "instruction in prayers, diagnostic knowledge, and all aspects of ritual procedure; and he is symbolically given the candles, flowers, and incense burners that he will use in his curing ceremonies" (Fabrega and Silver, 1973:31). Not all shamans have these dreams, but then not all shamans are powerful; some are dismissed as being mere "chicken-eaters,"[21] quick to take advantage of the ritual food offered by the patient's family.

Shamans see best, remember and interpret visions best, say the Zinacantecs. Where "spiritual power is the crux of the social system and spiritual sanctions dwarf all others in people's minds" dreams are scarcely idle curiosities (Pitt-Rivers, 1970:184). When an individual falls ill he seeks the aid of a shaman who can see best whether he is the target of divine punishment or the victim of a "crimson heart,"[22] a "burning heart,"[23] an "eater of souls."[24] The shaman, who is viewed not as a priest, but as a lawyer for the defense in a celestial court, may assemble as evidence his patient's dreams, though this is not a necessary recourse. If the patient loses his soul, he may be able to inform the shaman, on the basis of his dreams, where on the earth's surface the shaman should pray for his soul's recovery. Often a shaman can follow in his dreams the fate of his patient, discovering whether the sickness is susceptible to treatment. Although treatment may involve the use of herbal remedies, steambaths, bloodletting, etc., its basis is advocacy through prayer and, if necessary, spiritual combat with the forces of evil beneath the earth's surface.

It is a Zincantec truth that people are resentful and envious of the good fortunes of others. If their anger and hatred of a particular person becomes sufficiently strong, they may seek the aid of a shaman who is known to wield his power with malevolent effects. Everyone must be on guard lest his soul be devoured by the soul of one of these witches, for every night these evil souls emerge to hunt their victims. Build yourself a new house and you won't have to wait long for nightmares, for a witch is trying to weaken you so that your soul will "shrink"[25] and your body "slacken."[26] To further confuse and frighten his enemies, a witch's soul rolls three times, it is said, before a cross and transforms itself into an animal—a black dog, a cat, a goat, a cow, or a horse. In any of these shapes he will visit his victims.

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[15] *hpetometik*

[16] *hkučometik*

[17] *ba k'el ʔarančo, ba k'el ʔavasyento, ba k'el ʔa¢'unubtak*

[18] *lek šk'opoh ʔačenek'*

[19] *ʔa li buču šile ʔo la švayčinik lek*

[20] *hʔilol*

[21] *htiʔ-kašlanetik*

[22] *h¢ahal-ʔoʔon*

[23] *hk'ak'al-ʔoʔon*

[24] *htiʔoval*

Dreams, then, are not mere portents, they are fields of battle. Zinacantecs must defend themselves or seek a shaman's defense against the wily witches who can see both the souls and the companion animal spirits of their enemies. A shaman, if he is strong, may share the burden of his patient's sins as he struggles in his defense. The combats between shamans are not only verbal assaults, but physical wrestling matches or armed encounters in the dream world. It is not uncommon for a shaman when discussing one of his adversaries on the earth's surface to remark, "I've seen him. I can't get him. I tried him out, but I can't win."

What is true for a shaman is true to a lesser degree for an ordinary person. One of this company of dreamers dreamt that a goat appeared at his fireside. He grabbed the goat's horns and pushed its head down, forcing it to pay him obeisance. The goat then revealed itself as his brother-in-law. The next morning his brother-in-law, a shaman, arrived at his door on the earth's surface, bottle in hand, to ask forgiveness for having publicly slandered him a few days before. It was perfectly plain to the dreamer that his brother-in-law realized that he had been vanquished, realized that his soul was weaker, and so had come to make amends!

As well as being tests of endurance, dreams are a principal means of communication between mortals and the divine. Though Zinacantecs are devout Catholics, their religion is a blend of pre-Columbian native theology with medieval and modern Catholicism. In their pantheon reside Christ and Mary (who are also sun and moon), the saints, and the Indian tutelary or ancestor gods. They all may be addressed individually or collectively as "Our Lord." In divine opposition stand the Earth Lords, guardians of the wilderness. It is believed that without the aid of both Our Lord and the Earth Lords a Zinacantec's life comes to a speedy close. (For a detailed description of Zinacantec religion, see Vogt 1969).

Ignorant people, it is said, see the tutelary gods only after praying for their aid. Following a curing ceremony the tutelary gods come to see how the patient is progressing. They may be seen either by the convalescent or by one of those keeping watch over him.

The tutelary gods are in steady contact with shamans, advising and aiding them, punishing them if they should be remiss in their duties. These same deities invest with power the bone-setters, midwives, musicians, and office holders. When a religious official wishes to request a loan, a tutelary god suggests to him in his dream whom should be visited; but before the official pays his call his coming has already been announced. Perhaps simultaneously Our Lord has appeared before the second man to request a loan, and so the religious official can expect to be welcomed and rewarded with the desired sum. To refuse such a divinely inspired request is believed to invite a supernatural beating and possible death.

An ordinary person may save his own soul in the midst of an oneiric combat if he "remembers Our Lord,"[27] if he prays for help before his soul is seized. Failing that, he may, upon waking, light candles and offer prayers at the cross before his door. The major saints, too, are known to travel and appear to the ignorant mortal in dreams, St. Lawrence as a priest, St. Sebastian as a soldier, etc. The saints request services, intervene on behalf of their servants, express reproval and administer punishment for neglect of duty.

Ghosts often reveal to their next of kin the cause of their demise and their present occupation. If they complain of hunger, their family will offer them candles at their graves. A wealthy person dreaming that a deceased relative is in jail and soon will be burned up may offer a requiem Mass for the salvation of his soul.

Dreams provide a lookout on the present action of the soul, but they also cast a view of the future. Their interpretation is stereotyped to a considerable degree. While no individual would agree with the entire list of motif interpretations in the table below, everyone would either subscribe to the majority of them or acknowledge that others gave such interpretations.

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[25] *čbik'tah*

[26] *čyoč*

[27] *snaʔ kahvaltik*

LIST OF DREAM MOTIFS[28]

Motif	*Interpretation*
1. eat good food	be sold to the earth, become sick (cold wind in stomach,[29] nausea,[30] swollen stomach,[31] diarrhea[32])
2. *eat meager fare*	*eat abundantly*
3. eat fruit	become sick (worms[33])
4. eat cabbage head	be murdered on trail
5. eat honey	become sick (cold wind in stomach)
6. drink water	be thirsty, become sick (cold wind in stomach)
7. drink corn gruel	become sick (common cold[34])
8. drink sweet corn gruel	become sick (cold wind in stomach, diarrhea)
9. drink chicha	become sick (common cold, cold wind in stomach, swollen stomach, diarrhea)
10. drink cane liquor	become sick (common cold, cold wind in stomach), have our children get sick, *become rich*
11. be drunk	become sick (cold wind in stomach, stomachache, nausea)
12. nurse baby	become sick (cold wind in breasts)
13. receive bullet wound	become sick (cold wind, headache[35])
14. receive knife wound	become sick (cold wind)
15. receive snake bite	be bothered by Earth Lord,[36] become sick (cold wind, numbness,[37] madness[38])
16. receive ant bite, wasp sting	be bothered by Earth Lord, become sick (madness)
17. be chased by dogs, receive dog bite	become sick (cold wind, madness)
18. cross body of water	become sick (soul loss,[39] cold wind, swollen legs or body)[40]
19. be soaked in thunderstorm	be uncovered and shivering, become sick (cold wind, chills and fever[41])
20. take steam bath	become sick (chills and fever)

LIST—continued

Motif	*Interpretation*
21. cling to, fall from a height (tree, cliff)	become sick (general aches[42])
22. be involved in fight	be involved in fight
23. be beaten	become sick (general aches[43])
24. scold, strike wife	scold, strike wife, become sick
25. be struck by husband	become sick
26. see roosters fighting	see drunks quarreling
27. *be sick*	*will not become sick, will recover from illness*
28. be in perfect health	become sick, die
29. see chickens dying of sickness	one's chickens will become sick
30. *see corpse of self or other person*	*self or other person will recover from illness, will see ghost of relative*[44]
31. see woman displaying sexual parts	she or her family will die
32. touch female sexual parts	become sick (cold wind, numbness in wrist), cut hand or foot with knife, machete, or ax
33. embrace girl	meet snake (daughter of Earth Lord)
34. have sexual intercourse	become sick (cold wind in stomach, poslom, stomach tumor[45])
35. *not be engaged or married to a certain girl*	*be engaged and married to that girl*
36. be engaged, married to a certain girl	wedding couple or someone in family will become sick, not be engaged (because of loss of girl to other suitor or death of self), be divorced
37. *receive set of woman's clothing*	*be married (receive soul of future wife*)
38. see infidelity or rape of wife	become sick, wife will be unfaithful
39. give birth	get "cold" in stomach, have stillbirth
40. be divorced	die
41. be covered with excrement	become sick, be accused falsely of stealing, of stealing a woman,[46] the victim of wife's infidelity
42. be covered with blood	be murdered
43. lose hair	become sick (typhoid,[47] common cold, headache), die, family member will die, become poor
44. lose tooth	have cavity,[48] one's child or spouse will die
45. lose one tooth	become poor, one's child will die

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[28] Favorable motifs are italicized. They have been ordered in the following approximate sequence: (1) food and drink; (2) wounds, bites, fights; (3) sex and marriage; (4) loss; (5) gifts and sales; (6) divine aid and orders; (7) money; (8) clothing; (9) travel; (10) animals; (11) agriculture; (12) music; (13) crime; (14) fire and earthquake.

[29] *sik*, or *sikil ?ik' ta hč'uttik*

[30] *me? vinik*

[31] *t'inil hč'uttik, pumel*

[32] *č'utul*

[33] *lukum*

[34] *simal ?obal*

[35] *k'uš ta hholtik*

[36] *?ilbahinel yu?un yahval balamil*

[37] *?al-poman*

[38] *vovil*

[39] *komel*

[40] *situbel*

[41] *sik k'ok'*

[42] *mahbenal*

[43] *mahbenal*

[44] *č'ulelal*

[45] *?o šč'i ta hč'uttik*

[46] *kuč k'op, mulil k'op*

[47] *muk'ta k'ok'*

[48] *k'ušben-čon*

LIST—continued

Motif	Interpretation
46. lose many teeth	die
47. lose front teeth	one's child or spouse will die
48. lose molars	one's father or mother will die
49. see wife unaccompanied by her child or children	one's child or children will die
50. lose article of clothing, on land, in water	become sick (soul loss), die, one's child will become sick
51. lose agricultural implement	one's corn will fail
52. lose horse's tether, headstall	one's horse will die
53. lose horse	die, one's horse will die
54. be requested to give greens	one's sheep or horses will die
55. see distribution of beef	donor or family member of donor will die (sold to the earth, witch is eating donor's soul)
56. *see distribution of beef by barren woman*	*receive gift from tutelary gods (barren women are gods' special assistants)*
57. give away article of clothing	become sick (soul loss, fever[89])
58. give money	one's child will die (soul loss), luck will be lost
59. give corn	become poor (loss of corn's soul)
60. sell article	become sick (soul loss), one's child will die
61. sell corn	one's child will die (soul loss)
62. sell large quantities of fruit, salt	sell little fruit, salt
63. *sell little fruit, salt, see high religious officials*	*sell large quantities of fruit, salt, patient will recover*
64. *receive female visitor*	*become prosperous (receive soul of corn), be defended by tutelary gods*
65. *have beggar woman ask for alms for her clothes or for her child*	*Virgin in church needs new clothes*
66. *receive visit from man (often in ceremonial robe)*	*receive visitor, be visited by religious official requesting loan, be given religious post, divine request for gift, ceremony or fiesta*
67. *receive visit from man in ceremonial robe when sick*	*to have our bodies, souls, and companion animal spirits guarded by the tutelary gods*
68. *be summoned to the Chapel of Esquipulas and ordered to serve*	*become a shaman*
69. *be summoned to courthouse*	*divine request for gift, ceremony, fiesta, be appointed to political or religious post,* be punished by gods
70. *receive order to serve as cupbearer*	*first of three dreams often dreamt for becoming a shaman*
71. *receive musical instrument*	*become musician, second of three dreams often dreamt for becoming a shaman*
72. *receive shaman's appurtenances*	*final dream for becoming a shaman*
73. *receive "flowers," be ordered to accept baby without scorn*	*become a midwife*
74. *be ordered to mend and erect splintered tree*	*become a bonesetter*
75. *receive "flowers," see candles accepted*	*one's patient will recover*
76. *receive tortilla gourd, waterjug*	*female baby will be born (receive girl's soul)*
77. *receive agricultural implements*	*male baby will be born (receive boy's soul)*
78. discover treasure	become sick (cold wind, swelling)
79. receive money	become sick (cold wind)
80. receive copper coins[90]	become sick (cold wind)
81. *receive corn*	*become prosperous (receive soul of corn)*
82. receive bowl of corn, stack of tortillas	have poor harvest
83. be naked	become destitute, sick, child or other member of family will die
84. have loose sash, falling pants	become sick, die, become destitute (by scorching of corn field), wife will abscond
85. wear torn, dirty clothes	become destitute
86. wear best clothes	die (body often buried in best clothes)
87. wear white clothes	be murdered
88. wear wedding clothes	be murdered (body often buried in wedding clothes)
89. wear red clothes	become sick (cold wind), die, *or if man is dressed in red it may simply be a revelation by the Earth Lord of his true appearance*
90. to fly	die, family member will die, but *also a sign that one's soul*[91] *is particularly capable*[92]
91. be approached by an airplane	become sick (typhoid)
92. enter car, truck, bus	be sold to the earth, become sick (fever), die (car is image of coffin)
93. enter red car	become sick (chills and fever)
94. travel west in car	be sold to the earth
95. ride cow, horseback	die
96. ride west on black horse	die
97. see cabbage head, cow's head, pig head on trail	be murdered[93]

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[89] *k'ok'*

[90] *ʔik'al h-tobetik*

[91] *č'ulel*

[92] *p'ih*

[93] *milel*

List—continued

	Motif	*Interpretation*
98.	meet murderer on trail	be murdered
99.	enter cave	be sold to the earth
100.	enter house	be sold to the earth
101.	work in Ladino house	be sold to the earth
102.	see priest giving Mass	be sold to the earth
103.	see devils[54]	be tormented by witch[56]
104.	be beseiged by many visitors	devils[55] are coming to play in our house
105.	be attacked by cow	be tormented by witch (usually female)
106.	be stared at by sheep	die (sheep are witches, gravediggers)
107.	be approached by owl	become sick
108.	be approached by buzzards	be murdered
109.	have flies in mouth	be murdered
110.	see snake	be tormented by Earth Lord or witch, be knifed
111.	buy land	die (land is a burial plot)
112.	plant, dig ditches, hoe, dig potatoes	die (dig grave of self, brothers, other family member)
113.	gather firewood	die (wood is person's soul, green wood is used to line the grave)
114.	clear roadside	become sick, die (this image not considered evil by many people)
115.	clear field	become sick (this image not considered evil by many people)
116.	see cornfield flourishing, corn in heaps	corn crop will fail
117.	*see corn in heaps*	*harvest will be good*
118.	*see barren cornfield*	*cornfield will flourish, harvest will be good*
119.	see dogs, horses entering cornfield	cornfield will be ruined
120.	see horses ruining cornfield	cornfield will be flattened by wind
121.	*see tame sheep, horse*	*one's animals will be obedient*
122.	see self as animal	*see one's companion animal spirit*[57]
123.	dance, see fiesta in house	get malaria, die
124.	dance with Ladinos	be sold to the earth, become sick, headache, exhaustion[58]
125.	play guitar, stringed instrument	become sick (malaria[59]), die, (but not evil if one is playing for the religious officials)
126.	be accused of stealing	be falsely accused of stealing
127.	be jailed	become sick (madness), die
128.	see sky suddenly darken	self, father, mother, spouse, or other family member will die, become destitute
129.	see field afire	typhoid epidemic will strike
130.	see house afire	typhoid epidemic will strike, fever, one's house will catch fire
131.	feel earthquake	earthquake, sickness will strike
132.	see house collapse	family member will die, person will be divorced

The relationship between dream and body, the soul and the flesh, is nearly always unidirectional; the soul is responsible for the state of the body. In only a minimum number of the motifs is the person's physical condition believed to cause specific dream imagery.

There are three rules which guide a Zinacantec in interpreting his dreams: (1) dream imagery casts a reverse image of what will happen in the waking state (e.g., 2, to eat meager fare is to eat abundantly); (2) dream imagery presents a metonymic or metaphoric statement of future events (e.g., 74, to be ordered to mend and erect a splintered tree is to become a bonesetter, 130, to see a house afire is to get a fever); (3) dream imagery reflects future events exactly (e.g., 22, to be involved in a fight is to be involved in a fight). These three kinds of interpretation, however, seem to be quite randomly applied. There is no overall rule that states which interpretation should be applied to which motif. Merely by custom specific motifs are associated with one or more of the three rules.

Two Zinacantec concepts provide further guidance. It is believed that an individual's possessions are representative of himself, have acquired his soul. Corn, too, shares its soul with the implements and the humans associated with it. Thus, the loss in one's dream of a wife, a horse, money, clothing, etc., imperils one's own health. To sell corn or to lose a dream tooth is to lose a child. To lose an agricultural tool is to lose one's crop. Furthermore, there is a matrix of ominous associations with the earth. The Earth Lords are thought to be Ladinos. To meet with a Ladino in one's dream is to confront death. To enter a cave, a car, a Ladino's house, a church is to enter the Earth Lord's lair, to be "sold to the earth." Snakes are the Earth Lord's daughters, so encounters with serpents and women alike may have horrifying connotations. To dream of touching a woman's privates "is like touching a horrible, cold snake" one man remarked. Earth Lords, like Ladinos, are fabulously wealthy; to discover treasure, to receive money is to receive an infernal gift. Water, too, being within the Earth Lords' domain, is icy to the touch. Food and drink that are happily consumed in one's dreams are products of the nether world, transferring their subterranean chill to the dreamer's body.

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[54] *hʔik'al, yalem bek'et, tenȼun*

[55] *pukuh*

[56] *ʔilbahinel yuʔun hʔak'-čamel*

[57] *čanul*

[58] *lubel*

[59] *k'ak'al sik*

Of the 132 motifs listed above only 30 have favorable import; 90 predict sickness and death, only 4 predict good health; 18 signify poverty, 8, prosperity; 5 signify divorce, 2, marriage; 7 are dreams of investiture. Sickness and death, then, are prophesied with overwhelming regularity. Significantly, in the Tzotzil language a single word, *čamel,* serves for both sickness and death. The calamitous tone of Zinacantec dream interpretation would seem to render each new dawn unbearable were it not for a series of qualifications, equivocations, and uncertainties that clothe the dreamer in protective armor.

Despite the presence of a conventional and convenient framework for analysis, Zinacantecs would agree that "the interpretation of dreams and symbols largely depends upon the individual circumstances of the dreamer and the condition of his mind" (Jung, 1964:66). There are, for example, the dreams of two men who had been considering petitioning for a religious post. One, a shaman, was requested in his dream to cure a sick person. He was told that his wife should come, too, to aid in the curing process. He wondered why his ignorant wife, who knew nothing about his profession, should accompany him (D103). But he realized upon waking that he was being advised to become a steward, as that position is held jointly by a man and his wife. The second individual dreamed that he was in church with his wife. They both were trying to light candles at the altar while holding up their clothes with one hand. This would seem to be a combination of motifs 84 and 102 which by standard interpretation would indicate that they would become destitute or die (D27). Instead he interpreted it in the light of his present situation; they were clearly unfit in the eyes of Our Lord and should strive to serve Him by preparing for their assumption of stewardship.

Further assurance is provided by private motifs that do not seem to be shared with other dreamers. Romin Teratol dreams frequently of beautiful blue-green stones that in one dream (D21) clearly represent good fortune bestowed upon him by Our Lord.

The dream is a measure of the man. Presented with a disaster, or a formidable opponent, how does the dreamer respond? Does he meet the challenge, elude or vanquish his tormentor? The dire consequences are avoided if he recovers his clothes or his horse, extinguishes the fire, flies to protection, scares off the buzzards, or throws the bull. There is a strange belief that a man who has sexual relations with a lowland woman suffering from mal de pinto (a disease that leaves pink and black blemishes) will subsequently dream of this experience. A stranger will suddenly seem to appear on the scene. If the man refuses to be distracted and consummates the act no harm will come to him, but should he be unnerved he, too, will become a pinto! A shaman dreamed that upon entering church he was commanded to kneel. Realizing it was the Earth Lord's cave, he refused, even though his tormentor stood behind him and grabbed his sexual member. He resisted and so prevailed, but had he knelt, he assured me, he would never have wakened (D95). A young man "saw in his soul" that he was seized by the constables who wished to drag him off to jail for a crime he had not committed, but he transformed himself into a thunderbolt and so escaped.

A man's fate may be decided by his wife in the contest of souls. Should a man see his wife beat off an attacker, then he will not be a prey to sickness and death.

Whatever may be interpreted as divine advice and consent lightens the dreamer's burden. Not only does he commune intimately with the gods in his dreams, but he can turn to them for aid afterwards in prayers. While many nightmares may seem to the dreamer to be a severe trial they can constitute a powerful ego-building force, reinforcing a man's or woman's relationship with the gods, and with self.

"Dreams are all lies!" "Dreams always come true!" Both sentiments are heard. A dream that cannot be explained is thought to be merely the soul's madness. Just as in our consciousness we have idle thoughts, so in our sleep we have idle dreams, it is argued. The standard, and eminently secure response is: "Sometimes they come true, and sometimes they don't!" But the prophetic value of dreams is reinforced by the elasticity of Zinacantec dream logic and the generous time span that is allowed for a dream's prophecy to unfold.

Not only is it possible in certain instances to shift from rule 1 (reverse imagery, e.g., 82, receive bowl of corn, have poor harvest) to rule 3 (future events reflected, e.g., 81, receive corn, become prosperous), but the identity of the dream actors is subject to personal interpretation. It is not clear whether the person that is seen is actually himself, or is a devil or a god in disguise. Usually this identity is revealed by later events upon the earth's surface. When a woman dreamt that she saw herself as a corpse she was terrified that she would die, but when her sister died it became apparent that it was *her* death that had been prophesied. Often the saints will appear in the guise of ragged old hags or elderly neighbors to beg for new clothes or a new fiesta; but the vagueness of

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dream actors' identities does not imply shallow belief in their identity once that has been decided. One elderly man has been offering candles at the Church of St. Anthony in San Cristóbal before every fiesta of St. Lawrence for the past 20 years, because in a dream an old man asked him to do so!

Not only the actors, but the motifs are often made intelligible only by later events. A man dreamt that he was offered a small glass and then a large glass of cane liquor (D105). The following day he went hunting and shot first a baby rabbit and then a buck rabbit. Obviously Our Lord had given him a sign.

As among the Ixil (Lincoln, 1945:429) and the Cakchiquel of Panajachel (Tax, 1950:732) and San Antonio Palopo (Redfield, 1945b:213) in Guatemala, the Zinacantecs believe that dreams that are dreamt in the middle of the night will not come to pass as soon as dreams that are seen just before dawn. The effects of many dreams are felt immediately upon waking; but the Zinacantecs in their practical way have given their dream prophecies considerable temporal leeway. A man dreamt that he lost his mule's tether, and to be sure, one year later the poor mule died, just as had been forewarned!

Though dreams are valued as being visions of the soul in action, a certain distance is maintained in the narration of a dream. The dreamer will qualify the oneiric activity with *yilel*, "it seems." Often there is no other way to distinguish between dream happenings and mundane affairs. A second technique used in the narration of both myths and dreams is the insertion of the particle, *la*, that indicates that the action has not been directly witnessed by the speaker. It is a "separate reality."

The consequences of a dream vary from the purely private to the public. One of this company of dreamers frequently sees horses trampling down his cornfield. He wakens in the middle of the night, gets up and goes out to check, only to find that it was his soul's madness. Ulrich Köhler, an ethnologist working in distant San Pablo Chalchihuitán, related to me how his informant had refused to take a trip with him for three days because he had seen a pig's head on the trail. The mystery was resolved for Dr. Kohler when he turned to my table of dream motifs. Romin Teratol had a dream he interpreted to mean that one of the saints needed a new set of clothing. Four days later he decided to join a group that was buying a new covering for the cross in the Church of St. Lawrence. He was unaware of the inspiration until I reminded him of his dream.

Although dreams are not considered valid evidence in a court case involving disputes between individuals they are brought to court in matters that affect the entire community. If a drought or an epidemic is threatening the town and there is a question whether the town should finance a major series of ceremonies in the mountain shrines, the shamans may air their dreams in court. It is a good omen, for instance, if, during an epidemic, a shaman sees a pile of lime at Yaʔam Ton, Yaʔahvil, Sok'on, and Hol Na ʔIčin. This means that the tutelary gods have protected the town with "hot" medicine at the four entrances to the town, north, west, south, and east. Shamans, too, will advise the magistrate if they have seen that a saint desires new vestments, or if a tutelary god has requested a new cross. Perhaps the most dramatic public response to a dream occurred in the hamlet of Naben Čauk in 1969, when a boy dreamt three times that the tutelary gods told him there was a bell hidden in the mountain overlooking the lake, and that he should dig it up. A tutelary god led him to the very site. The next night he asked some friends to help him unearth the bell. They dug with no success and returned home, but again the boy dreamt, and this time he was shown a slightly different location for the treasure. The boy enlisted the support of a political leader who consulted a "talking saint"[60] and learned that the boy's dream was true. A ceremonial circuit was made of Zinacantán Center with offerings to the Earth Lord, the saints, and the tutelary gods. Returning to Naben Čauk they held a banquet at which the political officials were present, and they consecrated the tools. For two weeks in the height of the corn farming season the digging continued, bolstered by ritual meals, sacred music, trips to "talking saints" and spiritualists. Finally the search was abandoned, but not before some seventy-five men had wielded picks and shovels to dig a 30-foot deep hole in solid limestone (Rush, 1974).

The content of myths, dreams, and business on the earth's surface is molded to form a cohesive structure of belief. The treasure hunt in Naben Čauk was consciously and unconsciously modeled after the legend of a similar hunt in Zinacantán Center (T76, T91, T114, T157), also inspired by dreams. Many of the myths have a dream-like quality and their subject may have derived from dream events. Similarly, after transcribing a number of myths for me by day, Romin Teratol by night became the chief actor in two oneiric dramas that featured a scalding (T67) and a magic flight (T48).

The spiritual power and spiritual sanctions that are invoked in the soul's wanderings reflect explicitly the cultural values of Zinacantán. The saints and the tutelary gods teach men to beware of surface reality. The gods reveal themselves to mortals in intimate communication, rescuing them and chastising them. Men in positions of authority are reminded to carry out their duties conscientiously. A musician is urged not to neglect his instrument. A sacristan is shown when his church is clean and scolded when it is dirty. A shaman is reminded to clean his well for Holy Cross Day. He is instructed by the gods whether his patient will recover. He is jailed and punished for failing to answer a patient's call.

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[60] *hk'opohel rioš*

There are those who claim that it is good dreams that are remembered, and others who claim that only the nightmares persist in our memory. One individual consoled himself with the thought that "stupid dreams" are forgotten, but "true dreams" do not fade away. It is said that if two dreams are dreamt in one night both will be forgotten. Everyone agrees that drunkenness blots out all memory of dreams. Fifteen dreams related by a man in his thirties were dated by him thus: within the past year, 3; 1-3 years ago, 5; 4-6 years ago, 4; 7-9 years ago, 1; 10-14 years ago, 2. Tonik Nibak was able to recall a dream that she dated by the consequent death of her baby 24 years before (D166, D255) and another of her dreams dates back 32 years (D156)! The Zinacantec ability to recount past dreams, replete with lengthy exchanges of conversation, however, seems nearly miraculous to an outsider. No matter that they vary as substantially from one telling to the next as do the myths and legends.

The subjects of these dreams are not random, since I began by asking, "Have you ever dreamt of——?" Frequently my dream merchant had no such ware for sale, but would offer an alternate he thought would be acceptable; and so I lengthened my inventory of motifs as I made new purchases.

These dreams, while offering realities of Zinacantec life, and flaunting a wide variety of beliefs, are not easily susceptible to sociological analysis. The scholar who tries to map the interrelations of family members and peers will find many of the same perplexities encountered by Wolfram Eberhard (1968: 39) after analyzing hundreds of Chinese dreams: "If we tried to reconstruct the Chinese family solely from these dream materials we would describe it as a nuclear family that included occasionally, but rarely, one paternal grandparent . . . . If these dreams were our only source of information, we would think that there is rarely a baby in the family —a rather obvious error for the Taiwanese."

TRADE

Fortunately the number of descriptions of these Mayan corn farmers and merchants of the Chiapas highlands has become legion. The 12,500 or so Zina-

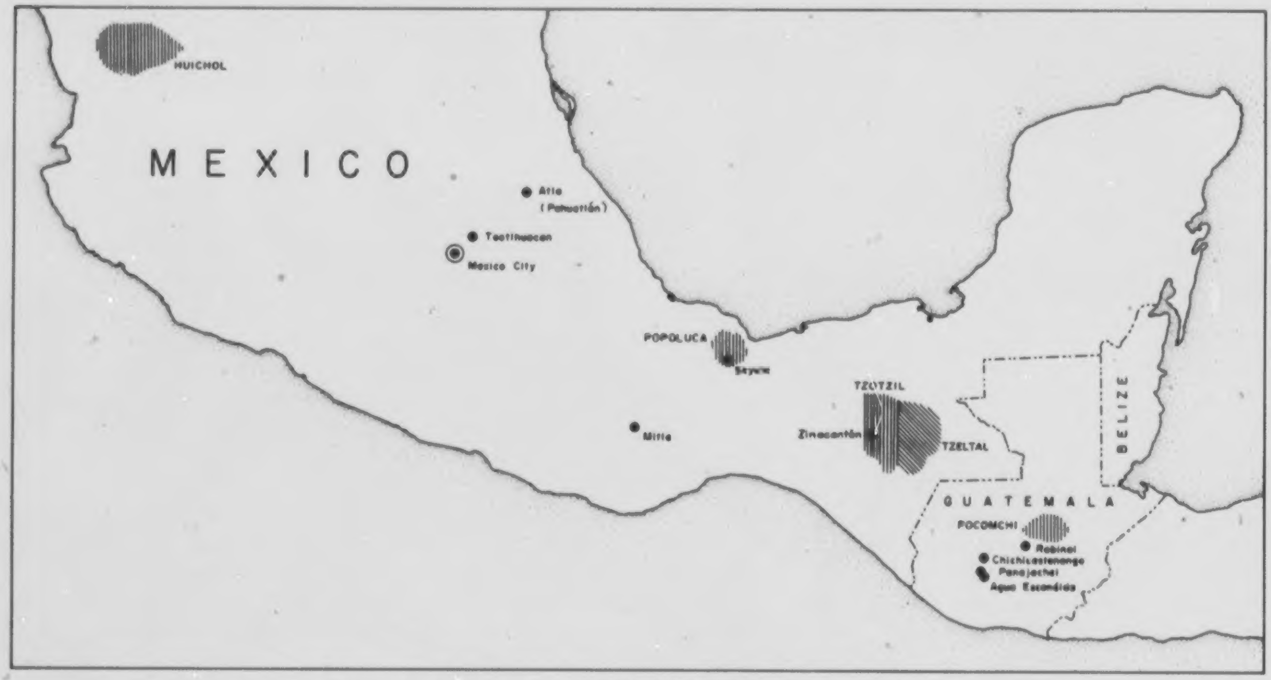

FIGURE 3.—Mexico and Guatemala (shading denotes language areas).

cantec Indians have been studied from every conceivable angle. The trade has been good.

Before scrutinizing this book there may remain the question, "Who is this Yankee peddler of dreams?" He considers himself an anthropologist of sorts, a chronicler, an aging romantic unable to tear himself away from the seductive attractions of the Tzotzil language. Arriving first in 1958, he has returned repeatedly to compile "The Great Tzotzil Dictionary of San Lorenzo Zinacantán," and to collect the folktales and myths of that town for a monograph to be titled "Of Cabbages and Kings: Tales from Zinacantán." During the dream expedition of 1963 he lived in San Cristóbal de las Casas, catching dreams in his dining room. The dreams of Romin Teratol and ʔAnselmo Peres were written by them in Tzotzil on his dining room table, the others were recorded on tape and subsequently transcribed by these two collaborators. Rough translations made by the author at the time were polished many years later, both in Washington and in San Cristóbal.

Perhaps because he had proved himself to be thoroughly inocuous and could joke in "the real language,"[61] perhaps because in Zinacantán no one is ashamed to claim possession of a soul, there was little reluctance by the Indians, indeed there was marked enthusiasm in recounting the adventures experienced on the dream path.

Since the dreams were nearly always described from ego's vantage point, the Tzotzil texts were mercifully free of the many ambiguities that confront the translator of Zinacantec myths and legends. By far the most difficult task was the determination of when the dream ended and when its consequences began to unfold.

A word about the language in which these dreams are couched: So different from English is the style of Tzotzil discourse that the translator who wishes to provide a convincing and faithful reenactment is forced to abandon his original intentions. Rather than mutilating the Tzotzil to fit colloquial English, I have chosen to create a hybrid language that aspires to preserve Tzotzil style with intelligibility in English. Hopefully the strangeness, the unnatural quality will, after a few pages, become muted by familiarity.

Characteristic of Tzotzil narrative is repetitiveness. Simple repetition of words or whole phrases for emphasis is used to a degree that may become ludicrous or crashingly boring in English. For the Tzotzil, these repetitions are comfortable words. They provide security in moments of stress.

Dialog forms an important part of all narrative, dreams included. Conversations are laced with " 'Ah!' he said." Simple quotes within quotes have been italicized to save the single quote sign for quotes within quotes within quotes.

Typical of Zinacantec speech is the lengthening of vowels for dramatic effect. Except in the dreams of Romin Teratol and ʔAnselmo Peres that were recorded directly by them in writing without the use of a tape recorder, I have indicated this in English by a dash following the vowel or vowels, as in "lo–ng ago," or "soo–n he left."

The Tzotzil expressions for "now," "you see," "well," and a number of others, signal either a change of subject or a pause in the flow of narration.[62] Rather than burdening the reader with an endless repetition of these expressions I have omitted them from the translation and considered them as signals for the start of a new paragraph. Often the end of a paragraph is marked by an interjection such as "Yes!" or "Hm!"[63] Although in English we would run together many of these Tzotzil paragraphs I believe it is important to retain in the translation the Tzotzil pattern of expression. I have followed the usual English system of paragraphing for the initiation of dialog.

For those game to pronounce the Tzotzil words the vowels are *a* as in father, *e* as in gem or the *a* in fame, *i* as in safari, *o* as in cold or the *au* of caught, *u* as in the *oo* of woo. The ʔ is a constriction of the throat that is used by Brooklyners pronouncing bottle, and by Hawaiians referring to their native state. *¢* is ts, *č* is ch, *š* is sh. Apostrophes following the consonants, *¢*, *č*, *k*, *p*, and *t* indicate glottalization that gives the consonant an explosive quality. Stress is on the final syllable unless marked with an acute accent.

Personal stylistic differences are the rule, but there is an essential unity of style, an economy of expression that leaves many details to be fitted in by the audience. Consequently, I have been obliged to sacrifice style by inserting brief parenthetical remarks or identifications of the characters so that the dreams may be readily followed with some understanding. Titles to the dreams are my own invention. Each dream in this collection has been assigned a number, e.g., D99, to simplify comparative research. These numbers are listed sequentially in the "List of Dreams and Dreamers" at the back of the book. When reference is made to tales that will appear in the forthcoming volume, "Of Cabbages and Kings:

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[61] *ba¢'i k'op*

[62] *ʔóra, vaʔi ʔun, bwéno*

[63] *hiʔ, mhʔ,* or *hmʔ*

Tales from Zinacantán," the tale number is preceded by a "T" instead of a "D," e.g., T99.

I imagine that there will be some who will stand rooted on the earth's surface, shuddering as they peer over the edge of this rabbithole, not daring to pop down to discover the wonders wild and new. But those whose souls are clever should find plenty to attract them, remembering that dreams are a universal commodity, and that one curious dream is the root of our reality.

Romin Teratol

> Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
> Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before.
>
> —Edgar Allan Poe
> *The Raven*

Drawing from bits of gossip, personal observation, and Romin's reminiscences, I will outline his path through life, not ignoring the "trivial" childhood events that loomed large in his memories.

Romin was conceived in 1933, reputedly in the woods, the son of a Zinacantec salt merchant and an ex-Chamulan woman. He was raised by his grandmother, mother, and maiden aunt.

His six years in the school system were initiated by the lopping off of his shoulder-length hair. As an only child it was a struggle learning to play with his peers, but he won 160 marbles. Many school days were spent in the woods with a slingshot. For four years he served as an assistant to the ensign-bearers' musicians during fiestas. In the afternoons when school let out he received crackers from a strange man. He learned it was his father.

Aged 12, Romin watched his corn crop fail. He volunteered for the coffee plantations down on the coast, but the recruiter did not let him go until his head was shaved. For two months he worked with seven fellow townsmen on thirteen plantations. He saw his first movie. He shook with malaria, grew homesick, had his savings stolen on the train.

Returning home, Romin was appointed sacristan; a post he served for four years while he earned money doing roadwork on the side. Then he became a puppeteer and agent of the National Indian Institute.

At the age of 26, after one rejection and a lengthy courtship, Romin was married to a girl of high social standing within the community. Their first child, a daughter, died in infancy. The three sons and two daughters who followed have been more fortunate.

Shortly after his marriage Romin became the self-styled "interpreter of anthropology for Harvard University." For many years he was the principal informant of the Harvard Chiapas Project, serving as typist, transcriber, and translator of hundreds of native texts. Together with ʔAnselmo Peres he collaborated in the compilation of *The Great Tzotzil Dictionary of San Lorenzo Zinacantán*. This task took Romin to Santa Fe, New Mexico, in 1963, and to Washington, D.C., in 1967. His eyes were assailed with new sights: the Pacific and Atlantic oceans, snow, blacks, subways, television, the assassination of a president, a football game, the march on the Pentagon.

Between these two journeys abroad Romin spent a year in office as Senior Steward of the Holy Sacrament. Just now he has completed his year as Ensign-bearer of St. Anthony.

Romin is a worried man. Once, though fearfully busy, he was provoked when the stewards visited their harpist before him and he remarked, "I'm like any whore who is anxious for the next one to come even though she's still busy." Romin worries about his debts, but he pays them. Romin worries about the cost of major enterprises, but he carries them out. He calculates and recalculates the expenditures, he always falls short. When he built his house he found to his chagrin that he needed more beams. He remembered how painful it was dragging logs from the mountaintops. One dark night he and his friend, Rey Komis, crept out behind the old courthouse where the lumber for a new courthouse was piled. They hoisted the heavy beams onto their shoulders and transported them to an empty hut for safekeeping. Romin told me he would have to remove the finish, but a week later he admitted sheepishly that his heart could not be at rest with those beams in his roof. He would just have to chop them up for firewood. Romin's "friends" and "enemies" change roles with lightning speed, you never know who's who. Yet in a pinch Romin is a loyal friend. Romin worries about his enemies, sure that everyone resents his new wealth and his American associations. He is fearful of being seen in public with anthropologists. Romin dreams that his anthropologist employer has left him to work in the belltower on a ledge too narrow to sit on, with the parting words, "And write only in Tzotzil." He asks if he can be the godfather of his employer's daughter. He always invites his American friends to the important rituals in his public and family life. With a sad smile sliding across his face, he drunkenly accuses them of abandoning him "as if he were an aging whore." He is exuberantly boyish, running around his yard carrying his dog and exclaiming "My son! My son!"

Romin is deeply religious and conservative. He carried out his stewardship with such an attention to the fine details of ritual that his colleagues met to ask him to relax his high standards. During his stewardship he carried on an affair with an American artist, and, according to his wife and his enemies, was so befuddled that he could not respond effectively to the most minor demands of his office. He prays with the deepest conviction every night at bedtime. He prays with mock seriousness under the most absurd circumstances, collapsing all in laughter. He walks past the hundreds of mounds in the jungle at the fringe of Palenque and asks with wonder, "Where have all the souls gone?" When questioned about the date of the annual rain ceremony in Zinacantán he replies, "If it rains early, the ceremony is early, otherwise it is held late for then the rain is sure to come soon!"

He is an affectionate father, scrupulously filling his shoulder bag with fruit for his children whenever he goes to market. He even capitulated to his son's pleas, put him in a net and carried him on his back for the two hour walk to market. And yet, when he hears his son crying in the house, he knocks on the door and shouts, "I will sell you to the Ladinos in San Cristóbal, I am the baby-eater." He feeds his drunken compadre's children for days on end without complaint. He taunts his compadre mercilessly for his irresponsibility.

Romin may now have cirrhosis, his month-long binges have turned him a brilliant yellow. I once saw Romin and his father at the courthouse talking to the magistrate. He put a finger to his lips then muttered under his breath, "She's gone again, Matal has left me." In the most confidential tone of voice and with the glummest face, eyelids drooping, corners of the mouth turned down he told me that now there was a new woman in the house, Loša. He asked if I wanted to meet her. Again and again I laughed at his tall tale, but each time with a wounded expression he assured me it was true. His father joined in and added resignedly, "Too much cane liquor!" Not till I reached his home and saw Matal was his hoax revealed. One night Romin looked at his hand, "Isn't it strange we must all be food for worms someday!" When he moved from his father's compound he consoled his weeping father with the sensible words, "Sons always move, we don't accompany our parents to the grave." Romin told me of the belief that if we eat chicken feet we will get caught in our mule's lead ropes. I replied, "You have no worries, you have no mule!" He responded, munching on his chicken foot, "Oh yes I do, over there!" nodding at his wife, Matal. He loves his wife, shares the latest gossip, his dreams and many jokes with her, often at his own expense. He is not violent, he says. Because he was an only child he never had brothers teach him how to fight. His wife complained to him that she was richer when she was single. She could buy a sandal with the money from her flowers. That's why, he says, he hit her with a sandal.

He never can make up his mind. He ponders every possible course of action, frets over everyone's reaction to his pettiest affairs. Yet, in only one minute he decided to travel with me to far off New Mexico; and pioneered the first artesian well in Zinacantán. He is so diplomatic, so eloquent, so reasonable, so aware of cultural relativity, he would be a worthy representative to the United Nations—when sober. He is sullen, remorseful, melancholy, body and soul racked with aches and pains. He frowns with concentration seeking to penetrate and explain the religious concepts of Zinacantán. With a wink and a secret smile flitting across his face he gulls his friends. He tells the most obscene jokes and laughs contagiously. Cheerfully, with the greatest dedication, sensitivity, and care he transcribes, translates, and interprets. No one is his equal—when sober. He is no longer an informant, he is an anthropologist, drunk or sober. But who is he, really? "I am the son of god and the son of a devil!"

In his dreams Romin is constantly defending himself against the attacks of wild beasts, murderous men, and lecherous women. His wife is the victim of his scoldings and near-mortal assaults. At best she is a fellow sufferer in his dreams.

Searching through my field notes, I discovered four of Romin's oneiric adventures that he had related to me long before I had any thought of pursuing the subject. They provide a preview of Romin's dream life; abandonment, divine aid for a loathsome mortal, humiliating failure, and magical success.

In the first dream that Romin told me, shortly after my arrival in San Cristóbal in 1959, he was saying goodbye to my predecessors in the Harvard Chiapas Project. But they drove off, abandoning him in mid-sentence. He ran and ran, trying to catch up, but they left him in the dust.

These three other dreams I recorded in my earliest notes:

1. A woman told Romin he was filthy and should bathe. He replied that he had already bathed and was perfectly clean. She told him he stank and ordered him to undress. Romin stripped to the waist. The woman poured bowlfuls of warm water over him. Then, to his horror, he saw a lump of dirt as big as his fist poking out of his armpit. He tried to conceal it, but with no luck, for she told him to pull it out, and to pull out the dirt from his other armpit, too! For Romin this was a sign from the tutelary gods that he should not postpone any longer the curing ceremony that had been on his mind for some time.

2. "On the earth's surface" a number of people had been urging Romin to become a shaman. One night he dreamt he had a patient, but rather than bathing her in warm laurel water, he dunked her in a pot of boiling water, and when he pulled her out, dripping, she was now a dressed hen! His stepmother, and others who were assembled there, accused him of being a witch, and he fled.

3. The constables arrived at Romin's house to summon him to court. He fought back. He sprouted wings and flew three times around Zinacantán Center. They sent a boy up after him. The boy nearly overtook Romin as he was approaching the neighboring town of San Andrés, but Romin yanked off the boy's hat and sailed it down into a deep cave. The boy descended in search of it, and Romin returned safely home. But once again the constables arrived, so Romin transformed himself into a thunderbolt and blew his enemies sky high.

Romin, transcribing myths and folktales for me by day, would recreate them in new forms when his "soul" was wandering. Although the tutelary gods often came to Romin's defense, or even bestowed on him precious stones, there was never a lessening of his anxiety. With a frequency unique to Romin in this company of dreamers, he must lift his wings and flee heavenward.

My Wood is Stolen, a Woman Offers To Cure My Baby, We Flee from a Slaughterhouse, We Walk on a Scary Trail

D00

On Friday, January 25, 1963, I, Domingo de la Torre Perez [Romin Teratol] had a dream at dawn that day, January 25.[1]

It seems that I had five laborers carrying firewood. I had gathered firewood, it seems, in a place we call Čokoʔ, at the foot of the lower cemetery.

Then, when we arrived there with my wife and my workers, the workers found their burdens right away and returned immediately. And my wife and I could not find our firewood because they had stolen all I had gathered.

When my wife and I were searching for our firewood several girls arrived, too, looking for firewood, and another woman who lives in Zinacantán arrived. Her name is Juana Hernandez Mučik, and she began to chat with me. "Look, Domingo, I'll give you a word of advice. Do you want me to cure your baby since it looks very sick to me and it's better if you do something, because in a very short time, it seems, they're going to appoint you constable.[2] So it's better if you cure your baby first, before you are named constable. I can come and cure your baby so long as you've bought a can of castor bean ointment."

I told the woman that I didn't have any. I'd only bought camphor ointment, but she told me that that kind is no good and that it's bad to give it to babies. Then I told her to forget it because I hadn't bought that other kind, and I woke up. And when I woke up I began to awaken my wife and I began to tell her everything I'd seen in my dream and [I asked her] what it meant.

She told me that perhaps it was Our Lady advising me, because [my wife] was noticing that our baby was very sick, and then we went back to sleep.

Then right afterwards it seems that [I,] my wife and my compadre, Robert Laughlin, took a walk, and we passed by to look at two slaughterhouses.[3] It seemed that the first slaughterhouse was opposite the market in San Cristóbal, and I wanted to buy meat there, but there were lots of dogs that wanted to bite us, and so we went on.[4] And we arrived at another slaughterhouse that seemed to be 80 meters from the first stockyard and the slaughterers were there when we arrived; but suddenly they disappeared. And lots of dogs swarmed in to eat the meat and we left right away, fleeing with fear from all the dogs eating meat there.

When we took the trail it went straight up the side of a rocky hill and one person could barely pass and you couldn't even turn around because it was on the edge of the ocean, too, and you couldn't think of returning either, because it went straight down and that's why I was scared there, since you couldn't take another path.

Then I thought how to leave that narrow trail. I left flying like a bird to meet up with my wife and my compadre who had already crossed over that bad trail. And I caught up with them as they were going along. And we found a good path there. And now it was daytime, too, because when I was on that bad trail night was about to fall. But when we took the good path I was happy and that's how I woke up.

The next morning I was very frightened, because I had had two dreams in the same night. But that dream where I found a bad trail we think [means] that resentful people are testing our souls to see if we can figure out how to escape and how to defend ourselves. Because there are people who have strong souls who test those who have weaker souls. And that's all.

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[1] Domingo de la Torre Perez is the Spanish name of Romin Teratol.

[2] The constables (*mayoletik*) are members of the lowest level of the religious hierarchy, who serve at the courthouse as messengers and officers of the law. One of the constable's major duties is to inform members of the community when their presence is required at the courthouse. Having delivered their message they are expected to escort the individual to court.

To be appointed a constable is a dubious honor, since notorious troublemakers are chosen for this post.

[3] A compadre (cofather) is a ritual kinsman. The term in Zinacantán has been extended beyond the basic relationships between the father of a child and the child's godfather to include individuals united by a wide variety of bonds.

That Romin should take his compadre, a vegetarian, to the slaughterhouses to buy meat is, perhaps, not coincidental!

[4] San Cristóbal de las Casas is the commercial, religious, and political center of the Chiapas Highlands.

I SAY GOODBYE TO A CORPSE

DO

On Tuesday, January 29, 1963, I, Domingo de la Torre Perez had a dream at dawn on that date, January 29.

It seems that they summoned me at my home to go talk to a friend of mine who was wounded and who was shut up in the office in the courthouse of Zinacantán.

I came to see which of my friends was wounded and I entered the office to see who it was. And the wounded person started to speak to me. First, he said to me, "I'm José Cabrito."

I didn't want to answer [José] because he was about to die, and because he had been put in a plain coffin in anticipation of his death, and so I didn't want to talk to a corpse and I withdrew.

When I withdrew, his stepfather, Mariano Hernandez Nuh of the same town of Zinacantán started to shout at me. He lives in the same town as the wounded man. I saw him wounded in my dream because he must actually be wounded, not just in the dream, not just because he advised me in my dream.

When his stepfather, Mariano Hernandez Nuh, called to me, he started to say, "Look, Domingo, if you don't want to talk to poor José maybe you were there when they cut him up with a machete, and it seems he's an enemy of yours."

"Well, no, Uncle Mariano," I said to him. "He is a friend of mine, but right now I don't have the time to chat any more. I have to do an errand and I can come back in a little while if he is still alive. Or if he dies, too bad. I'll come back a little later on. He's not the only one who can die. And we can come later on to chat with him when there's more time for chatting, but I can't now. I'll tell you frankly, Uncle Mariano, if he were a good friend of mine I'd come in and see how he was and what happened to him. But he'll have to look after himself because I don't know how to cure and I don't know how to defend his life, because he was going to kill me once with a machete. That's why I don't have to talk to a corpse," I said to Mariano Nuh. You call him a corpse because he is already in the coffin.

"No, Domingo," he told me. "Don't be like that, go in and chat with José!"

Then I went in and chatted with José who was stuck in the plain coffin. "What happened to you, José?" I asked him. "Why are you going to die?" I asked him.

"Well, I don't know, Domingo. They say I'm going to die. I'm just waiting for my death because I can't stand the pain any more. My back is badly cut up and that's why I'm just waiting for death here in the coffin, so they can simply go and bury me. I summoned you, Domingo, to say goodbye forever because we were friends," he said. And I shook hands with the wounded man or the corpse, as we say. And I withdrew.

When I finished saying goodbye to the wounded man the wounded man himself told his mother to buy some meat and to invite me to a meal for the last farewell to the wounded man. And I, Domingo, understood that someone who was almost a corpse was inviting me to a meal. I withdrew from there, I went home, and I woke up.

It is believed that to chat or shake hands with a corpse means that it leaves bad "wind" in our bodies, because corpses are already "cold." But to say goodbye to a corpse is good because they won't take our souls, but still they will leave us a little sick. The coffin in which the corpse was stuck looked white because it wasn't varnished, and some people here in Zinacantán always buy them like that when they are poor and can't pay for [a good] coffin. Varnished coffins cost more, that's why they buy them plain and that's why they are seen in dreams, too.

POOH ON HIM AND POOH ON ME

D1

I, Romin Teratol, God, My Lord, I dreamt at dawn, Tuesday, the twelfth of February. God, My Lord, I had a terrible dream. I don't know why, I was going to San Cristóbal with my compadre, Lol Brinko, it seemed.[1]

There on the other side of Ventana where the Chamula road forks, a table was standing in the middle of the road, and a Ladino was sitting there, writing.[2]

There was a privy [3] there and my compadre, Lol, went to take a shit. And when he finished shitting he didn't know anymore how to put his pants on. He put the front part in back.

Now there was a Ladina girl there and then she told my compadre that his pants were on wrong. So then he turned his pants around, but his fly was covered with shit. The Ladino who was sitting there, writing, saw it and scolded him. And I was standing nearby. And afterwards I went to shit, too, but when I had finished shitting I was covered with shit, too. My shit jumped up and landed smack on my chest. And Maryan Čikuʔ from Zinacantán Center was standing there. He removed the shit from my chest. He threw it at my mouth and it landed with a smack next to my mouth. I removed it and was going to throw it at his face, too, but he told me to throw the shit away for good or else he would throw more at me. I got rid of it. And both of them were there, he and Maryan Martinis.[4]

When I finished removing the shit, I went to wash myself in a little gully, but the little spring was really beautiful. It wasn't a bit muddy. All the shit came off my hand and then I woke up. Maybe it was around three o'clock in the morning. When I awoke I was terrified, because that is a very bad dream. It means accusations of carnal sin, false accusations. But maybe it has to come true, because once I saw that dream come true. But who knows when. Only Our Lord [5] knows if the gods will still watch over me, will still stand up for me, because the resentful people beside me and behind me want to become more powerful. God, only Our Lord knows, because there are so many resentful people. Maybe later they will lie that I am guilty.

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[1] Lol Brinko or Lol Rinko (Lawrence Gringo) is the name by which I am known in Zinacantán. "It seemed," or "it seems" (*yilel*) is often a clue that the action is a dream event.

[2] A Ladino or Ladina is a Mexican who does not consider him or herself to be an Indian or who is not considered an Indian. The terms may be extended to include foreigners.

[3] *¢aʔnebal,* that I have translated as "privy," perhaps is better understood here as a roadside area where many people have defecated.

[4] Maryan Čikuʔ and Maryan Martinis were nearly inseparable friends who were also close to Romin.

[5] "Our Lord" (*kahvaltik*) may refer to Christ, the sun, any of the saints, or the tutelary gods. The latter are generalized ancestor deities who watch over and protect upright members of the community.

AN OWL SCREECHES, I KILL A BLACK CAT

D2

I, Romin Teratol, dreamt at dawn on Thursday, February twenty-eighth. It seemed as if I was at my mother's house, but it was at dark. And then a screech owl [1] arrived and called by the side of the house.

Now me, I was very scared because it is said that if a screech owl comes and calls next to the house we will die, because that bird is a messenger of death. That's why I was scared. And I went out to look. I was going to kill it.

Now when I went out, a man was standing there in back of the house. And, with his pine torch flaming, he was lighting his way. He wanted to get into the house, so he was looking for a way [to do it].

Now I was terribly scared. My head felt as if it had grown. I was struck dumb. I couldn't talk anymore. I took out my machete. I was going to chase him, but I could no longer find him. I just shouted, but because of my fear I couldn't shout loudly. When he left, my fear passed a bit.

Now, later, a black cat arrived, too.[2] It went and found me in my bed. Before I realized it, it was curled up on top of me. It was asleep. I caught it. I threw it outside, but it kept coming back in, and it didn't want to leave. Then I caught it and stretched it. I pulled it by the legs. I cut off its head. It died. All its guts came out. And then the black cat lost [the battle]. I went to get rid of it outside. It bit my fingers. It still fought back, too. But when I woke up, I was terribly scared. It seems I couldn't get back to sleep. Then I was able to when I lit my lamp to guard me. Because I was terribly scared now from being so terrified in my dream. I was terrified so much in my dream like that because of all the resentful people. There are so many behind me, beside me. They want me to get sick. [They want] to leave behind a little sickness.

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[1] Throughout Middle America owls are ill omens. As the popular Mexican saying goes: "Cuando canta el tecolote el indio muere," or "When a screech owl calls, an Indian dies." In the Nahuatl town of Atla, as in Agua Escondida, Rabinal, and Guatemala, to dream of an owl is an evil portent (Montoya Briones, 1964:176; Redfield, 1945a:485; Shaw, 1972:219).

[3] Black cats in Zinacantán are not normally ill omens as in the United States.

I BUY QUINCES, MY WIFE IS COOKING AT THE FOOT OF THE FENCE

D5

Now again, early this morning, the first of March, I had another dream. I went to visit doña Laurentia Cruz, it seemed. She is the Ladina who lives next to the town hall. I arrived there. "Are you there, ma'am?" I said.

"I'm here," she said.

"Ma'am, won't you sell me some of your quinces, because I long to eat some," I said.[1]

"Choose as many as you want," she said.

I chose them, but I picked the very best quinces. They were very big, very ripe. I finished picking them. "How much do I owe you, ma'am?"

"A peso," she said.

"Ah, take it, then," I said. And I left her house. When I reached the road, all the civil officials were coming along. They cleared the road. And they continued on to fix the bridge over the big gully. They added more supports. They went on. They cut the weeds on either side of the road. Me, I hurried off home, because they might tell me to work, too.

Now when I had almost reached my gate, my wife was sitting there cooking food on the side of the path. And she was nodding her head. "What are you doing here?" I asked. "Where are the children? Why did you leave them alone in the house? They must be crying. Can't you cook the meal at home? Is the stink of shit at the foot of the fence so delicious?" I asked her.

And then I went home with my wife. That's when I woke up. But a dream like this, with my children gone and their mother alone cooking the meal at the foot of the fence, probably means that my children will die.[2] Because I never saw their faces. It is bad that the civil officials were cleaning the sides of the road. It means a funeral or else maybe that their mother will die.[3] But the quinces I went to buy will bring stomach upset, because whatever we eat in our dreams is very "cold."[4]

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[1] Quinces are uncommon in Zinacantán and so are seldom eaten. Their price in the market is high. Quince jam is served to the civil and religious officials by the Grand Spanish Lord and Grand Spanish Lady on the fiesta of St. Sebastian.

[2] As Romin points out, the cooking of food at the foot of a fence rather than at home is a bizarre event.

[3] The clearing of weeds from alongside the roads is a communal task carried out after every All Souls' Day. The use of digging implements strengthens the association with death.

[4] Zinacantecs ascribe hot, medium, and cold properties to particular foods. Illnesses are categorized also along the scale of hot to cold. Herbal remedies are chosen which will restore the patient's balance.

MY HOE IS STOLEN, I AM CHASED AND FLY AWAY

D4

God, My Lord, I, Romin Teratol, God, I had a dream at night, in the evening of Friday, March the first. But it was terrible.

First I was on the other side of Čiloʔ, on the other side of my mother's house, it seemed.[1]

Then a boy arrived there and spoke to me, "What are you doing, Romin?" he asked.

"Well, I'm not doing anything much. I'm looking for my hoe, because I went to work yesterday; now, today, it's gone. I don't know who came and stole it, who came and took it. My laborer was Markuš Teratol. I don't know if he took it home with him, because I went home for a minute and then when I came back, I couldn't find Markuš," I told [that] young boy who had met me there.

"Ah, so you are looking for your hoe? Markuš didn't take it. I saw who took your hoe. It was the son of ʔAntun Masan, the third prefect, who took it.[2] Your hoe wasn't the only thing he took. He came and grabbed, he abducted a girl. So who knows now if he will come. He probably fled. Try going and saying a word or so at the courthouse to see if the magistrate[3] will send one of his constables [after him]," the boy who came and spoke to me, said.

The boy stayed there. Me, I returned home, where my mother's house is.

Then in a minute or two it grew dark suddenly.[4] Night fell suddenly. Me, I went outside. I went up above my house. Before I realized it, I saw loads of men swarming in already with their flashlights. Me, I was terribly scared, because I thought they were coming to kill me. I left in a hurry. I was going to leave by another gate, but there I met lots of women and they were going to catch me, too.

Then I saw that they were catching me. I flew into the sky,[5] in the dark. And when I came down to earth, then all the men and all the women went chasing after me in a rush.

Now, as for me, I flew another time. I did a turn around the church roof and I returned home. I went into my house right away. I had picked up my machete, but when I opened my door, then they all swarmed into my house, because they were going to kill me. Some were inside and others were grouped outside. They shot me three times. [The bullets] hit me in the ribs.

Then, me, I attacked them with a machete and they grabbed my machete away. I couldn't do anything.

And then I made myself a pistol to fight back. I shot them several times but they didn't die.

And then they caught me. They tickled me, but I was terribly scared, because I thought they were going to kill me now. I simply shouted, I screamed. Then my wife shook me. "Wake up! What's happening to you? What do you see?" she asked me.

And then I woke up. God, My Lord, I awoke. I was terribly scared.

Then I started to pray to Our Lord, I started to pray to St. Lawrence.[6] I couldn't get back to sleep, it seems. But, God, My Lord, it's just because there are so many resentful people, behind me, beside me. I dream too much when I don't pray at bedtime. When I pray at bedtime, when I cross myself at bedtime, I don't dream very often. When I don't [pray] that's why [I dream] so much sometimes.

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[1] Romin's childhood home, which he had left just three years before, is the setting for many of his dreams.

[2] The prefects (*rehiroletik*) are members of the third level of a four-level religious hierarchy that consumes a great portion of an individual Zinacantec's wealth in exchange for prestige and, hopefully, a long life.

[3] The magistrate (*preserente*) acts as the mayor of Zinacantán, in charge of the town's relations with the outside world, but he is also the chief arbiter of local disputes.

[4] Sudden darkness in Rabinal dreams indicates the death of one's spouse (Shaw, 1972:219).

[5] In Atla flying in one's dream gives an advance view of places to be visited in one's lifetime (Montoya Briones, 1964:176).

[6] St. Lawrence is the patron saint of Zinacantán.

I Am Nearly Stoned, I Drink Chicha, I Pull a Pebble from My Leg

D5

God, My Lord, I, Romin Teratol dreamt at dawn on Monday, March the fourth. But it was a terrible dream. It seemed that I was going to San Andrés.[1]

When I arrived, a lot of my countrymen had gone there. They were gathered there. I arrived and met them. I joined them. I met Maryan Čikuʔ from Zinacantán Center and my compadre, Maryan K'obyoš, and his brother-in-law, Mikel Sarate.[2] And then I went to join them where they were gathered. A lot of children were playing there with them.

Then a cow arrived there. The children threw lots of stones at it. The owner of the cow came. The children got a good bawling out. The children got mad and threw stones at the owner of the cow, too. The owner of the cow was scared. He fled. And even I was terribly scared because they almost hit me with the stones, too. I left and circled around and then I went to find Maryan Čikuʔ, because the people who were a bit older had assembled farther up. But when I reached the place where they were gathered, it had already gotten dark. It grew dark in a minute. When it was good and dark, Ladinos started to play their guitars. The fiesta was resounding now. But when they were playing guitars, it wasn't by the church, it was in the meadow, in the hollow.

And there were many young Ladina girls squatting there. They showed me their asses, their pussies.

And little by little we climbed up to the top of a hill. And there were two barrels of chicha.[3] And I went into [the store] to buy some, because I longed to drink some chicha, because I hadn't ever drunk any. But the chicha was terrible. It was undrinkable.

And I went to look for more. There was a crossroads and I found better [chicha] there. We went into [the store] to buy some. I was with my compadre, Maryan K'obyoš, and his brother-in-law, Mikel Sarate. We drank one large gourdful apiece. It tasted very good.

When we finished drinking, we went to look for more. There was a person from San Andrés selling some. "Buy some chicha, friend! My chicha is excellent," he said. We bought some. We went inside.

Now my compadre, K'obyoš, spoke to his brother-in-law, Mikel. "See here, Mikel!" he said. "Now you bastard, let's fight!" he said.

"Take off your shirt! Let's fight inside!" said Mikel. He got scared. He was about to go outside, but my compadre, K'obyoš began to laugh.

And then, "Let's drink some chicha in good spirits. But the chicha tastes wonderful!" Afterwards—I didn't see how it happened—my clothes fell in a river. My tunics, my shirt, my neckerchief, my hat submerged in the river. They were hanging from a strand of wire. But my things were almost lost in the river. But quickly I got in the river. I went in to get all my clothes.

And I even stole an old neckerchief [from the river]. I put on my clothes. I was laughing and joking contentedly with my friends. We reached a little stream. There were boards stretched across the stream. We were sitting there on the bridge.

Now, me, I had a cut in my leg. I began to lift up the scab little by little. I saw that there was a green pebble[4] embedded in my leg. I picked it out.

And then there was another one. It came out, too. Gradually I saw that they continued coming out. Now I saw that it was my legbone. My legbones were rotten now. They hurt now. I told my friends, "I can't make it home now."

"Your leg is useless now!" they told me. I tried to walk, but my leg wouldn't get any stronger, because now there was just a tiny bit left of my legbone. It was breaking now, because the whole support to my leg had come out. God, My Lord, I cried. I went and sat down on the edge of the gully. I sobbed to myself that I was just a leftover[5] now, that I had had an accident when I was still young.

When I woke up I was still crying.

"What happened to you?" asked my wife.

"God, My Lord, I had a terrible dream," I told her, but I couldn't talk clearly because I was still crying. I prayed to Our Lord. I prayed to St. Lawrence because I was so sad.

"God, My Lord, why don't you have a curing ceremony for yourself? Offer a few candles, because there are so many envious people behind us, beside us," said my wife. But, God, the next holy morning I was very upset.

[1] San Andrés Larraínzar is a Tzotzil-speaking town where Romin's father habitually sells salt. There is a resident population of Ladinos there.

[2] Maryan K'obyoš had been a drinking partner of Romin's for many years. He was not on good terms with his brother-in-law, Mikel Sarate.

[3] Chicha is a thick fermented sugarcane drink.

[4] *Yašal ton* can also be translated as "blue" or "gray" stone.

[5] The term, *sovra*, "leftover," is used to describe a person who is too old or too crippled to be able to work.

I STAB MY WIFE

D6

God, My Lord, I, Romin Teratol, dreamt at dawn today, the ninth of March. It seemed I lost my temper. I hit my wife. I caught her by the door of don Čhavel's house. I grabbed her. I threw her to the ground. I was going to hit her with a machete. But I couldn't get her because the machete was heavy and I wasn't able to whack her.

Then I grabbed a knife. I stuck it in her stomach. It was hard to get the knife in, but I was watching now to see if she was dying. But when I tried hard to stick the knife in her, I shouted.

And when I was in the midst of my dream my wife had already gotten up. She was grinding [corn]. She heard me shouting in my bed. She went to wake me, "Wake up! What's happening to you? What do you see?" she asked.

And I woke up. When I awoke, I was holding the knife, it seemed. She started to ask me what I saw. I told her, "It seemed as if it was you I was killing and I shouted when I stuck the knife into you," I told her.

"Oh, how horrible! I shouldn't have wakened you. I should have let your soul get a [good] scare. If only I had known it was me you were killing! It's probably just because you'll kill me one of these days," she said.

And that's all I have to say about my dreams.

THEY BORROW CHICKENS, LADINOS LAND IN A PLANE, I OFFER MY HAT

D7

God, My Lord, I, Romin Teratol, dreamt just before dawn this morning, the twenty-third of March. But my dream was terrible. It seemed that I was spending the night. I had asked to spend the night at Čep Sarate's house.[1] He is Old[2] Maryan Sarate's younger brother. He [lives] there on the other side of Čiloʔ. I was spending the night there, but I saw that little by little all the chickens had come down from their roost. The roosters and hens were scattered about there now.

And then my father arrived with three or four friends. They were looking for chickens. They were borrowing chickens, because they were offering candles to our tutelary gods in the holy heaven. It was for the town hall that had been built. They were giving an offering for it.[3]

And their shamans[4] were already walking [to the shrines] and they didn't have enough chickens to go around. And so they were borrowing [what was needed] to complete [the meal]. They began chasing the chickens that were clustered there.

Then, when they were in the midst of chasing the chickens, a plane appeared. The plane passed [low] right over the roof. It was coming in this direction from Na Čih.

And then it landed by the door of the Church of the Martyr.[5] The stewards[6] were standing there in a group. Quickly they closed the church. Men and women got out of the plane. Some of the women had red blouses. They saw us where we were standing in a group. They came over to meet us. Me, I fled. I ran away. I was terribly scared, because the Ladinos had very ugly faces. They saw me fleeing. They chased after me.

Then my mother was there. She wasn't afraid. "Stop, stand still! What are you scared of?" she said to me. But me, I fled.

Then my mother waited. She stood still. She spoke to them.

And then I stood still, too, because the Ladinos were buying tortillas. I accepted the money for the tortillas. I don't remember if there were three or four tortillas, and they gave me six pesos for them. I was delighted now.[7] And I talked freely with them now. I asked them where they were from.

"Ah, it's far away, from Vergel," they told me.

"Is that where the coffee plantations are?" I asked.

"Yes!" they said.

"Oh, then I've seen [the place]. Of course I know it!" I said.

Now there was a little boy standing there. "Sell me your hat!" he was told [by the Ladinos].

"I'll sell it to you," he said.

"How much does it cost?" he was asked.

"Thirty-five [pesos]," he said. I, myself, heard him.[8]

"I'll sell you mine," I said.

"Oh, but this one is too big," they said.

Then I didn't see if they took the hat or not. Before I realized it, I was leaving.

"We'll talk again," said one of the women, because they just spoke in our language. "We'll talk again," she said. "Who knows when we can come back, because it is very expensive, since it is far away," she said. They left. They got in their plane, and that's when I woke up. But I was terribly scared by what my dream might mean. But it occurred to me that maybe it was the Earth Lord.[9] Maybe I was sold to the earth somewhere. Or else maybe it was just witches tormenting my soul.[10]

And that's the way it ends.

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[1] It would be most unusual for Romin to ask to spend the night at Čep Sarate's house as Romin's own house is nearby.

[2] *Mol* is translated throughout as "Old" or "old man." It is roughly comparable to the Spanish, "don." It is applied to any man who is ten years or so older than the speaker. When not followed by a personal name it means "man" with the understanding that the man is at least middle-aged. It may also connote a degree of respect as in "gentleman."

[3] Romin's father was in charge of repairs to the town hall. When the renovation was completed a meal was offered to all the laborers. Although a ceremony is held to inaugurate a new house, no such ceremony was considered appropriate for the town hall.

The offering of candles in "the holy heaven" (*č'ul-vinahel*) refers to the worship led by a shaman at the mountain shrines.

[4] Shamans (*hʔiloletik*) are medicine men whose power is first verified by dreams. Although they never enter into trances they are credited with supernatural vision. By "reading" the patient's pulse they diagnose his illness and, like a lawyer, plead his case before the divine judges, offering candles, incense, cane liquor and prayers.

[5] The Church of the Martyr is the Church of St. Sebastian in Zinacantán Center.

[6] The stewards or mayordomos (*martomoetik*) are members of the lowest level of the religious hierarchy.

[7] The payment of six pesos for three or four tortillas was indeed good luck, for even today after ten years' of inflation tortillas are priced at eighteen a peso.

[8] Thirty-five pesos for a small hat was probably a reasonable price in those days.

[9] The Earth Lord is an ambiguous deity who, like the Faustian devil, can bestow both treasure and death. In his capacity as lord of the rain and the earth he may take the form of a serpent. He is also dreamt of as a fat Ladino rancher of immense wealth to whom one can be sold into servitude by one's enemies.

[10] A witch (*hʔak-čamel*) is a person who, on his or her volition or upon the request of another "sells" or "eats" a person's soul or torments him with intrusive objects, nightmares, or animal transformations.

I Am Building a Church

D8

God, My Lord, I, Romin Teratol dreamt. I had a terrible dream today just before dawn, today the twenty-fifth of March. It seemed I was being chased [to get me] to carry trees for church beams, because they were building a church. But all the men went. There was a mountain there on the other side of Yaʔam Ton. There was an architect there with a foreman watching the people. They were looking at the men working there. We carried [the trees] here. We came to bring them here to [the Church of] the Martyr. But the men were coming down the mountain with their trees, shouting lustily. But we were picking out the trees ourselves depending on what we could lift. It didn't make any difference what they were like—if they were good or bad. Some of the trees we brought were rotten and some were spindly. Some of the church beams were carried by two people, some were the size of a stick of firewood.

And then I woke up. "But God, My Lord, what could my dream mean, dreaming like that?" I said to myself. "But maybe it's because Our Holy Father, the Martyr, needs to be looked after in some way," I said to myself.

And that's all.

My Aunt Dies, I Am Jailed in San Andrés, My Boy Dies

D9

God, My Lord, I, Romin Teratol dreamt last night and early this morning, the twenty-sixth of March. First I saw that my mother's older sister, Mother Pil, died, it seemed.[1] First, blood came out of her nose, but the blood was simply streaming and streaming. It didn't stop. She was [sitting] there next to the gate with her head bowed, and gradually she grew very weak. She had been standing, but she slumped [to the ground]. Now she closed her eyes. We carried her inside the house, but she only arrived to die. She was stretched out there inside.

And when I saw that she had died, I didn't know what to do. I simply started crying. The house was just packed with people. They were already grinding [the corn]. But it seemed as if I wasn't on the ground anymore. I didn't see what happened. Before I realized it, I was already imprisoned in the jail in San Andrés, with my compadre, Maryan ʔA¢'am. But the jail was very large, and the inside was terrible. The ground had many depressions and was very dusty. In the middle of the jail it seemed as if it were turning into a sinkhole. My compadre, Maryan's younger brother, Čep, who was there, too, told me, "Look at the woman, Romin," he said. "She is building the jail roof," he said. Me, I looked up. A Chamulan woman was climbing about there, but she was lifting up very big beams.

In a little while, "Come on out!" said the San Andrés man. Me and my compadre, Maryan, got ready to leave. Me, I had a demijohn of cane liquor.[2] It was a little three-liter jug. My compadre had five liters also.

Now, as for me, I didn't see how it happened, but I spilt a little bit of his cane liquor. And now I replaced it for him. I filled his liter bottle for him, because I had bought more cane liquor. When that was over, we left the jail.

And when I arrived in Zinacantán Center I went straight to my godmother, Mal Nuh's house, there on the other side of Čiloʔ, because my wife had already gone there. But my little [son,] Šun, was terribly sick now. He was already dying. But I didn't see how it happened. Suddenly he died. I didn't see when they left for the burial. Before I realized it, I was passing below Calvary[3] with Old[4] Maruč Kon¢ares, because I was going to bury my little boy. But I cried and cried on the path. [I cried] so hard because I had grown fond of him.

Then Petul Krus passed by. He is a constable now. I don't remember if he is the first constable. I don't remember which he is.

Then, "Don't be embarrassed, ma'am. Don't be mortified, ma'am. It was you who ate poor Romin's child. It was you who consumed poor Romin's child," said Petul Krus.[5]

And [that's what] Old Maruč Kon¢ares was told. Old Maruč got very angry. "Did you see me?" she said. "Did you watch me?" she said. "When did I eat him? When did I consume the baby? Aren't I able to buy my own meat? Aren't I able to buy pork?" said Old Maruč Kon¢ares over and over.

"Ah, it was you. I know! It was you who sent off the poor baby, the poor child. Laugh, rejoice! Hold your flowers! Hold your tree leaves because the poor baby died!" said Petul Krus again and again.[6]

"Oh, wait and see, then! I'm going to the courthouse to report [you]!" said Old Maruč.

"Oh, go on, go report it! I'm not afraid. I'm not ashamed. I was going there, too. I'll talk to the magistrate. The magistrate is my friend, since I am a constable," said Petul Krus. Old Maruč went straight to the courthouse. Petul went this way to the west. Me, I came by myself to my godmother's house, but I never reached the cemetery. My little boy, whom I was going to bury, just vanished.

Then, when I returned to my godmother's house, I arrived to find my father sitting there with compadre Maryan K'obyoš, eating. But night was falling. But I was alone. My wife wasn't there. "Are you hungry?" my godmother asked me.

"I don't want to [eat]," I said. "Meals will still be around for some time. Patience! If I die from it, what's the difference, because I'm going to join my little boy," I said.

Now my mother used to have an older sister—her eldest sister—but she died a long time ago. And when I was crying, it seemed as if it was when she was dying. "Is she still alive?" I said to myself.

"She's still alive. Her soul hasn't departed yet," said my godmother.

Then, when I was sitting there, Old Maruč Kon¢ares was shouting angrily at the courthouse.

As for me, I was crying when I woke up. I started to pray to Our Lord. But I cried and cried when I started to sit up. "I long to return right away to look at my little boy, [to see] if he is sick or if something suddenly happened to him," I said to myself.

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[1] The terms, *meʔ* and *meʔtik*, are translated throughout as "Mother," or "ma'am," while *tot* and *tottik* are rendered as "Father" or "sir." They are similar to "doña" and "don" though *meʔ* and *tot* indicate that the person is an older relative or connote a degree of affection and respect.

[2] Cane liquor is a distilled sugarcane drink produced primarily by Chamulan bootleggers. It roughly approximates light rum. It is considered a necessary lubricant for matters of consequence involving communication between men, and between men and gods.

[3] Calvary, (*Kalvario*) is the principal mountain shrine where the tutelary gods are envisioned as sitting at a table, in judgment of the mortals under their care.

[4] The term, *meʔel*, translated throughout as "old," or "old woman," is the feminine equivalent for *mol* (footnote 2, p. 00). It sometimes carries a derisive tone.

[5] When Petul Krus accuses Maruč Kon¢ares of "eating" Romin's child he means that she has "eaten" the child's soul, killed him by witchcraft.

[6] The reference to flowers and tree leaves recalls the wedding dance when every guest carries a bouquet of geranium flowers and orange tree twigs as all dance and figuratively embrace the souls of the bridal couple. A person's joy over the death of an enemy is likened to the rejoicing at a wedding.

I GET MARRIED

D9b

Earlier I dreamt. I hadn't yet dreamt the other dream. I was looking for a ceremonial robe to borrow, because I was getting married. I was getting married to a girl. She looked beautiful to me. I tried the ceremonial robe on, but it was too long.

"It won't do. Look for another one that fits. Then we'll get married when you have found it," the girl said. It seemed as if I was with my fiancée.

And that's all.

I AM CHASED BY WOMEN

D10

God, My Lord, I, Romin Teratol, I don't know why I dream so often. I don't know if it's because I have so many enemies or because there are so many envious people behind me, beside me. Last night, maybe around two in the morning, it seemed as if many women came to the place where I sleep. First they knocked on the door and it wasn't opened for them.

And then they entered by themselves. They broke in the door.

Then they reached the other door to the very place where I sleep, and they knocked on it. But I didn't open it for them, because I already knew they were evil people. And I knew it was nighttime. They broke in again by themselves.

Then I got out of my bed. I went to push against my door, but since there were more women, they won. They opened the door. Since I had turned on my light, I opened my door, but they didn't come in because the light was on.

Then, as for me, I yelled. I shouted to the landlord there, but I couldn't yell. I was struck dumb with fear, but I screwed up my courage. I went out. I wrestled with the women, with the girls, because there were a great many. I didn't see if they were Ladinas or our own people. You couldn't see well because it was nighttime.

When they were about to kill me, I remembered what could be done to unnerve them a little. I took off my pants, turned them inside out and then I threw them in their faces. And then they were scared by it.[1] All the women went out into the street.

Now, me, I wasn't afraid anymore. I regained my courage because they fled. And I found a stick lying there by the door. I picked it up and whacked a woman's leg with it. Her leg broke immediately. And now I wasn't able to close the big door. And they came in and found me another time. Me, I hurried inside. Then I entered the landlord's house—the place where they sleep in their rooms.

Then the women headed straight for my room, since they knew where I slept, but again they didn't go in, because the light was on. As for me, they didn't see me because I was [hiding] inside the other house. And then I woke up, but I was terribly scared, and that's how it ended. Maybe it's because there are just witches who are tormenting my soul, or maybe the earth is dangerous, I don't know.[2]

I LEND SOME MONEY

D11

God, My Lord, I dreamt last night, I, Romin Teratol. I had an option on a small plot of land. I wanted to buy it. I don't know if that was what I was dreaming about. It seemed that I talked with the owner of the land, don Isidro and doña Antonina.

Now doña Antonina spoke to me, "See here, Romin!" she said.

"What, ma'am?" I asked.

"Romin, I don't know if I can borrow a hundred [pesos] from you, because I would like to have a curing ceremony for myself, because I'm terribly sick. I don't have enough money to pay for it," she said.

"God, but where would I have it for you, ma'am? I haven't any, because I've run out myself," I said.

"But I say, Romin, haven't you earned any by working, since you have work now? Because I need it very badly, since I'm terribly sick," she said.

"No, ma'am, I'll give you a hundred, but that will be a first payment on your land. It's time for me to start paying for it. That would be better, because it's hard for me to raise it and give you all of it [at once]," I said.

"Ah, that's all right, too, if you will be so kind, because I need it very badly, because I'm very sick. I'm going to offer a few little candles. It's worth a try, I guess. I don't know if Our Lord will stand up for me," she said.

"Ah, no; ma'am, take the hundred if that will help. It's hard for me to earn it, too. I can't raise it all. Please wait for the rest. I'll give it to you if I earn a little, too," I said. I gave her a hundred [peso] bill. God, I woke up. "I don't know if perhaps it's because she won't sell me her land now," I said to myself. "Or could it be the Virgin[1] who sent for me, if she needs something, if something ought to be bought for her?" I said to myself. "Or could it be Our Lord, or our tutelary gods at the holy meeting place,[2] since I haven't ever asked for holy pardon?" I said to myself.

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[1] Although sexual display is considered an effective way to befuddle an attacker, Romin's use of his pants is a novel one.

[2] If the earth is *kušul,* literally "alive," or dangerous this means that the place where the house is standing is next to the Earth Lord's door or perhaps on the middle of his trail. It is further believed that because of our blindness we may unintentionally annoy the Earth Lord by constructing our house or choosing to sleep in his territory.

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[1] The "Virgin" (*hč'ul-meʔtik*) could be any one of the female saints whose images stand in the churches in Zinacantán Center.

[2] The holy meeting place is Calvary.

I Am Chased by a Man and a Woman

D12

God, My Lord, I, Romin Teratol, dreamt last night, the eighth of April, it seems. There was a woman who kept grabbing me. She was chasing and chasing me very fast in the tall grass, but who knows where it was.

Then another man arrived. But he had covered his face with soot so that I wouldn't recognize him. That's why he had painted his face.

And he chased me, too, but I was terribly scared. The woman wanted me to marry her, but I didn't want to take her at all, because I knew I had a wife. But the woman wanted a husband very badly.

Then, me, "Forget it!" I said to myself. I simply fled. I hid because I didn't want them to keep catching me, I hadn't ever molested the woman. There wasn't any reason for it. I was terribly scared. But a thing like that [means] they want to torment my soul. They want me to get sick. That's why they are doing this to my soul.

And that's all.

I Hoe and Am Asked for a Loan

D13

Well, I, Romin Teratol, dreamt last night, the ninth of April, it seems. I was looking for workers to hoe my land. I had some land, it seemed, on the other side of Čiloʔ, on the other side of where my mother's house is. I had four workers. I didn't know who three of them were. I did know the other. It was Old Čep Sarate, Old Maryan Sarate's younger brother.

As for me, I quit working for a little while because I went to eat at my mother's house. The others stayed to eat, too [where they were working].

Then, when I finished eating, they had already finished hoeing all the rest of my land. "Is the work done?" I asked them when I arrived.

"It's done. Did you think it would take long to do the job [hoeing] the ground?" they said to me.

"Ah!" I said to them. But the ground wasn't hoed properly. They had left the earth in great clumps.

Then they went home by themselves. As soon as they finished the job, they went off. Me, I stayed to work. I stayed to do the job properly where they hadn't hoed carefully.

Then I didn't see how I finished my work. Before I realized it, Old Palas, the miller, was talking to me. He was going to borrow some money, but I don't know where [we were].

"Are you there, Romin?" he said.

"I'm here, sir!" I said.

"Ah, I've come now to talk to you, Romin. Don't you have a few pesos stashed away, because we haven't enough to pay for my son's expenses. He is getting married on Easter," he said.

"God, but don't torment me, Father Palas. Perhaps it's because you think I've never earned anything in my life, coming like this to trick me. What I had thought was that it was me who was going to borrow a few [pesos] from you. *If Father Palas has stored up some of his money, I think I'll go borrow a few* [*pesos*] *from him, if maybe he'll give me a few days* [*to repay him*], I had said to myself. Because all mine is used up from building my little house."

"Ah, God, how would I have any, son, since so much is going to be spent, now that my son is getting married. That's why I came now. Lord! Can't you spare a few? I'll pay you back. When the fiesta is over I'll start looking for the money to repay you," said Old Palas, the miller. But I didn't see how the deal turned out, the way he was asking for money.[1]

And then I woke up. I think maybe it was Our Lord, because one of Our Lords wants a favor.[2] Either it's because one of them hasn't any clothes or there is something that needs to be done for the holy fiesta to be celebrated properly. But it wasn't Palas, the miller; he was just a sign. But the hoeing we did with my workers across from my mother's house, maybe that's bad. Maybe [it means that] we are digging graves. Who knows if my mother will die or Mother Pil,[3] or if it's one of my children who will die. Who knows, because that's what they say when we hoe land. It's because somebody will die, they say. That's what the people still remark.

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[1] The son of Palas, the miller, never had a wedding, nor was his marriage contemplated at the time of Romin's dream.

[2] Our Lord, here, obviously refers to one of the male saints in the churches of Zinacantán Center.

[3] Mother Pil is Romin's maternal aunt who lived together with his mother in his childhood home.

I See a Bull Slaughtered

D14

God, My Lord, I, Romin Teratol, dreamt on Saturday, the thirteenth of April. It seemed that a man sent for me. He came to my house. "Romin," he said. "Are you there?" he said.

"I'm here, sir," I said.

"I've come now to talk to you. How are you? Are you well?" he said.

"I've been well for a few days, sir," I said.

"Oh, even those few days are a help, son," he said.

"They're a help, sir," I said.[1]

"I've come now to talk to you, son. Would you like to take a little bit of meat, son? Because there is still some left over. We haven't finished paying for it all ourselves," he said.

"Ah, where are you bringing it to?" I asked.

"Oh, nearby, just up there," he said.

"Ah, I guess I'll go see, then," I said. I went. I went to the place where the bull [2] was to be slaughtered, but who knows where, in the woods.

Then the bull was caught. It took a lot of people to catch it, because it was terribly big. And they divided it up equally among the young and the old.

Now I didn't see if I received some of that beef.[3] Then I woke up. "But what could my dream mean?" I said to myself—but it was then Teleš K'o got sick. The one who lived at S¢ellehtik. I don't know if it was his soul I saw, but I think maybe that's who it was, indeed, since that was when he died. Because that's how we see those who have been caught.[4]

And that's the way my dream was.

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[1] The greetings exchanged between Romin and his visitor follow a pattern appropriate to a rather formal encounter.

[2] It is not clear from the Tzotzil *vakaš* whether the slaughtered animal is a cow or a bull. But since only bulls are slaughtered by Zinacantecs for ritual meals, and since the animal is thought here to represent a man's soul, "bull" is the logical interpretation.

[3] To dream of meat is widely believed in Middle America to signify the body of a friend, as in Atla (Montoya Briones, 1964:177), or the death of a friend or a relative, as in Teotihuacan (Gamio, 1922:414), Mitla (Parsons, 1936:320), and Sayula (Clark, 1968:106–107).

[4] The catching of the man's soul is, of course, by witchcraft.

I Go on a 'Possum Hunt

D15

God, My Lord, I, Romin Teratol, dreamt just before dawn, this morning, today, the nineteenth of April.

Who knows what it was I dreamt. Maybe it was just devils tormenting my soul, because I had a terrible hangover from cane liquor.

Well, it seemed that I was going to San Cristóbal. Then on the other side of Mušul Vi¢ I met Old Čep Promaš, the one who lives in Zinacantán Center. There were a lot gathered there with him. Some were countrymen, but I didn't recognize who the others were. Just Old Čep Promaš spoke to me. "Where did you go, Romin?" he asked.

"I went to San Cristóbal, father," I said [to my second cousin].

"Stay here a minute, then!" he said.

"What do you want, father?" I asked.

"We've come hunting. We're looking for 'possums," he said.

"Ah, do you have dogs with you, then?" I asked.

"No, we'll just dig them out when they go into burrows," he said. "See here, we've already found one here. Please block its way," he said.

Then, me, I blocked the 'possum's way. I was able to grab it, but it had already had a machete wound, but it didn't die from it. The 'possum is very strong. Even if it doesn't have its skin anymore, it can still walk. That's why it was still running.

When I had caught it, Old Čep Promaš told me, "Take it along if you eat ['possum], Romin!" he said.

"Lord, but won't you take it? You take it yourselves! You were the ones who made the effort," I told Old Čep Promaš.

"No, son, it's you I'm giving it to," he said.

"Well, thank you, then," I said to them. I took the 'possum along, but it still seemed to be alive. It kept dying, but it revived, and I had a hard time killing it. My hand was covered with blood and it even spurted into my mouth. But the blood that went into my mouth [tasted] very bitter.

"Well, come on back, Romin!" said Old Čep. Me, I came back again. I came back to watch the old man while he was in the midst of digging out another animal. But I didn't see if he gave me another one or if that was all. But when I woke up, my mouth felt awful. It felt terrible now, because of the filthy blood that had gotten in my mouth in my dream. But maybe it's just devils tormenting my soul.

And that's all.

I Carry Rocks, Find Honey and Pine Needles, Fly from Ladinos

D16

God, My Lord, I, Romin Teratol, dreamt at dawn yesterday, Sunday the twenty-first of April. First, I saw that I was a sacristan, it seems. I went with the stewards to Vo?-bi¢ to celebrate the fiesta.[1]

Now, as for me, my mother wasn't there and neither was my wife. I simply went alone to celebrate the fiesta.

I brought [back] my little presents in a basket myself. I simply brought my little bit of meat and my tortillas all by myself.[2]

Then on the way I found the civil authorities in a group: the justices of the peace, the syndic, the magistrate. "Romin," said [the magistrate].

"What, sir?" I asked.

"Nothing much, son. You will take a burden!" he said.

"Ah, what is my burden, sir?" I asked.

"It's nothing much, son. You will carry away the rocks here," he said.[3]

"Ah, all right, sir. I wonder if you have a wheelbarrow? I'll take them over to the edge of the path," I said.

"There is one. Take that one!" they told me. And I went to get the wheelbarrow. I carried out the limestone piled there where the civil authorities were standing.

I hurled the wheelbarrow down at them where they were standing and they just missed being killed. "Damn, that friend of ours over there, doesn't realize that he is [nearly] killing you!" they said. I just overheard them in the distance. I didn't answer.

Then I said to myself, "Why am I carrying rocks? Hell! Am I guilty? Hell! It would be better if I left. I'll go meet up with the stewards," I said to myself, because the stewards had already gone ahead to the church. I carried my little basket. I came ahead. I came to meet the stewards on the path, but then I didn't see if I met them on the path or not. Before I realized it, I was now at ʔAk'ol Ravol. We were looking for work, but there were loads of our countrymen. We couldn't even find a place to sleep at the foot of the cliff; and when I looked next, it was already getting light.

Then me, I went to the woods. I went to look for honeycomb to eat. I found two honeycombs. My other countrymen discovered a great many. They found two bagsful of yellow-jacket comb. Me, I went to snitch a little, since I had found only a little bit. But now you couldn't possibly finish eating the yellow-jacket comb.

Then I didn't see how it was that I and several of our countrymen came to this side of the ranch now. We were taking a stroll. I was looking at my work. My land was being hoed, so I passed by to look at it, together with compadre K'obyoš and Karmen, Old Serafina's son.

Then we saw a ball of pine needles on a branch. But the tree was on the top of a cliff, leaning far out.

Then we wrecked the ball of pine needles on the branch. We dropped all of it over the cliff. And we discovered a black robe rolled up and stuck in the middle of the pine needles, but we threw it over the cliff because we thought that a highwayman or a robber had slept there. So we got rid of it all.Compadre K'obyoš told me, "But let's leave our gourds, compadre!" he said. "They'll come in handy for drinking water tomorrow. It's better if we hide them," he said.

"But won't they get lost? I think it's better if we climb up and hang them from the top of a tree so they won't be seen," I said. I climbed up and hung them. And compadre Maryan's gourd was left there, because it was bigger. I took back my gourd, and when I climbed down the tree, a lot of young Ladinos appeared. We were terribly scared because we had wrecked the pine needles and the robe. We realized that it might be their sleeping place. That's why we were scared. Karmen, Old Serafina's son, was asked his name. "What's your name?" he was asked.

"My name is Karmen," he said.

"Karmen what?" he was asked.

Then I told him he'd better not tell his last name because they might catch him later if it was their sleeping place that was destroyed.

And Karmen didn't tell them his last name.

And we left. Now [we were] on the road to Zinacantán Center. There next to the white house at the edge of the ranch was another group of Ladinos. But you couldn't understand their language at all. Their language sounded awful. Their pants were different, too. They were the same as the pants of the people from Muk'ta Nab.[4] And mixed with them were people from Pasteʔ. But they were just stealing things.

They were picking and picking corn.

Then they saw us. They went to meet us where we were standing. They came [toward us].

Me, I told compadre K'obyoš, "See here, compadre," I said, "be patient, take my gourd! Me, I'll see what I can do," I said. I gave him my little gourd. I carried my basket of tortillas and meat and so on that I got in Voʔ-bi¢. I went looking for the top of a cliff. I flew with my basket of tortillas, but I didn't fly far off. I just landed in a river.

And some more robbers caught me there. "Romin!" they said. "Romin!" said the people one after the other, but I couldn't shake all their hands. A man from Pasteʔ arrived. "Do you know where we got our permit?" he said.

"Where?" I asked.

"Ah, it was from Our Holy Father, St. Ignatius," he said.

"Ah, but that's Our Holy Father, Esquipulas, of course," I said.

"Ah, but he is the younger brother. There is an older brother," he said.

"Is it the one in Burrero, then?" I asked.

"Oh yes, do you know him?" he said.

"I know him if that's who it is," I said.

"Ah, it's his letter that I've brought here [giving me permission] to travel. I can even enter houses," said the man from Pasteʔ.

"Ah, now I know, go ahead!" I said. "There are some more of our countrymen, go talk to them!" I said.

Now me, I thought, "It would be better if I went to talk to Our Holy Father, St. Lawrence, to see what the situation is, if he has given the robbers a permit to walk abroad or not," I said to myself. Me, I thought that all to myself. I told that person what [I was going to do], so that they would make room for me to fly, because there was such a big group of people there. I was going to throw them in the river when they shook my hand, but they didn't fall. So I thought, "I'll go talk to Our Holy Father, St. Lawrence, [to see] what kind of permit he will give me. Once I have spoken to him, I will come here and circle over their heads. First I'll fly off. I'll go talk to St. Lawrence," I said to myself. I carried my little basket, the basket with my little portion from when I went to Voʔ-biȼ. And I flew. I went to the west. I went to pray to Our Lord.

Then, when I was in the middle of my dream, my wife woke me up. "Get up, the sun is already high!" she said. I woke up. The sun had already risen. And my dream was cut short there.

"What could my dream mean? It said thus and so," I told my wife.

"Who knows what that could mean. Maybe you'll die. Why did you fly?" she said.

Well, that dream of mine—who knows what it means, if it's that I'll die or not. It means something. Or if it's a lesson for me from Our Lord. It has two meanings [good and evil].

And that's all.

I Am Caught in a Rainstorm

D17

God, My Lord, I, Romin Teratol, dreamt at dawn yesterday, the twenty-sixth of April.

God, My Lord, but who knows what it means. I was walking on a path, and while I was walking, a thunderstorm broke. But I was completely soaked. All my clothes were simply sopping. I tried to run, but there was no point, because I was already soaked. But my legs were simply aching terribly from the cold. It seemed that I didn't have my hat on either. My head was just uncovered, because I didn't have my neckerchief either.

Then I woke up, but my legs were aching, because of the cold. [The pain] was running up and down. "But this is bad!" I said to myself when I woke up. "Maybe I'll die from it or I'll start to have swellings!" I said to myself, because that's what people say when we dream of crossing a river or being soaked in a thunderstorm. We will start to have swellings. That's why I was frightened when dawn came over the holy earth.

And that's all.

I Am Late for Work and Am Chased by Ladinas

D18

God, My Lord, I, Romin Teratol, dreamt in the evening of the day before yesterday, Sunday, the fifth of May. It seemed that I went to San Cristóbal to work.

Well, then I met Šun Vaskis, the current second sacristan, and ʔAnselmo, the shaman.[1]

Where are you going, Romin?" they asked.

"I'm not going anywhere. I'm just going to work," I said.

"Ah, if you're going to work, then, wait a minute, we'll go by bus, because this bus is going. You'll arrive quicker in it," they said to me.

"Ah, please, then, you're right, I'll arrive quicker in it," I said. I got in the bus, but it stood there a long time, next to [the Church of] St. Anthony in San Cristóbal.

Me, I got out of the bus, because it was standing there for such a long time. "It's better if I go on foot. I'll arrive quicker, because it's getting late. It's my job!" I said to myself.

And I went on foot. The other two got out, too. Just near there, Šun and ʔAnselmo said to me, "Romin!" they said.

"What?" I asked.

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[1] The fiesta in Voʔ-biȼ is the fiesta of Our Lady of the Rosary celebrated in early October.

[2] Romin does not know why he would be bringing food back to Zinacantán Center.

[3] Rock-carrying is the traditional activity of a person sentenced to hard labor.

[4] The men from Muk'ta Nab wear the old-fashioned white muslin pants called in Spanish *"calzones."*

FIGURE 4.—San Cristóbal de las Casas, 1958.

"Do you like the Ladina girl there? She is really pretty. She wants to get married," they said.

"Ah, but I can't because I have to hurry off to work. It's a good idea if only I weren't busy. Maybe it's better if you talk to her yourselves because I don't have the time at all," I said to them.

"Oh well, forget it then," they said to me. I went to work, myself. But then I couldn't remember where I worked. I simply forgot. I couldn't remember where to go. I tried to look for the place where I worked, but I couldn't remember where it was. I went to the center of San Cristóbal to ask, but, "No, it isn't here. I don't know where it is," said the Ladinas. I found an auto repair shop there. I asked them there. Just the workers were there. They were Tenejapans and Chamulans and Ladinos working there. One of the Tenejapans had a wife. His wife was a maid. I knew her. The woman was from Na Čih.

"Can I spend the night here, because I've come here to look for my blanket. And I have a bed." I said to the Tenejapans.

"Ah, I don't know if your blanket was left here. I haven't seen it," said [one of them].

"Ah, never mind, then. I was just asking," I said. I left and then I met Teleš Kirivin with his mother-in-law, his wife, and Petuʔ.[2]

Then me, I bought them a quarter pint of cane liquor. I gave it to Teleš and his mother-in-law, his wife, and Petuʔ. The quarter pint was finished. I didn't see how we got inside a Ladino's house.

Then Teleš went way inside the house. Me, I remained standing next to the door. The Ladinos and a lot of Ladina girls were planning to kill us now. "Teleš, come on out! If you bring me out my sack I'll take it," I told Teleš. He handed it out to me, but the Ladina girls were standing there by the door, because they were shutting the door now. And they were going to kill the people inside, but already night was beginning to fall.

Then, me, I picked up two rocks. They were good and big. One of the Ladina girls, standing by the door was about to grab me, but when she was on the point of grabbing me I quickly threw the rocks at her. I beat her with my fists, too, and she landed way off on her back. I started to run. She was left there thrashing about in the street. As for me, then, I fled. Poor Teleš and his wife and his mother-in-law probably were killed there. I didn't see them anymore. But that dream is just envious people tormenting me in my dream. Since I built my little house, they are angry.

[1] ʔAnselmo is ʔAnselmo Peres, the contributor of D247–D251.

[2] Teleš Kirivin's mother-in-law is Tonik Nibak, and Petuʔ is Petuʔ Nibak, his sister-in-law, both contributors to this volume.

I AM JAILED FOR NOTHING, CHICKENS TALK TO ME

D19

Well, last night, too, it seemed that I left my house. I went to speak to the clerk and Čep ʔOk'il, but who knows what I was going to tell them.

Well, when the magistrate saw me, he said, "Come over here, Romin!"

"What is it, sir?" I said.

"It's nothing much, son. You'll rest here a little while," he said.[1]

"What is my crime, sir?" I asked.

"I don't know, son. You'll hear in a little while. Go take a rest first!" the magistrate told me. I was put in jail, but suddenly it grew dark, because night was falling. Me, I hadn't seen that there were other prisoners asleep there. There were two other prisoners spending the night there. Then, when they spoke to me, I saw them.

"God, is it you, Romin, who has been put in jail, too?" said [one of them].

"It's me, sir!" I said.

"What were you accused of?" he asked.

"I don't know, sir. They just jailed me for nothing. *You'll hear in a while!* they told me," I said to the gentleman.

"But you can't be very guilty, then, son. You'll probably leave in a little while," he told me.

Then Maryan Burito was standing there at the jail door. "Father Maryan," I said.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I don't want anything [much], Father Maryan, won't you please just go tell my wife that I won't be coming back today because I was put in jail. She doesn't know that I've been jailed. She probably thinks that I got drunk. Because I was supposed to come here quickly for just a minute on business. Because I just came to talk to the clerk and to Čep ʔOk'il. How would she know that I've been jailed? Please go tell her for me. Have her see if she can ask someone to bring me my blanket because it's very cold for me to sleep here. I'll pay you a little for making the trip," I said to Maryan Burito.

"Ah, all right, I'll go let her know," he told me. He went to tell my wife. Me, I didn't see how I got out of jail. The next time I looked, I was already at home.

Now there was a very bright moon then. I looked up above my house and a lot of chickens were there in a flock and loads of chicks, too. Me, I went to drive the chickens out because they were digging up the ground so badly.

Now I said to my wife, "Could those be good chickens that have come in or could they be evil?" I said.

"Ah, no, I'm a good chicken. Don't be afraid!" they [all] said. The chickens answered me.

"So you're a dumb devil then, that's why you travel at night," I said. I hit them with my hat.

"Ah, so you think you're a man! Let's fight and see! As for me, don't you believe that I'm a chicken —I'm a human being," they [all] told me. But I was terribly scared. I was screaming now.

Since I probably was screaming loudly, my wife said to me, "What are you doing, screaming? Wake up!" And I woke up. But I was terribly scared now. I told my whole dream to my wife, and I started to pray to Our Lord, because I was terribly scared. God, but the envious people certainly torment me all the time. It's too much! There are just resentful people. How could it be anything else?

And that's the way it ends.

[1] People who are sent to jail are customarily told to "take a rest!"

I FIND BEAUTIFUL STONES, SEE A SNAKE, WE FLY AWAY

D20

God, My Lord, I, Romin Teratol dreamt a little bit just before dawn this morning, Wednesday, the eighth of May.

Well, it seemed I was there next to ʔAnčil Ton, there beneath Ventana. I kept digging under the trees, because there were little stones there. They were very beautiful. They were little round stones. That's why I was digging.

Now I hadn't seen it until my wife told me. "Watch out! Look at the snake next to your foot!" she said.

"Where?" I asked. Damn, I looked. Then I saw it. It almost bit my foot. It was a horrible thick coral snake, lying crosswise on top of the leaves.[1] Me, I went to pick up my machete. I cut the snake in half. Now the front end was going to bite me. I swished the machete at it another time. Just its head was left lying there.

Then we fled. My wife didn't know how to fly. I knew how to fly. I carried my wife and then I flew with her. We flew because it seemed that the snake had a master. That's why its master might come to kill [us]. But we didn't know who its master was. It's just that they said it has a master. We flew, but when I woke up, I was still flying. I didn't see how it ended. It was cut short like that. But that dream—it's just that our souls are being tormented by the Earth Lord when he is walking abroad, since it's a devil or something tormenting us.

And that's the way it ends.

[1] In Mitla to see a snake in one's dream signifies imprisonment, a fight, or the attainment of wealth (Parsons, 1936:320). In Rabinal it signifies a fight, death (Teletor, 1955:128), or imprisonment (Shaw, 1972:219).

I Am Offered Three Stones

D21

God, My Lord, I, Romin Teratol, dreamt last night, the ninth of May.

God, My Lord, it seemed as if I was there next to Old Maryan Sarate's house, the land commissioner.

There were several stewards gathered there. I thought very highly of the one who spoke to me. It was the present Senior Steward of Our Lady of the Rosary, Maryan Peres from Paste?, the former magistrate.

"Romin," he said.

"What is your command, sir?" I asked.

"Come here, son, I [want to] talk to you," he said.

"All right, sir," I said.

"See here, son, I [want to] ask you if it seems you're still working at jobs," he said. They were gathered in Petul Buro's yard.

"Ah, it still seems so, sir, because I am very poor. I can't find anything on the holy earth. It seems there ought to be a little contribution here at the feet of Our Lord," I said.[1]

"Ah, how about it, son, have you stored up a little of your money?" he asked me. Two people said that to me. The other was Čep Vob from Paste?, the former Steward of the Holy Sacrement.

"God, you wouldn't believe it, sir. I haven't any at all. It doesn't accumulate at all, because I have to buy my little bit of corn. It's just completely used up," I said.

"Ah, well, see here, son, we [want] to say a few words to you, a few words of advice, if you will accept them," they told me.

"God, My Lord, please then, My Father, please then, My Lord, because I don't know how to make my plans." I told them.[2]

"Ah, see here, son, if you find that your money doesn't accumulate, it would be better if you sat here beneath the feet of Our Lord. Give up the search for jobs, if you find that your money doesn't accumulate. Because you, son, your little share is set aside there. It is known how you will be beneath the feet of Our Lord. I'm telling you openly, go pray to Our Holy Father, the Martyr, he will show you right away, even tonight, if you pray to him. He has set aside your little share. It's true. It isn't idle talk. Because we have seen it, because what he has set aside for you is very beautiful," they told me. "See here, son, that's the way it was when I was a boy. I used to look for roadwork all the time, but the money didn't accumulate.

"Then I entrusted myself to Our Lord. I prayed to Our Lord. I prayed a lot to Our Lord. God, now I can say it openly, I have my own little bit. Our Lord presented it to me. I settled down. I didn't go looking for jobs. That's why we are telling you a few words. If you want your favor, son, try praying to Our Holy Father, the Martyr, because he has kept your little present there. I'm showing you, son. This is yours," said the Senior Steward of Our Lady of the Rosary and Čep Vob. What he showed me were three little rectangular stones. But the little stones were bright blue. They were like glass, but they were sparkling and sparkling. They just showed them to me and then I woke up. I didn't see then how the matter turned out.

God, My Lord, I started to wake myself up thoroughly. "But what could that dream of mine mean, My Lord?" I said in my heart. "But that was a good one," I said to myself. I have a little present, but the trouble is, who knows what kind of present Our Lord wants.[3] And, besides, who knows which of Our Lords it was who was advising me. That dream was a proper one, of course; it wasn't a persecution. It was advice, because Our Lord is going to favor me. So forget the glaring poverty. I suffer so much.

And that's how it ended.

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[1] By contribution is meant a year of service in the religious hierarchy.

[2] Romin is addressing his counsellors with utmost respect as "My Father," "My Lord" as representatives, if not incarnations, of the saints whom they served.

[3] Two months earlier, on 24 February 1963, Romin had visited the elders and accepted appointment to the Stewardship of the Holy Sacrament six years hence.

I FIGHT A MAN

D22

God, My Lord, I, Romin Teratol dreamt just before dawn, the day before yesterday, the eighth of May.

God, it seemed I was strolling along on the bridge next to Old Serafina's house.

Then a man approached.

"Are you there, Romin?" he asked me.

"I'm here," I said.

"Ah, if you are here, then let's have a contest to see if you are telling the truth that you are a man. I guess we'll see if you are strong," he said to me. He grabbed me. He was going to throw me to the ground. As for me, I hadn't any strength at all.

"But God, My Lord, what can I do about this now, My Lord?" I said in my heart. And I simply carried him. And having carried him, I was going to throw him into the ravine. But it seemed as if I was [half] naked. I didn't have my shirt on.

"You are right that you are strong, then. It's better if we forget it. I won't do anything more to you. Let's be on good terms!" he told me. And I never threw him in the ravine, but I never recognized who it was who grabbed me.

But then I woke up sick. I had nausea and diarrhea, because I had met up with a devil's persecution.[1] That's why the coldness was left with me. And that's the way it ended.

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[1] *Pukuh*, translated here as "devil," ranges in meaning from a mean or hostile person or animal to a witch, a witch's transformation or any evil force, whether natural or supernatural.

I SCOLD A SHAMAN

D23

Well, just before dawn this morning, today, the tenth of May, I dreamt, too. They were celebrating Cross Day at the well at Tiʔ Čiloʔ.[1] It is my mother's and Old ʔAntun Konte's well.[2] They were assembled there at Markuš Teratol's house, it seemed. Markuš Teratol was assembling them. Three shamans met together there. Old ʔAntun Konte was there, Markuš Teratol was there, his older brother, Maryan Teratol, was there, the one whom I had asked to offer the candles for my [new] house. "Well," Maryan Teratol said to me, "see here, Romin!" he said.

"What, father?" I asked [my third cousin].

"Today we are friends, you bastard! That was a beautiful thing you did to me! Do you remember that you beat me out of your house when I was going to offer the candles for your house?" he said to me.

"Ah, if that's what you say, father, I know that I was sober. I wasn't completely sober, the way I am now. I had drunk a bit, but I remember," I said.

"Ah, but why did you trick me, then? Where was my present? Where was [the food] that should have been given when I was escorted home?" he asked me.

"Ah, if that's what you're talking about, father, why should I go give you your present? Did you finish the ceremony for me? Did you finish offering the candles for my house? Now you ask for your present! And you just went to sleep. All you did was dig the hole, the grave for the chicken in the middle of the floor—the gift for my house. And then you fell to the ground. And your ass just missed going into the grave. Me, I asked you the favor, but to pray, to pray to the Holy Fathers, the Holy Mothers. I asked you to offer my candles before Our Holy Lord. Then [see] what you did to me! You just kept asking for cane liquor every few minutes. And you never prayed. And then it was just a few of my candles that I went to light before Our Father, Our Mother. Do I want a shaman like that? But is your shamanhood yours alone? Wasn't it given to you by Our Father and Our Mother?" I said to Maryan Teratol.

"Is that right, son?" he said.

"Yes, indeed, father! It isn't as if I got so drunk. All the helpers that I brought there saw it. And even two justices of the peace saw it, too. My brother-in-law Maryan Tan-čak, was there. My compadre, Palas Mučik, was there. Both of them are justices of the peace. It isn't as if I'm just accusing you falsely of your crime, father. And the justices of the peace just told you to pray, but you only asked for cane liquor every few minutes. And you never even prayed at the four corners. It was just my helpers who planted the candles. That's why the musicians said then, *"We'll just plant the candles ourselves, like that, if the shaman won't pray!"* they said. *"God, My Lord, but am I going to light my candles myself?"* I said to myself. We simply decided to go light my candles before Our Lord. As for you, you were left behind asleep," I told Maryan Teratol.

"Ah, you see, I thought so! That's your kind of stupidity! I thought your crimes were great!" said his wife. Maryan Teratol was told [by her].

"Ah then, forget it, then, Romin. Let's not squabble. Forgive me, because I got drunk," Maryan Teratol said to me. He calmed down. But he had planned to scold me more. He probably thought I would run him out, beat him off, that's why he had wanted to give [me] a scolding. And he was going to ask for his present, too, but he learned the truth about it.

He calmed down immediately. He didn't say anything else. His wife, too, had looked at me angrily, but she learned the truth about it. They became friendly. And that's how the matter ended. But Maryan Teratol wants to torment me in my dream, but my soul is a bit powerful, too.[3] He can't do anything. Even though I'm not a shaman, but my soul is a bit strong, too. If my soul were stupid, then I'd probably be dead in the morning because of them—but no, not yet! That's what Our Lord said. Our Lord won't discard me if I still remember him, too. If I never pray to him, then he will probably discard me, of course.

And that's the way it ended.

I Ride a Flying Cow

D24

God, My Lord, I, Romin Teratol, dreamt just before dawn, on Sunday, the twenty-third of June.

Well, it seemed that I was at ʔAk'ol Ravol. I was with some Chamulans there—there at the church. "Go, Romin," a Chamulan said to me, "Go, bring this!" he said, but it wasn't clear what I was to bring—just, "Go, go and bring it, because it is needed very badly right now," he told me. And he gave me a black cow. I mounted it. I went to bring whatever it was that was needed. Quickly I mounted it. I went off to bring it. [I was] there at the white house, just there inside the meadow, but the black cow was flying terribly high, it seemed. It jumped over the fences, the tall trees, everything.

Then on the return trip, the cow gored me. My leg was pierced, but lots of blood flowed from my leg. But the cow spoke to me. "I will cure your leg." she said.

"But will it get well?" I asked.

"It will get well. It won't take long to cure," she said. And she began to lick my leg. It got well immediately.

And then I woke up. But when I awoke, I tried to figure out what my dream meant.

Then I started to tell my wife what my dream meant.

And, "Who knows what it means?" she told me. Just in joking she told me, "Probably it's because you are a witch. Why would you dream of black cows?" she said to me.

But I think probably it's a bit of torment. That's what I tell myself, "Because I was given a black cow to mount," I say to myself.

And that's the way it all is.

I Do Roadwork, Am Chased, Fly, and Am Offered a Watch

D25

God, My Lord, I, Romin Teratol, dreamt just before dawn, this morning, the twenty-ninth of June.

Well, it seemed that I was somewhere in the direction of K'at'ištik in Chamula. I was working on road construction. There were many machines working there.

Then I took my tool out [of the tool shed], but I was all by myself. There were just Tzeltal people working there, people from Chanal. There were little Chanal boys. They wanted to bother me. They attacked me with stones. They threw them at me. They chased me.

Me, I fled. I flew. I passed over the top of the forest. I returned to the place where the tool shed was, where I had taken out my tool. I flew there.

The young boys, who were chasing me, just watched me from the ground, because they couldn't fly.

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[1] Cross Day, or The Discovery of the True Cross, is celebrated officially on May 3rd, but in Zinacantán the responsibility for conducting the celebration of this fiesta is assumed by neighborhood groups, which choose any convenient day in the early part of May.

[2] Lineages or unrelated neighboring families that share the same source of water clean the waterhole. Offerings are made to the Earth Lord in payment for use of the waterholes and to insure a plentiful supply of water during the growing season.

[3] This dream was directly inspired by a mortifying event that had occurred just three days before. Romin had asked Maryan Teratol to offer candles to the Holy Fathers, the Holy Mothers (the tutelary gods) to inaugurate the completion of his new house. Maryan stumbled in, but fled soon after. He was escorted back into the house where he knelt and proceeded to pray at great length the lines appropriate to Cross Day. Again and again he was reminded that this was a house ceremony, but the coaching was of no avail. Desperate attempts to keep Maryan awake long enough to carry out the necessary rites failed at every step. The shaman did, indeed, topple over backwards into the sacrificial chicken's grave. He was carried from one corner of the house to the next where he instructed Romin's helpers to light the candles as they lay on the ground, as if it were a witching ceremony. He finally passed out and was replaced by one of the assistants who happened to be a shaman, ʔAnselmo Peres.

I do not recall Maryan Teratol requesting a drink, but he certainly never refused it when offered, and he had, in fact, berated Romin's father for serving him weak liquor when Romin's father escorted him to the ceremony.

The following night ʔAnselmo Peres dreamt he met Maryan Teratol on the trail. Maryan asked him if he was as much of a man as he claimed to be. The next morning ʔAnselmo felt sick. Two nights after the ceremony Romin dreamt that a man he suspected to be Maryan challenged him and he awoke also feeling ill. The next night it was clearly Maryan whom he saw. Romin in his dream was able to deliver all the reproaches that must have passed through his mind following the shaman's debacle.

Then, when I arrived by the tool shed, "Eat!" said the foreman. And we ate. All the workers ate. While we were eating I told the boys' father that they were attacking me with stones.

"Why are you doing that, you bastards?" the gentleman told his children. He upbraided them, "Don't bother a shaman, you bastards! Are you the same age as he is?" he said.

"Damn, but could I be a shaman as they are saying?" I asked myself, because I knew that I wasn't a shaman. But when the boys were scolded, they gave me a good scolding, too.

When that was over, we went to resume our work. But now it wasn't road construction, it was ditchdigging. But when I had taken out my tools, they were brand new, but while we were working, they were changed. Now I was given a very old shovel. Its handle was terribly short. It was hard to work with. But the foreman, too, was really mean. The foreman wouldn't let us rest for even a minute, because he had made a contract. But it was just a one-day job. There was still a tremendous amount to do.

Then two Chamulans arrived. "Are you there, Zinacantec?" they said to me.

"I'm here, Chamulan," I said.

"We've come here, Zinacantec. Don't you want to buy a watch?" they said to me, but the watch was like a gray pebble.

"Well, but I haven't the money for it, Chamulan. If I had the money, I would take it, but today there is no money," I said.

"Ah, but the price isn't high, Zinacantec! I'll give it to you cheap, because I need the money," [one of them] told me.

"Ah, but who knows how much you'll charge," I said.

"I paid thirty-five, but I'll give it to you for thirty," he said.

"Ah, I'd love to have it, but I haven't that much money. If you'll give it to me for twenty pesos, I'll borrow the money, but I don't have thirty. Besides, it's probably no good. It probably doesn't run; that's why you offered it to me cheap. Have you ever heard of a watch for thirty [pesos]? Watches, even if they aren't very good, cost eighty or a hundred or so. No one ever got one for thirty-five. It probably won't run. How would I know? Thank you very much for telling me. It's just that I don't have the money. Otherwise I'd take it, of course. Only if you give it to me on credit, I'll pay you back little by little," I told the Chamulans.

"I mean it, Zinacantec, never mind, I'll give it to you for twenty-five if you'll take it. It's just because I need the money, so never mind. I'll give it to you for that, but for twenty I won't give it," he said.

"But I don't have any money. How can I make a deal if I haven't any money, Chamulan? Sell it to somebody else, if somebody has the money. But as for me, there's no deal," I said.

"Ah, forget it then, Zinacantec, if you don't want to, you bastard. You're so proud. Our watch is worthless," they told me. They upbraided and upbraided me and then I woke up.

"God, My Lord, but what could my dream mean?" I said to myself. I told it to my wife, too.

"Ah, that [part about] your working is probably because you are gravedigging. I'll probably die or maybe one of the children will die," she told me.

"Maybe it will come true," I said, too, since the people say that—that someone will die later if we see ourselves working in our dreams. But selling the watch—maybe it's a devil tormenting [me], or Our Lord is looking at my heart or something, who knows?

And that's how it ended.

I Work in the Belltower, Give Advice, Distribute Corn

D26

God, My Lord, I, Romin Teratol, dreamt just before dawn, this morning, at three o'clock in the early morning, today, Monday, the first of July.

Well, my compadre, Lol Brinko, was going back to his country, now, it seemed. "See here, compadre," he told me.

"What, compadre?" I asked.

"Well, I'm going, compadre. We'll talk together again when I return. You, you stay and work with this boy here, but only work here. Don't work on the ground!" he told me and our countryman, but I didn't recognize who our countryman was. "And write only in Tzotzil!" he said. But the place where we were to work was under the church roof in Zinacantán Center, where the bells are rung in the belltower. But the seat was terrible, very narrow. It was hard for two people to sit on. Me, I tried it out two times, but I had a hard time getting out, because it seemed as if we would fall from the top of the church.

"As for me, compadre, I don't know if after a day of this I'll still be alive in the evening, because it feels as if we're going to fall. Can't you find a good place [for us] to work?" I said. But the bells were really beautiful. Around their rims they were written all in Tzotzil. The bells had a great deal of engraving. I never saw how we got down from there.

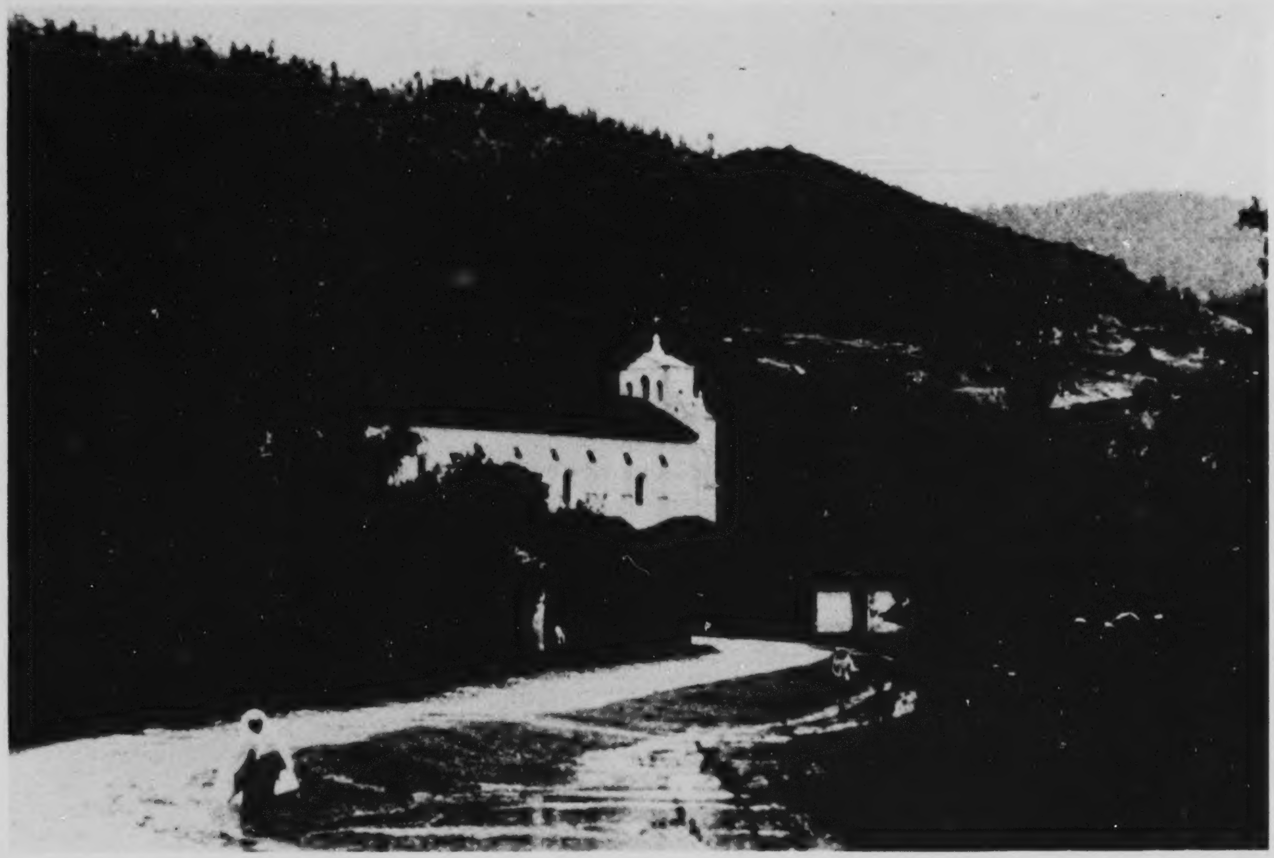

FIGURE 5.—Church of St. Lawrence in Zinacantán Center. (Photograph by Frank Cancian)

The next time I looked, I was standing now on the road to Pasteʔ, in a place this side of the school.

There I found the gringo priest standing.[1] "Are you there, father?" I said.

"I'm here," he said.

"Ah, where did you go?" I asked.

"I haven't arrived yet, because I'm going to see George, because he came here to speak to the magistrate in Pasteʔ. Because the magistrate always settles cases here now, not in Zinacantán Center anymore. That's why I came, because I came to see George. I don't know whom he asked for permission to come in here, because he never asked my permission," the priest said to me.[2]

"Ah, why did he come to speak to the magistrate?" I asked.

"Ah, because he has bad chest pains. He is in great pain, so he came to buy a little land from the magistrate," he told me.

"Huh!" I said. I began to wonder what use the land was to him. "Probably it's for him to be buried in," I said in my heart, I did. He saw that I didn't like it. The priest saw it.

"How come I see you don't like it? Can't such a thing be said?" he asked me.

"Isn't he buying a little land so he can be buried on it now? Isn't he dying now?" I said.

"No, he is buying a lot of land," he told me.

"Ah, but you can't say that he is buying a little bit of land, since he is already sick. What [you mean now] is that he is buying land so that he can work on it," I said.

"Yes, of course that's right!" he said to me.

As for me, I went on to Pasteʔ. I went to see what they were doing there. And when I arrived, all the men were assembled. Old Sarate was there.[3] All the shamans were there. They were in the midst of a meeting, because they wanted to offer candles so that the price of corn would come down.[4] But the people of Zinacantán Center didn't want to give money [for the ceremony]. Just the hamlets wanted to give money. "But I just don't know what to do. Hell!! We don't agree," said Old Sarate. Then a shaman from Pasteʔ arrived and the gentleman received a good dressing down. "As for you, don't you interfere! Do you remember that you scolded me once very sharply at the courthouse?" said Old Sarate.

"It wasn't me, sir. I never went there and scolded you, sir. I certainly don't remember it!" said the gentleman.

"Well, forget it, then" said Old Sarate, "I just really don't know if we should give up. Hell! Because the people of Zinacantán Center don't want to get involved," he said.

Then me, I spoke to Old Sarate. I just was taking a walk it seemed. I didn't know what they were doing. I was just standing there listening to the talk. Like a fool, I didn't speak up, but I understood they didn't know what to do. In my ignorance I said to Old Sarate, "See here, sir!" I said, "You shouldn't give up. Try harder! It would be better if the magistrate sends out his principals [5] and has them go from house to house. We'll have a meeting. We'll find a good place [for a meeting], to see who wants to and who doesn't. Those who don't want to, let them remain as leftovers," I told Old Sarate, because the people of Pasteʔ were dying of starvation.

"Lord, but that's much better, son. Let's follow his advice!" they all said.[6]

Then I never saw how I left. I was home in Zinacantán Center now. And my compadre, Little Manvel Promaš, was in the midst of measuring out his corn. It was just yellow corn he was measuring. The people from Pasteʔ were finishing up receiving their corn. Their mules were in a group by ʔAnselmo's house, there next to my house. Their corn was stacked up there. Me, when I saw that he was selling corn now, I said to my wife, "Lord, if only I had a lot of corn, I'd sell some, too," I said.

"How much of your corn would you sell? Could you feed the whole hamlet?" she asked me. And I woke up.

When I awoke this morning I said to myself, "God, My Lord, could that have been good or bad?" I think some of it probably had to do with Our Lord and some of it probably was persecution.

And that's the way it all was.

I Have a Drink, See a Plane, Our Clothes Drop in Church

D27

Well, I, Romin Teratol, dreamt when it was already light this morning, today the second of July. But God, My Lord, who knows what it means. It seemed that we were going to Muk'ta Karmen in the lowlands. I was going with Petul Peres from Zinacantán Center. "Let's go, Romin!" he said. "Let's go have fun at Muk'ta Karmen. They say the country there is really beautiful. Because the car from the Cabaña is going.[1] It's coming to pick us up today. It's just about to come," he told me. As for me, my wife and I quickly got ready.

"Let's go!" we said. My wife seemed to be terribly sick. I had bought some medicine for her. Quickly she put a handful in her mouth. The medicine was powder, like courbaril.[2] First she stuck it in her mouth, then she drank some water to wash it down. [She did it] very hurriedly now, because the car had arrived in Zinacantán Center. But then it seemed we were at the foot of Mušul Vi¢.

Now when the car arrived, "Well, have you bought any cane liquor?" Petul Peres was asked by the driver.

"No, but there's some near here. A jug can be bought right away," he said. They bought the jug of cane liquor by Petul ʔOko¢'s gate. Then they started to measure out the cane liquor. They measured it with a large shot glass. They gave me a big shot, too. But after I drank it, then my stomach felt badly. It was just after I had swallowed the cane liquor. So it was just evil [people] tormenting [me]. And while we were drinking the cane liquor a plane passed over. It hadn't any wings. It was just long and narrow. And a corpse was inside it, completely shut up in a black coffin. [The plane] passed over terribly low. It was coming from Na Čih and going towards Chamula. The people could be seen easily because the plane had no hood.

After, that, then I didn't see how, but I went inside the church. I was asleep in the church with my wife, because we were guarding the church.

Then when I woke up, the worshippers were already kneeling. Their candles were lined up. I got up quickly, but I hadn't tied my sash. Who knows where my sash was. I was just clutching my pants.[3] "Romin, hurry up, please [give us] some candlesticks because we need them," said each of the worshippers, but there were too many [to do it].

---

[1] Romin had worked very unhappily as an informant for the "gringo priest" who was studying Zinacantec religion.

[2] "George" was an American anthropology student who had lived for awhile in Romin's house. He, of course, was not under the priest's authority.

[3] Maryan Sarate had been a school teacher in Pasteʔ. Although he was not the magistrate he was in fact the political boss of Zinacantán, so that it was not a farfetched idea that the settlement of disputes had been shifted to Pasteʔ.

[4] The offering of candles to lower the price of corn is an unheard of procedure.

[5] The principals are hamlet representatives who report every Sunday to the courthouse in Zinacantán Center.

[6] This must have been a very gratifying dream episode for Romin, who at the outset of his anthropological employment had aroused the ire and suspicion of the people of Pasteʔ by trying to carry out a census in what was then a very conservative hamlet of Zinacantán.

"Hurry up and help them!" I told my wife, but she didn't have her sash either. Clutching her skirt, she was getting all the candlesticks. As for me, I found my sash, but it was by St. Matthew, where the font is. It was in front of the minor St. Dominic where I had been sleeping. I finished tying my sash, but I was a little embarrassed. I didn't see if my wife found her sash or not. I don't remember. I just saw her clutching her skirt, getting the candlesticks. She was carrying her child. But the worshippers were simply packed in the old part of the church.

The candles were all flickering.

And that was all I saw. Then I woke up. The sun had risen. So who knows what it means, if it's that Our Lord thinks that I'm unfit or if he thinks that I never remember him, or if it's because he wants me to serve beneath the feet of Our Lord, or if the shrine beneath the feet of Our Lord needs to be looked after.[4] Who knows. That's all.

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[1] The Cabaña was the headquarters of the National Indian Institute in San Cristóbal.

[2] Courbaril (*Hymenea courbaril*) has a pod that is filled with powder. It is eaten by Ladinos.

[3] In Sayula to lose one's pants in a dream presages slander or death (Clark, 1968:102).

[4] To "serve beneath the feet of Our Lord" means to serve in a post in the religious hierarchy.

I AM OFFERED CORN

D28

Well, I, Romin Teratol, dreamt just before dawn this morning, today, Tuesday, the sixteenth of July. But God, My Lord, I don't know what my dream means. It seemed that I was on the far side of Sankištoval, there above my house. There was a path [running] across [the slope]. I was clearing [both sides of] the path. I was cutting weeds from the path. But while I was working, Old Manvel Tulum arrived.

"Are you there, Romin?" he asked.

"I'm here, sir," I said.

"I [wanted to] ask you, Romin, if you wouldn't buy several fanegas[1] of corn, because I'm selling them, because I need the money very badly," he said to me.

"God, My Lord, what you ask would be wonderful except I have no way to pay for it, sir, because I haven't any money. If I did, I would buy it from you, but today I can't pay for it," I said.

"Ah, but if you will take it, the price can come down a bit. I'm selling around ten fanegas," said Old Manvel Tulum.

"Ah, but I can't buy any," I said. Then I was holding two gourds for holy water.[2] And then more of Old Manvel's friends came along. And then those others came along angrily since I hadn't bought his corn. But when I woke up, I tried to recall what my dream said. And I had a hard time waking up. There was a terrible knocking about inside my house. I lit a flashlight. And there were just some ugly cats fighting at my fireside. Two ugly gray cats there. I chased them out.

Well, when I left my house early this morning, there was Old Maryan Tulum rushing along, pounding down the paths. But it occurred to me that probably I had dreamt about the soul of his little girl who died—just that it wasn't Old Maryan who spoke to me, but it was Old Manvel who offered me his corn. It seemed as if he wanted to cry in my dream when he asked for the money for his corn. But no, it was probably Old Maryan who was sad that his child had died, that he hadn't anyone else to keep him company, so I probably dreamt about the little ghost's soul.[3]

And that's the way it all was.

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[1] A fanega is a dry measure weighing approximately 130 kilograms.

[2] The holy water would be water drawn from special springs in Zinacantán Center. It is used to bathe a patient in a curing ceremony.

[3] Manvel and Maryan Tulum are not relatives, but the latter was the younger brother of Maltil Tulum who contributed to this volume.

WE WALK THROUGH A DESERTED VILLAGE

D50

Well, I, Romin Teratol dreamt just before dawn, yesterday, Thursday, the twenty-third of July. But God, My Lord, I don't know what it means. I was strolling along it seemed, here, next to Mušul Viȼ. I was there with my wife. We walked and walked. I didn't see how, but we had already reached Taki-ʔuk'um, opposite Yaleb Taiv. As soon as we came out there we just started down the slope, but there wasn't even one of our children with us. We were all alone. The place where we passed by had only Ladinos' houses, but they said that all the owners had died. They were all dead people's houses. That's what a Chamulan told us. There were other houses, of course. Chamulans were living there below the dead people's houses.

"What are you looking for, son?" a man from Voˀ-biȼ asked me. He appeared there.

"I'm not looking for anything, sir. I'm looking for cane liquor, because there is sickness at home," I said.

"If you want some, son, I have some at home, if you'll go and bring it," he told me.

"No, sir, I just came looking for it. I still have to go bring the container for it," I said. But I was really scared now, since they were all dead people's houses there where I was walking. Besides, it was growing dark, too. But I was lying [to him] about looking for cane liquor. I didn't see how I left there.

Then in a minute two Ladinos appeared, but they were covered with blemishes. Their faces were spotted. They came to shake my hand, but I was terribly scared. "Spend the night here! That would be better because it's already growing dark," the two pintos told me.[1]

"No, we'll probably arrive home still! We certainly won't spend the night," we said. We simply came back.

Well, when I returned, it seemed that I passed by Pasteˀ. I met [some people] crying on the side of the road. They said it was because somebody had died. They told me who the dead person was. I knew him, it seemed, but I didn't go in to see, since it was nighttime already.

And then I woke up. But I was terribly scared. But what I had dreamt was just evil. Besides, not a single one of my children was there. Maybe it's because they'll die. This is what it means when we travel at nighttime—it means bereavement.

And that's all.

---

[1] A "pinto" is a person suffering from *mal de pinto*, a tropical disease that causes wide areas of skin to lose their pigmentation and become pinkish white. The affected areas eventually turn a dull black. This disfiguring disease frequently is associated with the people of Chiapa de Corzo.

I AM OFFERED SOME MEDICINE

D145

Well, I, Romin Teratol, dreamt during the night, Wednesday evening, the twenty-fifth of September. It seemed that I went to Soyaló, to the place where I always went. I went to pray to Our Lord.[1] "Well, have you come?" he said to me.

"I've come, father," I said.

"Ah, fine, if you have come. If you have come to visit me, fine!" he said to me.

"I've come, father, I've come to talk to you because I'm very sick," I said.

"Ah no, son, don't worry, we'll watch over you." And he gave medicine to take, too. "But you are to drink the medicine three times like this. You are to come two more times. When you have drunk the medicine all three times then [you will recover]," Our Lord told me.

"All right, then, My Lord. Thank you for doing me the favor. I'll come talk to you," I said.

And then I just woke up. I don't know what my dream means. I think it could be that I won't get well with just one treatment of the medicine. I think I probably need to go ask for the prescription another time when I finish drinking this medicine. Because there's really no telling what it means—if it's good or bad. Who knows? Only Our Lord knows. I tried to figure it out, but I don't know what it means—only that the next morning my foot started to hurt. One of my big toes swelled up. But my whole leg swelled. I was really scared. I thought it would burst, but no, it never burst. It just calmed down. But for two days I had a hard time walking. I felt like crying when I walked, but I don't know if that's what my dream meant.[2] I really don't know. And that's all there is.

---

[1] The image of St. Michael in far away Soyaló has attracted both Ladino and Indian visitors for many years. St. Michael reputedly responds to questions directed to him through his Ladino intermediary. He reveals the location of missing objects and the nature of illnesses. His cures combine ritual obligations with pharmaceutical prescriptions (his intermediary owns a drug store). Visitors of confidence are urged to kiss a carved, polished stone which seemed to me, after a furtive glance, to be an Olmec *yugo*.

[2] Romin's leg ailment may have been caused by the gout, but a doctor at Georgetown University Hospital several years later provided him no more relief than St. Michael.

I GO HUNTING WITH AN OLD WOMAN, I AM ASKED TO GIVE A RESPONSORY, I ACCEPT A DRINK

D146

Well, just before dawn on Friday, the twenty-seventh of September, I dreamt again. It seemed I was strolling along on the other side of the upper cemetery. Then I met many of our countrymen hunting in the woods with an old woman.[1] I went to catch up with them, but it seemed that it was on the roof of a two-story house where I was able to catch up with them.

That old woman spoke. "Well, we'll divide up now. Let's go hunting in the woods!" said the old woman. But I didn't recognize who the old woman was. We split up into groups. We went with the old woman. And the old woman had a gun to hunt with. She just shot at birds. I was there with Maryan Martinis from Zinacantán Center and ?Antun Krus—?Antun Nibak they call him.[2] We were gathered together there.

Then I didn't see how I got separated from them. Then nearby on the path I met Lukaš Tuluk' from Na Čih [and] my brother-in-law, [who is] Romin Tan-čak's father-in-law. Then I met him strolling along the path. "Where are you going, compadre?" he asked me.

"I'm not going anywhere, compadre. I'm just hunting here," I said.

"Ah God, see here, compadre, now that I happen to see you strolling here, won't you be so kind as to give the responsory for my compadre, ?Antun Sarate, because he died.[3] I haven't anything to offer you at all. I'll talk to you later if you will be so kind as to go see about it for me," he told me.

"Lord, I don't know. Are you still going back [to where the dead person is]?" I asked.

"As for me, I'm not going back, because he has gone too far," he told me.

"Where did he go, then? Isn't his house right here?" I asked.

"No, compadre, because we changed the house for him, because he has gone there to Manvel's house, the son-in-law of your brother-in-law, Maryan, because we didn't want a body here anymore," he told me.

"Ah, I can do it, compadre, if you are still going back," I said.

"Ah, I'm not going to return, compadre, because I've just come back here," he told me. He thrust a pint of cane liquor towards me. He gave it to me in a brown [beer] bottle. First he told me that he wasn't going to offer me anything, but afterwards he gave me a pint of cane liquor. "Please, compadre, go and keep our mother company. She is leaving [for there], but me, I'm not going back anymore," he told me.

I took the pint of cane liquor. "Drink a little, then, compadre. Thank you for treating me like a man," I said. He drank. Me, I drank, too. When that was over, I didn't see if I took the pint away with me. I don't know—just that I went to catch up with the lady on the path. They were squatting there on the side of the path, drawing water. The lady was with a lot of girls.

"Are you here, ma'am?" I said.

"I'm here," she said.

"Ah, could my father, ?Antun, have died?[4] What happened to him? What did he die of? Because my compadre, Lukaš, just told me there: *Please, compadre, give the responsory for my compadre, ?Antun, for me, because he died,* he told me," I said to that lady.

"Ah, he died indeed! Will you please give the responsory for me? Let's go together," she told me.

"Ah, I can do it, ma'am. Let's go!" I said, but it was already getting dark. It seemed to grow dark in a minute, but it had been daytime. While I was waiting for that lady to draw water, I felt very sick to my stomach, because I had drunk the cane liquor. But my stomach was really hurting now.

And then I woke up from it. But when I awoke my stomach felt really awful. I had terrible gas pains. [My stomach was filled] tight with gas. And that's how I awoke on Friday the twenty-seventh of September. There were just devils tormenting me in my dream because I hadn't been drinking cane liquor, because I was taking medicine. That's why the devils come even more to torment me. And besides, maybe one of my children will die. That's why it grew dark. That's what the say it always means when it grows dark—because both of my children are sick now. That's why it probably means that.

And that's all there is.

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[1] Zinacantec women do not go hunting!

[2] ?Antun Nibak is the son of Tonik Nibak, a contributor to this volume.

[3] ?Antun Sarate died many years later.

[4] It is not at all clear why Romin would refer to ?Antun Sarate as "my father" (*htot*), because he was not a kinsman.

I GATHER SNAILS, I THROW A BLACK BULL

D147

Well, just before dawn, today, too, today, Monday, the thirtieth of September, I dreamt again. But God, My Lord, I really don't know what my dream means. It seemed I was going to the lowlands with Mother Pil, my mother's elder sister. She was driving her sheep to the lowlands.[1] Me, I was going to gather snails.[2] I arrived at ?Ač' ?Asyento. That was the name of the place where I arrived. I passed on. I arrived at Nantaburi?. The sheep arrived in a flock.

And then I met up with Old Maryan Yemel. He was in the midst of gathering snails with his sons and his wife. They had already gathered a lot of snails.

Then when I arrived—"What are you looking for? Is this your river?" he asked me.

"No, sir, I just came to get a couple of them to eat, because I'd like to eat some snails. It isn't that I'm selling them, I'm just going to eat them," I said, but he was still very angry. They, themselves, had already gathered a lot. Their burlap bags were already full. As for me, I only found a half cup of little snails. I walked along in the river, but there weren't any more snails. They had collected all of them. When I looked in a minute they were leading a yoke of oxen up along the riverbank.[3]

And there behind the oxen's heads they had piled their snails. As for me, I was standing inside a cattle pen.

Then when they arrived, the two oxen were gone. There was only one black bull. Its owner arrived riding it. "Well, Domingo," the Ladino, who was mounted on it, said to me.

"What?" I asked.

"Fight this bull. If you win, it's because you are a real man," he told me.

"Well, I'll try, you bastard, if you think I'm so feeble! I guess I'll catch it," I said. I grabbed the bull by both its horns. The horn in my right hand broke off.

When I saw its horn break off, I took out a very long knife. I was about to stick it in its neck. "But you can't do that! Catch it with your hands," he told me.

"All right," I said. I grabbed it by its one horn and with the other hand I grabbed it by the legs. It collapsed.[4] Ooh, when I made it collapse on the ground, I never saw how so many people had come. There were a lot of them, now, pushing the bull. They were trussing its legs with a rope. As for me, I was pushing it now, too. I woke up. I was pushing my little child with one of my hands. Then I woke up from his crying.

Then I awoke, but I was terribly scared now. I told my wife about it.

"A devil is tormenting you," she told me. It's probably true that it's a devil, because the devils want to trick me. The bull that I saw was a person who had transformed himself into a bull, because he wanted to try me out [to see] if I could win. But thanks to Our Lord I was able to catch the bull. I made it fall to the ground. But when it fell to the ground, the others suddenly came swarming in, because they were going to kill it for good. So it died. It didn't win. I didn't get very sick from dreaming that, since it was he himself who died. It was just that I was a little scared when I woke up, but not very much.

And that's all there is.

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[1] The thought of driving sheep to the lowlands would strike a Zinacantec as bizarre.

[2] Snails are a Lenten delicacy.

[3] In 1963 no Zinacantecs owned oxen.

[4] It is curious that Romin would dream of throwing a bull, because his father's father, who was chief shaman for many years, dreamt a similar dream before assuming his shamanic duties. To see a bull in one's dream in Atla signifies the death of a friend (Montoya Briones, 1964:177). In Mitla a white bull portends sickness and a black bull imprisonment or death (Parsons, 1936:320). Murder is signified by a bull in Rabinal (Shaw, 1972:219).

Mikel Ȼoȼil

> The curious assertion has been made that some of these Indians [of Chiapas] (who mix as little as possible with the whites) are able to communicate telepathically across hundreds of miles of space, employing in the operation a sort of native wireless telegraphy whose secrets are guarded from all outlanders.
>
> —T. Philip Terry
> *Terry's Mexico: Handbook for Travellers* (1909)

I remember Mikel Ȼoȼil squatting every morning in the dusty street in front of his brother-in-law's store at the entrance to Zinacantán Center, shooting marbles with a bunch of schoolboys. Around thirty years old, he had already fathered seven children. Three he had already buried. He was the first Zinacantec, I recall, who wore no hat. His brow was permanently furrowed with worry. He seemed hesitant, bemused, strangely innocent and youthful, soft for a Zinacantec. I had always had difficulty in understanding his Tzotzil. Mikel doubled the prefixes, adding more *"li's"* and *"ši's"* than appeared in any of the grammatical tables I had seen. With considerable embarrassment, as he tried to tell me his dreams, I discovered the solution to the linguistic mystery—Mikel was a stutterer!

Mikel used to travel with his father, selling salt. At this time his younger sister was being courted by the son of a shaman. Mikel's father rejected the suitor and returned the brideprice. According to gossip the shaman, in revenge, sold the soul of Mikel's father to the Earth Lord, and so, when Mikel was around eighteen years old, his father died.

Mikel then became a storekeeper in his brother-in-law's store and even invested money in his brother-in-law's truck (the first in Zinacantán). His investment, however, was never returned. He became addicted to the cane liquor that he was selling daily. Mikel's brother-in-law sold the store. Now Mikel raises flowers at home and plants corn in the lowlands like most of his countrymen. He lives in a demonstration house donated by the government.

The recording of Mikel's dreams predated his financial difficulties. Unique to Mikel's contribution is the towering influence of his late father, whose ghost appears in nearly half of the selections.

OUR SALT IS RUINED, WE FIGHT, WE ARE JAILED

D51

I was going to sell salt in the place where we always used to go.[1]– It seemed as if I was with my late father. We had our mules.

You see we went to sell salt. We were selling it. There was a market. The market was crowded. Chamulans ca–me to buy. The local townsmen were there. Yes!

I sold some for two bits, for twenty cents, just as we always sell it. It seemed as if a rainstorm ca–me all of a sudden. Then our salt was ruined. We were picking some of it up. The rest was ruined.

We couldn't pick it all up since the rain came suddenly. It was ruined then. We tried to do our best. There was a big house there. We went there. We went in. The rest of my salt was ruined. "Let it be ruined," I said to myself. Cane liquor was being sold there. We drank some cane liquor. There was another of our friends there.

We were drinking there. We got drunk. They were playing records. We paid for the songs. Hm!

It was just like when we drink in stores, as we say.

You see, we drank. We got stirred up. We hi–t each other. We hit each other. We got into a fight. The local townsmen came and seized us and put us in jail. I was jailed. Blood was streaming from our noses now, our faces.

The ones who didn't get hurt went to jail. Yes!

I went to jail. As for us, we spent the night there. We cooked our meal. We bought a little meat there, too.

We cooked it. We lit our fire. We got some firewood. We got some pine.

I went to get the firewood. I lit the fire. There was a yard where we lit it.

After that, my eyes opened. It was gone. My eyes opened. But that was good, of course. Nobody dies from that. No! No!

That's the way it was left.

I Am in the Graveyard and My Boy Is Alive Again

D52

One time this happened to me, too.

My boy died. My boy died this past May on the seventeenth, as I told you. It seemed as if I was in the place where I buried him—where I buried him in the graveyard. Yes!

I was there. I was there. I didn't know what to do. I was with my wife, and my other children. My boy had gone to get his older sister at home. He had gone there to get his older sister. It seemed as if he hadn't died. My boy had gone there. "What can he be thinking?" I said to myself. "He is still nursing," I said to myself.

My eyes opened when I was there at the graveyard. I don't know what it means. No! No–o!

But my boy was already dead. Yes!

Who knows if it could mean something. It might mean something. Who knows. Sometimes I see myself carrying corpses. I'm going to the burial. I'm carrying the dead person. Or my late father dies. He has just died. I go to bury him. But he died long ago. Long ago. Who knows, maybe it's devils who are upsetting our souls, or something. Who knows if maybe we'll die. I say, I don't know.

I Get Married

D53

I say, if I marry [in my dream], I don't know if it could be that I'll die. We'll die. That's so! That's what everyone says, of course. But I didn't dress up as we do when we marry. I had on clothes like these. When we marry we dress up. We wear our black hats. We change into our black clothes. You have seen that, then! Even the girl dresses up. Yes!

It seemed as if I was getting married even though I hadn't dressed up. I had clothes on like mine. This was my hat. "Why do I have a hat like this?" I said to myself. I was embarrassed by it. Yes!

I was embarrassed, because my hat wasn't the proper one.

I didn't see myself actually getting married. It was just that "I'm getting married," I said to myself.

And I never saw if music was being played. No, not at all! No!

Then I woke up.

Cross Day and We Fight

D54

It seemed that we were celebrating a fiesta. It was the May fiesta for wells. We were playing music. It was the third of May.

Well, we were playing music. We were setting off rockets. We were drinking cane liquor. Some of my friends were getting stirred up. They were getting drunk. They were hitting each other. There were other women. It seemed that other men were talking with them. They were joking with them a great deal. That started an argument.

The men were hitting each other over it. Yes!

They got into a fight.

You see, then their affair was upset.

Then the fiesta ended. I, too, got into the fight. We were hitting each other. Then during the scuffle I woke up. It was when I was being beaten up that I awoke. Yes!

Then I never saw the rest. My eyes opened. I was sca–red then.

I Am a Shepherd, I Am Cut Open

D55

I saw the same thing another time, too. I had been below our house. There was a highway there.

I was coming along. It seemed as if I had some sheep with me. We had some sheep. I went to watch over them.

An awful highwayman appeared. It was a highwayman. Or could it have been just an innocent passerby? Me, I fle–d. I climbed over a fence there. I tried to take his machete away from him. Quickly he sli–ced me here. My ass was cut wi–de open by it. I felt terrible. My arms had shooting pains here. It felt terrible. Yes!

I jumped out so that I wouldn't die.

Then I woke up. I just [felt] the machete slicing [me]. I felt a sudden chill. Quickly he brought it down. Sonofabitch, it was a terrific scare. Yes!

It was a terrific scare. "In the name of God, could it be that I'm going to be murdered?" I said to myself. Yes!

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[1] In pre-Conquest times the Zinacantecs had a monopoly over the salt extracted from wells in Ixtapa. The local salt trade has declined steadily so that today there are only a few men in Zinacantán Center who buy the cakes of salt in Ixtapa and carry them on mule-back or by truck to the highlands, where they resell them in the markets of San Cristóbal, Chamula, San Andrés Larraínzar and, rarely, Tenejapa.

Who knows if maybe a devil is tricking me a bit.

[Did you pray?] Then I prayed. Then I prayed. Of course I prayed to Our Lord then. "God, My Lord, what [does it mean]? Could it be that I'm going to be murdered sometime?" I said to myself. Yes!

I was terribly scared now. I couldn't sleep anymore, I simply couldn't get to sleep before morning came. Yes!

I Try To Cross a River, I Find Mushrooms

D56

There is another bad [dream] I always dream. It seems that I am being swept away in a river. One time, ooh, I was sinking in the river. I was go–ing [down] now. I was wearing clothes like these. I was go–ing [down] now. Struggling, I pulled myself out. The river was very wide. It couldn't be crossed. There was no end to it. When we look, [the other side] seems to be as far away as that house there. When we look it's no more than that. But I walk, we walk, on and on and on. We never get across. It just goes on and on. We never get across.[1]

I stru–ggled out. It was hard. It seemed as if snakes appeared in the river. Yes!

We were scared now.

In a hurry, in a hurry I got out.

I left. There were woods. I we–nt into the woo–ds. I was looking for something. There were mushrooms there. You know the mushrooms that are called "amanita," as they say.[2] That's what they were! I went to get them. I went to get amanitas in the woods. I was carrying my little old machete.

I went on. I found some amanitas. I put them in my shoulder bag. Yes!

"This is good food!" I said to myself. Yes!

I went on. I went for more. I found more. Now there were lots of them. We found loads, a great many. Now you couldn't tell how many. It was terri–fic. "Sonofabitch, there are loads here!" we said to ourselves. "Sonofabitch, there are more than you can ever get! Sonofabitch, they're really wonderful!"

After that I woke up, too. Yes!

I was lying in my bed, but I saw myself standing far off, there where I went, But I awoke. I had been asleep in my bed.

[What could it mean?] I don't know what it means, if it could be a trick, or lies. Who knows. There's no way to know what it means. That's all I saw.

---

[1] These first "we's" are editorial, then they refer to unidentified companions of Mikel.

[2] The amanitas that Mikel was gathering are the edible kind known as Caesar's amanita (*Amanita caesaria*).

I Work with My Dead Father, We Have Heaps of Corn

D57

This happened to me once, too. It seemed I was with my late father. I see my late father very often in my dreams. Yes! [1]

I see him very often. Who knows why. I see him very often. I was with him, it seemed. I was working with him. We were working. We were working. "Let's work, don't be lazy!" he said. But he is dead. But he is dead. So I was working with my late father. We were going to the weeding. "My father isn't going to order me around now! I'm the one who makes the decisions," I said to myself. "I'm the one!" Yes! [2]

But I knew he was dead. "But how did my father come, since I know he's dead?" I said to myself. Yes!

I joined him at work. We were working there where my cornfield has been every year, there at the ranch. We were harvesting our cornfields. It seemed I was there in my dream. I was there harvesting my corn. The corn was piled up there: yellow corn, blue corn, and white corn. Bu–t, fuck!, there was loa–ds. But there was so much yellow corn. But it was heaped up here.

The white [corn] was brought in. There was just a little. The blue [corn], just a little. But there was still a lot of harvesting to do. The work went o–n and on, the harvest. We got loads of corn. Yes!

The cooks, and so on, were sitting there by our fire.[3] Our corn was sitting in piles. But there was so much corn. Who knows what it means. Who knows. I don't know if it could be that I'll get [lots of] corn. I don't know.

Who knows. Who knows.

---

[1] In Mitla to talk with a deceased relative in one's dream is said to presage misfortune (Parsons, 1936:320).

[2] After telling this dream Mikel recalled that once when he was young he was unable to find some mules that had run away. His father grabbed the rope out of his hands and beat him with it.

[3] Cooks in the home are most often women. It is not very common for women to cook a meal in the highland corn fields at harvest time, but it is done.

They Come To Grab Me

D58

Yes, I got sick once. I caught the measles they said. Ye–s!

It was long ago, but I still seem to remember it. It was years ago. I still seem to remember it.

And I nearly died. Ooh, it was a very close call. My late father offered candles for me.[1] He went to buy them there in our town. He bought some candles. I have a grandmother who knows how to cure people. She offered candles for me. My candles hadn't been presented yet. [My dream] was a torment. They were either Tenejapans or Chamulans who came to hold me in their arms, it seemed. Yes!

There was a big grou–p of them. "Let's go! Let's go! Let's take him away!" they said. They held my head, here, and they grabbed my legs. Many people took me. They carried me off! But I hadn't fallen asleep. Don't you see, I was still sick. I was very sick. I was very sick. I just covered my face with my blanket.

Already, already they were coming to grab me. When I opened my eyes they were gone, gone. Yes!

My late father came [on the earth's surface], it seems. "Come, let's offer candles for him!" he said. My candles were presented. My candles were brought and the candles stayed the night with me now, there on my bed. They offered the candles next to my head. Now I didn't see anything anymore. Right away [the candles] shielded me. Right away they shielded me.

[Was your father alive when you had this dream?] He was still alive. He was alive. It was my father who bought the candles for me. When my candles came I didn't see anything more. Nothing now. I was fine. My candles were offered. They made things better. That's all. Who knows what it was—if it was devils or something coming to trick me. Yes!

Who knows. Yes!

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[1] That is, they held a curing ceremony for Mikel.

I Am Falling off a Cliff

D59

It seemed that there was a lake at the foot of a cliff. I was climbing to the top of the cliff. The lake was glea–ming at the foot of the cliff.

Then as for me, I was climbing down, clinging on. I was swinging down to the river. Yes!

Who knows what it means. I had a companion there. He was pushing me down. He was pushing me down. I was terribly sca–red. But now I was leaning way out, like this, like on this table [Here Mikel put his finger on the edge of the table]. I was about to fall. Yes!

I was scared when I woke up. I was just terribly scared. "Somebody is tricking me," I said to myself. We are frightened by it, because of the lake. What if we were to fall into the lake? Yes!

My Father Is Dressed in Red

D60

It seems that by our house is a little hill, a steep path. There was a horse. [My father] was riding it, it seemed.[1] His clothes were entirely red, from head to toe. They were different—like those [worn by the people who] celebrate, who enact the [St. Sebastian] festivities in my town, [like] the Grand Spanish Lord, as they say.[2] My late father's clothes were like that. He was holding his banner aloft. The flagstaff was this long, like this. His clothes were red from head to foot. He was on horseback. He was on horseback. He went to our house. But it wasn't long before he died. It wasn't long before he went. I just told him, "I dreamt thus and so. Who knows what it means?" I said.

"Maybe it's that I'll die," he said. It came true. My father said it, "Maybe it's that I'll die," he said when he was still alive [on the earth's surface]. I let him know about it. It came true.

[Had he been sick?] He hadn't been sick. He was just fine, like us, too. He died. He didn't last long. It was one or two days, then he died. It came true. They weren't his own clothes. His clothes were red from head to toe. His clothes were red from head to toe. He didn't last long after that. One or two days, that's all. Yes!

He just died. Ye–s!

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[1] Riding horseback in a dream signifies death in Mitla (Parsons, 1936:320), and Rabinal (Shaw, 1972:219). The same meaning is ascribed to riding a white horse in Chichicastenango (Tax, 1947: 468).

[2] At the fiesta of St. Sebastian the grand alcalde of the previous year's hierarchy enacts the role of the Grand Spanish Lord (*muk'ta hkašlan*), who is decked out in a gold-embroidered red coat and knickers, and red knee-socks. He participates in a horse race and tilts against a jousting target.

I Am Offered Tassels by a Pretty Girl

D60b

The next day, too. There are many—there is a very bad dream. There is a bad dream. Have you ever dreamt of sleeping with a woman, with another woman [besides your wife]? Yes!

Another woman. That's what I've done. It seemed that I slept with women. It seems that they really desire us. Yes!

They seem to be beautiful. Yes!

Our wives seem to be less attractive. The girl was really beautiful. So I was at home, once. She passed by to talk to me. I had seen the girl in Zinacantán Center. She came. Me, I kept on flailing my corn. It was inside, in my house. It was inside my house, like here. I was with a worker of mine, a Chamulan, flailing my corn. A girl ca–me.

[Did you know her?] I know her. It seemed that she came. "Won't you buy tassels for your tunic?" she said. They were tassels for our tunics, like this.[1] Yes!

This is one [right here]! Won't you buy the cords? Won't you buy some?" she said.

"I'll buy some," I said. "Where are they?" I asked.

"My younger sister has brought them," she said. Her younger sister is named Matal. "She has brought them."

"Go and get them," I said. "Bring them on the sly, quickly!" I said.

She left. She went to bring them. "They were left over there," she said.

"Bring them, then!" I said. Yes!

As for me, I went out to look. I went out the door to look. She was bringing them. She was there by Savel's door. They were standing there, looking at the tunic cords. They were looking at them. As for me, I was standing, waiting at the door.

She came to give them to me. "You've come," I said. She came to give them to me. "Where are they?" I asked.

"They're here!" she said.

"How much are they?" I asked.

"I don't know what my younger sister will give them for," she said.

I hugged her like this. I gave her a little kiss. Yes!

There she was lau–ghing and laughing. She gave me three cords for my tunic. There were three, it seems. Yes!

"How much are they?" I asked.

"I never asked my younger sister. I don't know how much they are," she said.

"Ah, ask her, then!" I said.

"I'll ask her, then," she said. She went to ask her, too. "You'll find out later because she says she doesn't know what price to ask for them," she said, too. Yes!

She left. Me, I left. I went to flail my corn again. Yes!

A friend of mine was working there. I was working with him. "Eh, she's a pretty sexy girl! She wants to be taken. Why else would she come purposely to give me the fastenings for my tunic?" I said to myself. "The cords for my tunic," I said to myself, "mean she wants to be taken," I said to myself. My friend at work and I talked about it. "She wants to be taken whenever I speak to her," I said to myself. "I'll speak to her. I'll see if she wants to be taken," I said to myself. Yes!

I was flailing my corn.

I woke up. I don't know what it could mean. "What could my dream mean?" I said to myself. "Could it be that she loves me?" I said to myself. Who knows if that's what it is or if it could be a devil. If it's a devil there's no way of knowing.

[Did you tell your wife?] No, I didn't tell her. Of course I didn't tell her! If I had told her she probably would have gotten upset. She probably would say, "She's your mistress." She'd probably say that. She'd say it, then. "She'd say, *Then it's true! It's probably because you have a mistress,*" I said to myself. Yes!

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[1] The tassels for a man's tunic are usually made by the man himself.

ʔAnselmo Peres

> Have you ever practiced witchcraft?
> Have you ever believed in dreams?
> Have you ever believed in the devil?
>
> —*Doctrina y confesionario en lengua tzendal* (16th century)

> No one shall cast grains of corn for divination, nor tell dreams, nor wear any marks or ornaments of their heathendom, nor tattoo themselves.
>
> —*The Ordinances of Tomás López of the Royal Audience of the Confines* (1552)

> Have you ever believed in dreams or bird calls, or other abominations?
> Have you ever worshipped the devil in images of stone or wood?
>
> —*Confesionario en lengua tzotzil* (18th century)

He was the handsomest Zinacantec I had ever seen, kin to a peacock, the day he appeared in court to defend himself against what might be termed a "morals" charge. ʔAnselmo Peres' youthful self-defense before the magistrate and justices of the peace was so eloquent and his self-assurance so manifest I could not resist asking him to be a chief collaborator in what was to become *The Great Tzotzil Dictionary of San Lorenzo Zinacantán*. Despite only three years of schooling, after little over a week of training by Romin Teratol, ʔAnselmo learned to write Tzotzil almost flawlessly.

Then twenty-one years old, he had been brought up in poverty. ʔAnselmo's father had died when he and his younger brother were still very young. ʔAnselmo's mother remarried and moved from their home in Pat ʔOsil to Htek-lum. There two more sons were born before ʔAnselmo's stepfather abandoned them, forcing them to move once more, now to a borrowed house nearby. Still a teenager, ʔAnselmo was appointed sacristan, a post he served for three years. The stewards gathered together and built his family a new house. It was to there that he returned one evening with a friend to find that a man had broken in and was assaulting his mother. The two came to her defense, beat up the intruder and tied him to a tree in the yard where, during the cold winter night, he died.

ʔAnselmo supported his family by the customary corn farming in the lowlands, and by roadwork.

According to the gossip, when still a sacristan, ʔAnselmo began sowing his wild oats in the meadow behind the Church of Saint Sebastian. The shepherdess went home happily to tell her parents, who advised her to tell the man to come ask her hand. They waited and waited in vain, until finally they took their daughter to ʔAnselmo's mother's house. "I never spoke to her!" he said. And so the girl who had thought she had found a handsome husband went home with a severe scolding.

When ʔAnselmo recounted his dreams he had just, unbeknownst to us all, become a shaman. We learned this at Romin Teratol's house-dedication ceremony when the shaman in charge, after offering all the wrong prayers, passed out. ʔAnselmo volunteered his services and proceeded through the ritual with extraordinary efficiency, rapping out the words of the prayers with the speed of a riveter.

Shortly thereafter, he accepted without a blink, my proposal to join Romin Teratol on a trip to Santa Fe, New Mexico, even though he was in the midst of his engagement to an exceedingly fair maiden, whom, it is said, was born in Magdalenas and possessed with dark powers. We learned that ʔAnselmo's gay, debonair manner, his hearty laugh and sparkling eyes could cloud over. For weeks at a time he wore a morose mask, never sharing in the jokes, irritated with every intrusion on his person.

Four years later, living once again in Pat ˀOsil, married, and the father of a girl, ˀAnselmo left behind his melancholy and eagerly joined us on a second trip to the United States, chasing after conches at Chincoteague, Virginia, marching down the Mall for peace, in Washington, D.C., and storming the doors of the Pentagon. He returned to Zinacantán where he became director of municipal improvements; engineering roads and water systems.

For all his efficiency, ˀAnselmo's life has not run the straight and narrow. It seems that while tending to the spiritual needs of a neighbor, Maltil Tulum's son-in-law, ˀAnselmo became enamored of their daughter and she, convinced by his promises to seek a divorce, returned his affections. Every time ˀAnselmo tipped the bottle and struck his wife she would run to their neighbor to complain that whose fault was it but their daughter's? In fact, the neighbor was so worn down by the constant quarrels that he abandoned his house in Pat ˀOsil and borrowed a house in Zinacantán Center.

ˀAnselmo was also accused of witchcraft by a man who, not wishing to reveal that he had visited a spiritualist in Chiapa de Corzo, maintained before the magistrate that he had learned of ˀAnselmo's evil doings from the bishop of Chiapa. ˀAnselmo replied with assurance, "Let's go ask him!" and so accompanied by a justice of the peace, they went to pay the bishop a visit. They soon discovered that there was no bishop in Chiapa, but only in San Cristóbal. When they reached him, he asked if he had been drunk, that he could not remember any such conversation. He threatened to have the liar thrown in jail and urged the justice of the peace to take him back to his town to adminster the appropriate punishment. This was done. And so, ˀAnselmo was freed of the accusation of witchcraft.

Unfortunately, ˀAnselmo wrote down for me only five of his dreams. They reveal a self-assurance in the midst of traumatic experiences that seemed characteristic, but I had not foreseen their violence. ˀAnselmo weaves a very complex pattern in his dreams. They are like tapestries with a parade of extraordinary events winding in labyrinthine progression.

I Am Chased by Snakes, Saved by a Man, Given a Cross and a Drink

D247

I dreamt long ago. I was being tormented so badly. They were taking me across a river on a tree trunk, a round log. I was walking on the log. In the middle of the river they were [trying to] push me off it. Yes!

I didn't fall. I was able to grab onto a tree. I was clinging to it. They were rolling the log, but I got across anyway. Clinging, [to the tree], I crossed over now. Yes!

I crossed the river. There were lots of snakes there. The snakes [were trying to] bite me. Yes!

I grabbed a snake and threw it in the river.

They got me again. They were going to kill me. Ooh, I fled. I ran. I found a house there. I went in it. The owners of the house were there. They hid me in the house. [The snakes] were circling around outside. Yes!

They were waiting for me to come out.

I went out by another door. They didn't see me. I went on. Then I met a man on the path.

"Where are you going?" he asked me.

"I'm going home," I said.

"Why did you come here?" he asked me. "Where did you go?" he asked me.

"I don't know where it was I went," I said. "They were trying to get me, trying to kill me," I said.

"Why?" he asked.

"I don't know who it was who blocked my way there," I said. Yes!

"Let's go see who it was. I'll find out!" he told me.

I returned with him. Then I met those devils on the path again. They were about to get us again. Yes!

Then that man defended me. "Why do you have to get him?" he asked. "What did he do wrong?" he asked.

"He didn't do anything wrong. He killed one of our friends," they said.

"Where? Let's go see!" said the man who was with me.

"He threw him in the river," said the devils. "We've been looking for him, but we never found him," said the devils. Yes!

"But I won't let you get this fellow," they were told. "If you have to get him, get me [instead]. There isn't any warrant for getting him," said the man who was with me.

Those devils were gathered there. They stayed there. We left—me and that man. I never saw how I arrived there. The next time I looked I was there, now, in the church. There was a fiesta. There was a great crowd of people. When I arrived there, I was standing inside the church. That man who had been with me appeared.

"Are you here now?" he asked me.

"I'm here now," I said.

"Let's go over there, then," he told me.

"Where?" I asked.

"Just to my room here," he said.

"Let's go, then," I said. We went. I arrived.

"Here's a chair. Sit down!" he told me.

"All right," I said. I sat down.

A gentleman appeared. "Are you here, son?" he said to me.

"I'm here, sir," I said. I bowed to him.

"Have you come to visit me?" he asked me.

"I've come indeed, sir." I said.

"Who brought you?" he asked me.

"A man brought me," I said.

"Who was the man?" he asked me.

"I don't know who he is. I don't know him," I said.

"Where did he find you?" he asked me.

"I met him on the path," I said. "I was about to be killed. They were trying to get me," I said. "That man saved me," I said. "That's why he brought me here," I said.

"Who was [trying to] kill you?" he asked me.

"I didn't know them. There was a crowd of them," I said.

"Lord, but why were they [trying to] kill you?" he asked me.

"I don't know," I said. I was sitting on the chair there.

"Never mind, son, take this with you," he told me. He gave me a little cross. It was this big. But the little cross was really beautiful. The little cross was all gold. "I am giving this to you to take. It will keep you company," he told me.

"Fine!" I said.

"Go on, then!" he told me.

"Okay!" I said. I left.

I didn't see how I went out. The next time I looked, I was there by the courthouse door. I was walking past it. Then I met somebody.

"Where did you go?" he asked me.

"I went to church," I said.

"What did you go for?" he asked me.

"I went to pray to Our Lord," I said.

"Are you going back now?" he asked.

"I'm going back now," I said.

"Don't you want to drink a shot [of cane liquor]?" he asked me.

"No, I don't want to," I said.

"Let's go quickly!" he told me.

"Lord, do you mean it?" I asked.

"Let's go—one shot won't hurt!" he said.

"Let's go then!" I said. We went. Then we arrived at Old Nača's store. He asked for a half pint of cane liquor and a coke. He mixed them.

"Let's drink a little!" he said to me.

"Thanks!" I said. He was holding that half pint. I was sitting there when I woke up. That's all I saw. There wasn't anything else. It ended like that.

[When did you dream it?] It was long ago. It was probably three and a half years ago. It was very long ago. I used to be tormented so often, long ago. I don't know why. The devils were probably tormenting me. Yes!

We Are Chased by Cows, We Kill Them, a Chamulan and I Take a Leg

D248

Another night I dreamt, too. It seemed I was going to the lowlands. I was going to look for a place [to plant] our corn. There were four of us.

We passed along by Naben Čauk. We went very far. We passed Masan. We kept on going. We went to Nandayapa.

We were walking along. We reached some level ground.

Then we met up with two cows on the level ground. Sonofabitch, the cows were [trying to] gore us. We fled. There was a tree there. We climbed up it. Yes!

But the cows were uprooting the tree. We had a machete. The cows were circling around the foot of the tree. I hacked at them with the machete. I cut off their noses. Sonofabitch, they kept on bleeding. Then they died.

The owner was nearby. Yes!

"Why did you kill my cows?" he asked me.

"Because they were [trying to] gore us," I said. Yes!

"Why didn't you run away?" he asked us.

"As soon as we fled, they kept chasing after us," I said. I was chatting with him there in a relaxed way.

I turned around. Sonofabitch, some more [Ladinos] came. They were going to kill me.

I fled again. They kept chasing me. There was a cave. I went into it. Yes!

Sonofabitch, they kept chasing me. They were crowded on top of the cave. They had two dogs. They sent their dogs in—into the cave.

Me, I was bent over inside the cave. I was watching those dogs go by. They hadn't seen me yet. "But where did he go?" they said. Me, I was there, listening.

I came out of the cave. I looked for my friends. I went to look there where I had killed the cows.

But my friends had been killed and left there. They were lying there now.

Then I met a Chamulan. "Where did you go, Chamulan?" I asked.

"I went to the lowlands," he told me. He had two mules. One was loaded, the other mule of his had no packs, none.

"Won't you let me rent one of your mules?" I asked.

"What do you need it for? What are you going to have it carry?" he asked me.

"I'm not going to have it carry anything. Two of my friends were killed," I said.

"Where?" he asked me.

"Under the tree there," I said.

"Who killed them?" he asked me.

"Some cows were [trying to] gore us," I said. "We killed the cows. The owner came. He killed [my friends]," I said. Yes!

We went to look. They were already being eaten by dogs, buzzards, and so on. We took a good look. They weren't people. It was those cows. There was still one foreleg. "Why don't we remove its foreleg?" I said. "Since your mule hasn't a pack," I said.

"Let's remove it, then!" he said. We took it off.

We were in the midst of taking it off. Yes!

Then I woke up again. That's all I saw. It seems there wasn't anything else. That's the way it ended. Yes!

I Get in a Fight, I Hide, Am Given a Drink, Find a Snake, Behead a Man

D249

I dreamt another time, too. It seemed I was drunk. They were hitting me. It was Maryan Buro hitting me. They were hitting me. He and two of his friends were hitting me. Yes!

They grabbed me. I was all by myself. But me, I gave them a beating.

But the constables came to seize me, because they were going to jail me. Yes!

Sonofabitch, I hit the constables, too.

I fled. I went into the woods. There was a Chamulan on the path. I found him sitting there next to [the place called] Čokoʔ.

"Where did you go?" he asked me.

"I'm not going anywhere. I'm hiding, because the constables are [trying to] catch me. They're [trying to] jail me," I said. "Didn't you bring along a little cane liquor?" I asked.

"I did," he said. "Will you drink a little to sweep away the fear?" he asked me.

"Well, thank you," I said. He gave me a shot. I drank it. It was very strong. I finished drinking it. "You drink some, too!" I said.

'All right," he said. He drank a shot, too.

We finished drinking. I asked for a half pint, too. "Sell me a half pint!" I said.

"Take it!" he said. He gave me that half pint.

"Well, let's drink a little, then! Thank you for giving me a shot, too," I said.

"Do you mean it? You shouldn't bother [to share it]," he said.

"Let's drink!" I said.

Let's drink, then!" he said. We drank.

We were in the midst of drinking. Sonofabitch, lots of horses appeared! They came along terribly fast, because they were being chased. It was just soldiers chasing them towards us.

I was standing there watching those horses. I was completely distracted. Yes!

Then those people who were [trying to] catch me went by. I was standing there behind that Chamulan. I was watching those people, who were [trying to] catch me, go by.

I came back. That Chamulan stayed there. I came back this way, inside the ranch.

Then I found a snake, at the edge of the river. Yes!

Sonofabitch, I was terribly scared! I simply retraced my steps. I started on the path again.

Then I met Old Šun Komis. "Pass on by, sir!" I said.

"Where are you going?" he asked me.

"I went for a walk over there," I said.

"Are you coming back now?" he asked me.

"I'm coming back now, indeed," I said.

That Old Šun Komis was carrying some meat. Then a dog appeared. Sonofabitch, the dog landed, hanging on to the edge of that Old Šun Komis' net. That old man landed way off on his back.

He thought it was me who had pushed him down. "You bastard, why did you push me down?" he said to me.

"When did I push you down, sir?" I asked. "Wasn't it the dog?" I said. Sonofabitch, the old man got very mad. He was grabbing me. He was hitting me, or [trying to] kill me or something.

I found a stick lying there. So now I whacked him with it. His head landed way off.

Then some people came along. There was an old tree standing there. I went and hid there. Yes!

I was standing there behind the tree. Those people went on by. That dead person's head was lying in the middle of the path. Those people came along. They reached it, filled with fear. "What happened to him?" they said. "But it's still all right," they said. "What if we take it along?" they said.

"Forget it, leave it be," they said, too. There were two people.

They continued on towards me. They left it there. As for me, I came along, too. I was coming along then by the bridge. I sat down there for a minute. Yes!

I was sitting there when I woke up. That's all I saw. Yes!

That's the way it ended. Yes!

[When did you dream it?] It was long ago. It was probably around three years ago. It was long ago. "What could a dream like that mean?" I said to myself when I woke up.

My dream came true after all, because I was beaten up on the earth's surface after all. Yes!

Sometimes our dreams come true. That's what I saw. Yes!

That's the way it ends. Yes!

I Am Buying Sandals, I Hug a Girl, Kill a Cow, See a Corpse, Catch a Horse

D250

I dreamt very recently. It was probably two weeks ago. Yes.

It seemed I was there in Chamula.

I was buying some sandals. I was waiting in the market. Yes!

Then a girl arrived—in the place where I was standing.[1]

"Are you here?" she asked me.

"I'm here," I said.

"What are you looking for?" she asked me. Yes!

"I came to buy a pair of sandals," I said.

"What do you need the sandals for?" she asked me.

"I'm going to wear them to see my fiancée," I said.

"You make me laugh!" she said to me.

"Why are you laughing at me? Am I naked? Haven't I any clothes? How come?" I asked. Yes!

"No, I'm just laughing at you, because you say you are looking for a fiancée," she told me.

"So you are making fun of me because of that?" I said.

"Maybe so. Why in the world did you say, *I'm looking for a fiancée?*" she asked me.

"How come? So if you don't like what I was saying then it's you I ought to marry," I said.[2] Yes!

"Who knows then. Maybe so, if that's what occurs to you," she told me.

I went to hug her. She was laughing and laughing now.

I was hugging her there. Then her father arrived. As for me, I didn't know that it was her father, because I didn't know him. No!

I realized it when he was about to hit me. That girl fled. I don't know where she went. I was standing there with her father.

They came to seize him, because he was guilty of something. So they came to seize him. Yes!

As for me, I was left standing there in the market. I was standing there. Then that sandal seller arrived.

I went to look at my sandals. All the sandals were bad. "Forget it, then," I said to myself. Yes!

I went back home. I never saw how I went. The next time I looked, I was sitting there in Old Čep Ȼoȼil's house. We were drinking some cane liquor. Then we got drunk. I was watching Old Čep slump over. As for me, I left. I never saw how I went. The next time I looked, I was there at Ȼeleh Minaš. "Sonofabitch, but what am I looking for here?" I said to myself, then. I came back. I came back this way, in front of Old Maryan Hili-ʔat's house.

Then I met four people on the path, pulling along a cow. Yes!

Sonofabitch, their cow went berserk. It kept bucking and standing stock still. Its rope broke. Yes!

Sonofabitch, it went to gore me. I ran off quickly, but I was being chased.

There was a big rock there—there above Old Čep Konȼares' house. I climbed up on top of that big rock. Yes!

The cow was circling around and around it. It was climbing up onto that rock.

It toppled off. It landed, rolling, way off. I thought it was funny now.

Now it simply couldn't pick itself up. Thrashing about, it died there. I was standing there looking down. Yes!

It didn't get up now. Its soul departed. "I guess I'll go see what happened to it," I said to myself. I got down from on top of that rock. I went to look. That cow was lying there, ass up. It was dead now. Yes!

Two people came along. "What happened to the cow?" they asked me.

"It upped and died because it rolled down off the rock here, because it was about to gore me," I said. "I climbed up on the rock here myself," I said.

"Ah!" they said. Yes!

I was chatting there with those two people. The next time I looked, there was a corpse lying there. Those two people said to me, "Let's go. Let's go and bury it."

"Let's go then!" I said. Yes!

They picked it up, but they didn't carry it off, they simply tossed the corpse over their shoulders. Yes!

There was a ravine there. Then they threw that corpse down into it. They went on. Me, I stayed there.

I came back home. I climbed up the slope on the back side of [the mountain of] Our Holy Lady, Sisil Vi¢. I came out there in front of Calvary. Yes!

Then I came down by there. There was a horse standing there. That horse was standing there in the meadow below Calvary. The horse was really beautiful. There was a saddle there. "Why don't I catch the horse?" I said to myself.

I went to catch it. I was able to catch it. I put its blanket on. I put its saddle on. After I saddled it, I was going to mount it. Yes!

I never mounted it. I was standing there when I woke up. Yes!

[What could it mean?] Who knows what it means, probably nothing at all. Nothing happened to me. No, nothing. That's the way it ended. Yes!

[1] Chamulan girls are thought to be bolder in speech, more apt to participate in racy conversations than the girls of Zinacantán.

[2] Occasionally Zinacantec men marry Chamulan girls, but in that case the girl would have been commissioned to weave in a Zinacantec home and would have changed into Zinacantec clothing.

I Find a Corpse, We Bury Him, the Women Attack Me

D251

I dreamt a week ago. It seemed that I went hunting in the woods. I planned to go looking for squirrels. I was going this way to Muk'ta Vi¢. Yes!

There was a body lying on the path. Yes!

He had died of the cold. The poor guy was drunk. He had fallen to the ground on the path there. The poor guy died there. He was there below Old Manvel K'obyoš's house. Yes!

That body was lying there next to the cross. Yes!

Then I returned. I went to report it at the courthouse. Yes!

None of the authorities were there. I was standing there on the churchyard wall waiting for the authorities to come. Yes!

I was standing there. Then Maryan Čiku? came along.

"What are you doing?" he asked me when he arrived.

"Nothing. I'm waiting for the authorities," I said.

"Why do you have to?" he asked me.

"Because I'm going to talk to them. I'm going to tell them that somebody has died," I said.

Figure 6.—Constable at the courthouse. (From Vogt, 1969)

"Where?" he asked.

"He's lying there on the path," I said.

"Lord!" he said. "Who could it be? Didn't you recognize him?" he asked me.

"Who knows who it is. I didn't recognize him," I said.

"Where, let's go see!"

"There by the cross, beyond your house, there below Old Manvel K'obyoš's houses." I said, Yes!

"Sonofabitch, but who could that be?" he said.

"I don't know," I said.

"Let's go see, I guess, who it is," he told me.

"Let's go, then!" I said. Yes!

We went. Then we met a constable there. "Where are you going?" asked the constable.

"We're going up there," we said.

"What are you going to do?" asked the constable.

"I'm just going to take a quick look at my yard," Maryan Čiku? said.

"I don't know what you think, then, because I was sent here. I'm looking for two or three men," he said.

"What for?" we asked.

"Because there is a body there," he said.

"Where?" we asked.

"There on the path," he said.

"Who is it?" we asked.

"It's Old Palas K'o," he said.[1]

"What happened to him?" we asked.

"He died of the cold, because he was drunk. He fell to the ground there. He died of it there," said that constable. "Please, let's go bury him," he told us.

"Sonofabitch, I don't know. We were going to take a quick look at our corn field because it's being ruined by dogs," we said. Yes!

"Please, let's go bury him!" he kept saying.

Eh, I don't know, shall we go?" Maryan Čikuʔ said to me.

"I don't know," I said.

Let's go! Let's go bury the poor guy! He isn't the only one to die, it could happen to us too," we said to each other. "Let's go then!" we said. Yes!

We went along with constable. Yes!

We went. We arrived at the house. The funeral party had already gathered. There were a great many gathered together.

"Have you come?" we were asked.

"Of course we've come!" we said.

"Ah!" they said.

They gave us some chairs. Yes!

We sat down for a minute. They gave us a meal We ate. When we finished eating, they gave us a shot of cane liquor. Yes!

We went to bury that dead person. We carried that dead person, but not in a coffin. That body was carried off on a tumpline—like when we carry firewood. Yes!

"We'll just bury him here," they said. Yes!

They were burying him in the meadow, there by Voʔ-č'oh Voʔ. "Why are you burying him in a place like this?" I asked.

"Because that's the right way to do it, so that he won't bring his wife['s soul] here," they said. Yes!

They buried him there after all, but they never dug the grave. They were just pulling up a rock. The rock was very big.

They couldn't pull the rock out.

"The bastard won't come out," they said.

"Never mind, we ought to bury him in another grave," said the dead person's wife.

"All right, then," said the gravediggers. Then they went to bury him, but the place where they went to bury him was a gully. They threw him down into the gully. Yes!

They all got terribly drunk. I was watching them getting very drunk. They came rolling down towards me. The women took off their blouses. They were all naked. Yes!

I came back myself. Then those women kept grabbing me now, and pulling me back. Yes!

I didn't go back now, but those women kept grabbing me. After I beat them all back, I left. Yes!

Then I came along this way to the East. I came along this way next to Old Nišyo Konȼares' house. I came down by there. Yes!

There by the cross I sat down for a minute. I was sitting there when I woke up. Yes!

That's all I saw. Yes!

[What could it mean?] I don't know what it means. Could it be that something will happen to me? Who knows what it means. I saw a corpse. Yes!

That's about all. I didn't see anything else. Nothing. That's when I woke up. Yes!

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[1] Palas K'o is still alive.

Romin Tan-čak

Sueño es el rocío del cielo, el jugo del cielo; la flor amarilla es sueño.

—*Chilam Balam de Chumayel*
Book XI: El Libro de los Enigmas

Romin Tan-čak comes of a well-to-do family in Sẹellehtik, where their houses have a sweeping view over the Pan American Highway as it cuts through Na Čih. He is the youngest brother of Romin Teratol's wife, and ever since their marriage has been the friendliest member of the family. When he told me his dreams he claimed to be twenty-five, but he scarcely looked twenty. He is short, but well-proportioned, with regular features, a dazzling smile, and a deep laugh. On fiestas he walks tall in his high-backed ceremonial sandals, his clothing immaculate, his short shorts gleaming white. Despite his family's hostility to gringo anthropologists and other "newfangled things," he always treated me with consideration and, I like to think, warmth. With no reservation he described the dreams of shamans.

Our first encounters were guarded and formal, since I was his brother-in-law's employer. I only had occasion to see him *en famille* when Romin Teratol had a matter of some importance to broach to his awesome in-laws. It was a revelation to me, then, as the three of us made the six-hour trek to the lowlands to buy some corn, to see this Lowell or Peabody of the Zinacantẹc world tearing down the mountain trail hurling after the mules, with great gusto, a constant barrage of the most horrendous Spanish oaths. I had not realized that Spanish was the language used to address Ladinos and mules.

Romin earned the funds to pay the brideprice for his wife by working in a neighboring ranch, felling pine trees and manning the saw. Since then he has devoted his energies to corn farming, in anticipation of his entrance into the Stewardship of Saint Dominic. When I asked Romin Teratol to tell me the gossip about the various dreamers, Romin Tan-čak emerged alone unscathed by the least suggestion of human weakness.

Romin could not recall many dreams of his own, but he provided a number of model dreams of shamans, midwives, and musicians (D62, D66–68). He shows how dreams are a natural, integral part of life and knowledge, not merely isolated pieces of exotic information. A certain youthful innocence seems to shine through his dream adventures.

MY PANTS ARE MUDDY

D61

I dreamt last night, I say. It seemed that I was at a fiesta, at the door of Elisea's [bar]. I was watching and watching the fiesta. It was a wonderful fiesta now.

Then I looked at my pants. They were completely co-vered with mud. I was in a bad fix. Eh, I was going home. My wife appeared then by the bridge.

"But did you bring some clothes for me?" I asked.

"No!" she said.

"But then I'm going home," I said. I was coming back home. I never arrived. I got confused on the way. Yes! Yes!

That's what I dreamt last night. Yes!

WHAT SHAMANS ARE SHOWN, WHAT THEY SEE, HOW ANIMAL SPIRITS ARE FED

D62

Whoever sees, dreams well. In whatever way it is that we are given our shamanship. Yes!

They are shown everything. Whoever becomes a shaman is shown [what to do]. They are summoned in their dreams, it is said. Yes!

They are shown.

Then, when they have arrived, "Well, I'll give you some work now," they are told. "Do you want to accept [the responsibility of shamanhood], or don't you want to accept it?" the [elders] ask.[1]

If they say, "I'll accept it," then it's fine. If they say, "I don't want to," then they die. They'll get a beating. Yes!

If they do what they're told, they are given their little gourd [for cooling the "flower water"], and the pot for their flowers, and their half gourds [for the bath].[2] That's what they are given. Yes!

Then after they receive them, they feel the pulse. Yes!

They are given their shamanship. Yes! Yes!

Then they are shown [what to do]. "See here, but you shouldn't rebel. You shouldn't refuse the request if the [patient's family] comes to escort you. You should go!" say [the elders]. "If you rebel, if you don't want to go, you'll see what happens to you," they say. "Then of course you aren't accepting the command," they say. "See! I'll give you your stick!" It is the bamboo staff used by the shamans. That's what it is, they say. Yes!

That's what they are given—the dog frightener. Yes!

It is the dog frightener, they say. Yes!

That's what they dream. [The shamans] are asse–mbled in their dreams at Calvary, as we say. Yes!

At Calvary.

Then they are all assembled there. The other elders are there, the way you see them sitting at [the Chapel] of Esquipulas. The pint bottles are bu–nched up. Yes!

On the table. All the old men and women are lined up. Yes!

They are lined up there.

There are other younger women [not yet presented as shamans] all assembled there. There is a meal. Yes!

Besides, when we give a ceremony, candles are offered.

Now when [the shamans] arrive and [their offerings] are accepted, the [elders] eat ri–ght away. Yes!

They eat right away. They eat right away.

Then if, on the other hand, when they arrive, [the offerings] aren't taken, [the elders] don't eat. "No, not yet," they say. Yes!

"Not yet, I guess. We'll see, I guess, little by little," they say. Or if [the elders] watch over the patient, little by little he will recover. If they eat on the third day then he will still recover, but if they don't eat at all, then the sickness won't pass. No!

We'll die at the first opportunity, [people] say. Yes!

If [the elders] ea–t right away, then the patient will get over it right away. He will no longer be sick. He will recover right away. He will recover right away. Yes!

Chicken is brought first to the head [of the table]. Their food is set in rows. Chicken is [brought] to the head [of the table], then comes pork, then at the foot, beef. Yes!

The beef is at the foot [of the table], they say. Yes!

That's what they say.

The food is lined up. The beef isn't snatched up. Don't you see; it is at the foot. As for chicken, chicken is valued the most. Yes!

That's what the people say who see it [in their dreams]. But there are very few who see it. Yes!

But as for us, we don't see it. Those who are shamans see well. They are probably shown everything. They see the meeting place, Muk'ta Vi¢, they say. All our companion animal spirits are there.[3] Yes!

All our companion animal spirits are there [in the corral] at Muk'ta Vi¢. The coyotes are put in there. They want to be fed. Hunters have gone out, too. They take their lassos. [The hunters] are people's souls, too. They are souls. They go to ge–t their food. They go to get the animals' food for them. Sometimes they bring back cows. Sometimes they bring back deer. Sometimes dogs. Yes!

The animals, there, eat dogs. Yes!

The corral is fu–ll. It is a big corral. Yes!

It is full.

Then they come back to give them their food. The little [animals] can't wai–t at all for their food. They are hungry. They get the dogs first. They get dogs. But the big animals that wait a bit, [they get] the cows. They get something now. Yes!

The hunters come back. Yes!

[The animals] are cared for. The guardians are there. The ones that bite a lot, like dogs, those that bite a lo–t, that send their friends rolling, that scrap with their friends, they are tossed out. They are tossed out. "Go on, you're no good—you quarrel too much with your friends!" they are told. Yes!

But then we die. Yes!

We die. Yes!

We die if the animal is thrown out. Yes!

But the ones that wait pro–perly for their food do well. They do well.

Now every night they have to go out to get their food. It happened once that the hunters went ou–t. Sonofabitch, they couldn't find anything. Nothing. There wasn't anything. They couldn't catch anything. There were calves, but their mothers would gore [the hunters]. Yes! Yes!

"But what can we do? We can't find anything," they said. "Nothing," they said. Sonofabitch, there was a Chamulan looking for work at the house of one of our countrymen. He was sleeping in the sweatbath. He was spending the night inside the sweatbath.[4] Yes!

"Sleep here, my Chamulan! You can sleep here," he was told.

"All right!" he said. He spent the night there.

"Sonofabitch, but a Chamulan will do! That's better. We can ca—rry him off," they said. They carried him off. The poor Chamulan was dead the next morning. He was dead the next morning. He slept well. He was dead the next morning. His soul went to feed the animals. Yes! Yes! That's what they say. Yes!

His soul went for the animals' meal. Yes!

That's what they keep saying. So it's probably true. The catcher's souls are probably too powerful. But it's in their dreams that they catch them, too, but it isn't really on the earth's surface. It's in their dreams, as we say. Yes!

That's why they know when they wake up. They have seen that it is true. Yes!

I don't know how many [caretakers] hunt—if there are si–x or what. They all have lassos. Yes!

They just catch their prey with their lassos. Yes!

It's the food for the animals. Yes!

It's the food for the animals. Yes!

Every night they go out the same way. If there are cows or sheep—if they get something—whatever they get, they go and give to the animals to eat. If there isn't anything else, then sometimes it's a human being. If there is a worthless person as we say. Yes!

He is carried right off. He goes for the animals' meal. Yes!

That's what they say.

That's probably why the tutelary gods are standing there, wa—tching, as we say. Yes!

The Lords of Muk'ta Vi¢. They are there, watching. If they have watched carefully, then the people are well. But those who have been rejected stay sick. They are just sick. Yes!

Now those who go out to eat deer, you see, they are our companion animal spirits. It's because they have been put out. They are no longer watched over. They simply look for their own meals, until they are shot. Until they are shot, they say. Yes! That's what they say. Yes!

That's what they dream, those who see. Yes!

But they see the truth. As for us, we always dream about a–ny little thing. We just see where it is that we are working, it see–ms, or whatever trivial thing we are doing.

I Do Roadwork

D63

I was hurt by a tree once at ʔIsbontik. I was hurt by a tree at work.

Then I went to be treated at a doctor's here in San Cristóbal.

It healed. It took nine days to heal.

Then I dream frequently that I am working very hard. I am with Ladinos, with graders. I am working in the place where I was frightened. Yes!

You see, I run ho–me. I run home. I don't go [to work]. I just come back again. Yes!

Who knows how many times that I have dreamt that I run away. I left. I never came back. No!

I escaped. Yes!

The men who stayed there to guard the graders say that I was talking in the night there where I was hurt. Yes!

I was talking there [even though I had left]. "His soul has stayed behind here," they said. Yes!

"He is dying now. His soul stayed behind here, intact," they said. Yes!

I never died. No! I never died.

Yes! That's what I have dreamt often. Yes!

I Commit a Murder and Run Away

D64

I met a man on the path there. He seemed to be a Ladino.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"I'm going home," I said.

"But who says you're going home?" he said.

"Because I'm going. My house is there," I said.

"But I won't let you by. I'll kill you once and for all!" he said. "I'll attack you," he said.

"Why? When did I do anything?" I said.

"But even so, let's see if you're right that you can

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[1] The elders sitting around the table at Calvary are the tutelary gods.

[2] A necessary element of major curing ceremonies is flower water. This water, drawn from sacred wells in Zinacantán Center, is used to bathe the patient and his "substitute," the sacrificial chicken. Before the bath, various herbs, peperomia, Mexican savory, and laurel are steeped in the water to provide an aroma pleasing to the gods.

[3] Each Zinacantec is believed to have lodged in a corral in Muk'ta Vi¢ a companion animal spirit whose identity, revealed in dreams, is congruent with the individual's personality. Jaguars, ocelots, pumas, the lesser cats and coyotes are spirits of powerful personalities while weasels and opposums are spirits of mean individuals. Failure to abide by the moral code of the community may cause the tutelary gods to eject the miscreant from the protective corral to wander alone, a prey to hunters. The death of the companion animal spirit implies the death of the individual with whom it is associated.

[4] Although sweatbaths may be used clandestinely for carrying on daytime affairs they are not used as sleeping quarters at night.

continue on," he said. Ooh, in a minute he was going to kill me. Yes!

I felt the machete land here. I touched my neck, but no blood came out. No, none. Me, I thre–w rocks at him. I threw rocks at him. He die–d. He died. He was left there. Ooh, I was terribly scared.

Then I passed through a town there. "Sonofabitch, but what if it shows on my face?" I said to myself. I passed on through, bo–wing my head. I passed on through shielding my face with my hat. I continued on to another town. Eh, I was terribly scared, because I had committed a murder and left him behind. Yes! Ye–s!

I DROP MY SANDALS IN A RAVINE, I AM SCARED BY A DOG, I AM OFFERED FOOD

D65

I dreamt once. It seemed that I went to a ravine. I discovered a ravine there. Hm!

I was squa–ting there at the edge. Sonofabitch, but I was terribly scared by the ravine. It was a very dee–p ravine.

"Sonofabitch, what if I fell?" I said to myself.

Then I saw that my sandals had already dropped. Yes!

They were already at the bottom. "But should I go down and get them? But I'm scared," I said to myself.

Then an awful dog appeared. It was a grea–t big horrible gray dog, a bi–g gray dog. Eh, it came now, wa–gging its tail. It came and was about to lick me. "Eh, this is terrible, but I mustn't be scared. If I'm scared, my soul will be left behind here," I said to myself. I didn't get scared. I became ve–ry brave. "But I'm going to climb down and get my sandals. They certainly oughtn't to be left behind," I said to myself. I cli–mbed down to get them. I climbed back up. I couldn't get back up over the edge. Then a friend ca–me and pu–lled me out. I got out. Yes!

I left, it seems. I got my sandals. Yes!

Then on the way I ate again. Yes!

"Are you hungry?" a woman, there, asked.

"Give me some!" I said. They wrapped up some eggs in tortillas. Yes!

I didn't eat them. No!

Then I woke up. Hm!

WHAT MUSICIANS ARE SHOWN

D66

First, they say that Čep Mučik long ago, when he was young, when he was a boy, saw himself become a musician. Yes!

A constable came to his house to summon him [in his dream].

"Let's go!" he said.

"Who said so?"

"The elders said so. Let's go to Zinacantán Center. Let's go. I've come to take you," he said.

"All right, then. Let's go!" [Čep] told him. A constable went along with him. They were waiting for him there at the edge of Čiloʔ. He approached them. He approached them. He met many elders there.

"Have you come?" he was asked.

"I've come," he said.

"Ah!" they said. "That's fine, then," they said. "Put on your ceremonial robe!" he was told. He was given his ceremonial robe. He put it on. It was a fine ceremonial robe. "Take your instruments!" he was told. He was given his guitar and his harp. "Let's go!" he was told. A slit drum came along. First they took the slit drum. Fi–rst the slit drum. [Čep] went in the mi–ddle [of the procession].[1] They arrived at the [Chapel of] Esquipulas.

"Have you come?" he was asked.

"I've come," he said.

He arrived to receive the oath. All was well. He received his two instruments. "Well, now that you have been sworn in, come here! Sit down! Here is your seat," he was told.

"Fine," he said.

"Play! Tune your instrument!" he was told. He pla–yed. He tuned his instrument. Then his fiddle appea–red. "Let him receive the third!" they said. He received his third instrument.[2] "That's fine like that!" they said. He played his instruments well. Eh, it seemed that lots of people were gathered there, he said. Yes!

"It's because I received my instrument in my dream," he said. He plays well. Yes!

"I received [my talent] in my dream. That's why I don't lose my musical touch. Even though I get drunk I never lose my touch," he said. "I still remember," he said. Yes!

"That's what it means," he said. Yes!

That's just the way Palas Mučik received it, too.[3] Yes!

He received it in his dream," [Čep] said. Yes!

"I received it in my dream, too," he said. "We were lined up for sure [in rank order]. I was the most senior one. I was sitting at the head," he said. Yes!

"Me, I was sitting at the very head. The other musicians arrived at junior [positions]," he said. "Me, I entered at the very head," he said. It was Palas Mučik who said it. Yes! Yes!

70

That's how he received it, too, he said. Yes!

That's how they receive it. In their dreams they see it. Yes!

In their dreams they see it. That's what he said. Yes!

---

[1] A slit drum is played every fiesta of St. Sebastian. It is thought that the saint himself played a slit drum, and so the drum has acquired the stature of a saint.

[2] The fiddle (the most important), guitar, and harp are ranked in that descending order of status.

[3] Palas Mučik is Čep Mučik's older brother.

WHAT SHAMANS ARE SHOWN

D67

They say that the shamans are summoned in their dreams to Calvary. Hm!

They are summoned there.

"Have you come?" [the elders] say.

"I've come," he tells them.

"Ah!" they say to him. Others have become cupbearers first.[1] Yes!

[Then] they come, they come as musicians. When that is over, they become shamans. They are given their gourd, their pots. Their pots are this big. And their gourds and their flowers—laurel, wintergreen, peperomia, Mexican savory, as they say. They are gi–ven to them. "Here are your flowers," they are told. "Watch over the young and the old. Do not rebel!" they say.

"All right," says [the initiate].

If they follow [the commands] properly, "See here, don't beat the dogs, just shake your stick at them," they say. It is their bamboo staff. Yes!

It is their staff. "Don't hit them!" they say. "If you hit them, if you strike them, they will die," they say. "Don't hit them! Look for the [proper] place to enter [the patient's yard]. Look for the way to enter. Find the [proper] way. Don't you see, you won't have seen the paths where you will go to cure," they are told.

"Eh!" he says.

After they have received [their powers] like that, they are ea–ger to cure. They are eager to feel the pulse. That's what they say.

But they are shown how to learn, it seems. Yes!

So they are ea–ger to cure. They are eager to step out, if they see those things in their drea–ms, of course. Yes!

They are given their flowers. They are given whatever is needed to cure sickness, their medicines, whatever medicines they give. They are given to them. They are gi–ven to them. Yes!

"See here, step out, travel with your bit of [medicine]! You will see what to give for the sickness," they are told. Yes!

In their dreams. They dream. That's what they say. Hm!

---

[1] The first ritual duty that a Zinacantec boy learns to perform is the serving of cane liquor. The cupbearer (*hp'is-voʔ*) must calculate correctly how much liquor to pour into the shot glass so that each participant will receive in turn exactly the same amount.

WHAT MIDWIVES AND BONESETTERS ARE SHOWN

D68

It's just the same for the midwives, too. They are right behind, too. They are shown there, it is said. They are given the receptacles for their flowers, their pots, too, their gourds, too. They are given also to the midwife. Yes!

"Do not scorn, do not spit on the baby that is being born. Watch over it. Bathe it carefully. Don't scorn it, for my sake!" they say. "You will see [what happens] if you scorn it. See for yourself. Do not scorn it!" they say. "Wash it, bathe it conscientiously, when it is born," they say.

Then they are given their flowers. Yes!

Midwives!

When [the bonesetters] are shown, a tree is felled for them. They say it is a big tree. A tree is felled for them where there are bi–g trees. They land in smitheree–ns when they fall.

"Set it!" they are told. "If you can set it, fine!" they say. They se–t it. They pray over it! If they are able to set the big tree upright, then they will be succe–ssful setting bones. Even if [our bone] is badly broken, it will be well in three days. Yes!

It mends in three days. First they set a tree. They acquire their powers that way—if they watch over it, if they are able to se–t it. Yes! That's what they say. Yes!

Once there was a gentleman long ago [a bonesetter]. But in three days [the bone] was well. Yes!

Just so, my older brother, Maryan, broke [a bone]. Yes!

He broke it. Our father came back from the lowlands. He brought back some fruit. Ooh, [Maryan] ju–mped in. He went to get the fruit inside the house. He landed over there, face down. His arm was badly bro–ken here. [The bones] were sticking wa–y out. So they went to bring that [gentleman]. He used to live in ʔElan Voʔ, they say. Yes! Yes!

He came to set it. "All right, look after it," he said. "But it should be bound for only three days," he said. "If it is still bound on the fourth day then you'll surely see what happens!" he said. "Untie it on the third day, in the evening!" he said. "Have him toss [a stone] right away," he said. My mother didn't follow his advice, since they saw that it still seemed to be broken. They didn't unbind it. Then on the fourth day that gentleman passed by on his own. "Is the patient's arm unbound yet?" he asked.

"Not yet," they answered.

"Your son's arm would surely have been fi–ne now. It wouldn't have twisted," he said, "if you had unbound it," he said. Quickly he untied it. "To–ss [a stone] now, I guess," he told him. My elder brother pi–tched it. He couldn't throw it high anymore. [Now] he pitches with his left hand. Yes!

He throws with this one. The other one was broken. Now it's no good. "See what I said! I was right. He can't throw it high since you bound it for so long," said [the bonesetter]. "It should have been [unbound] after just three days. You should have made him pi–tch then," he said. Yes!

He was able to mend it quickly, right away, quickly. Yes! Yes!

So they are sho–wn that a tree is felled. It breaks. If they can set it, fine, fine. They go on successfully. That's what they say.

I Am Carried from a Cave

D69

I got sick long ago. I was very young. I used to be a shepherd.

Then I got sick. Blood poured from my nose. Ooh, I was dying. I lost my senses when my nose bled. I no longer knew [what was happening]. For two weeks I didn't eat. Two weeks I didn't eat. Simply no torti–llas at all, nothing at all. No!

You see my father was still alive. They held a ceremony for me. They got a shaman.

I saw that I was in a cave. That's where I was. The cave had lots of moi–sture, a great deal of water. I was in a big cave. "Oh, why am I here?" I said to myself. Now I crie–d and cried. Yes!

He arrived to take me out. Yes!

"Now we are going," he told me.

"Let's go, but you'll have to carry me out," I said. "You carry me. I won't walk," I said.

"I'll carry you," he said. I seemed to sho–w him the tiny path out. It was in my dream now that I showed him the tiny path.

"We go this way. This is the path," I said.

"All right," said the bearer. I went ho–me, carried. When I arrived, he set me down. I woke up on the earth's surface. Now I recovered my senses. Before, I had lost my senses like a drunk.

You see, I woke up. Yes!

Then I saw that flowers had been offered for me. [There were] flowers and air pines on my bed.[1] Yes!

"Eat some chicken!" my mother told me. "Eat!" she said. But I didn't want to. I never ate, not even a li–ttle, because I had no desire for it. I had no desire for tortillas. [When we are very sick] we don't want anything. No! It was just that I had reco–vered my senses a bit. I had recovered my senses.

"I dreamt this. I don't know why. Could it be that I'm coming back now?" I asked my mother.

"Who knows," she said. The shaman continued curing there. Yes!

"No, maybe he will recover," said the shaman. "Maybe he will recover. No, if it's true he has already come back," he said. Ooh, but [the pain] didn't calm down. My legs were simply a–ching and aching. My toes hu–rt terribly. He dre–w my blood. He used lots of broken glass for the bloodletting.[2] Yes!

Gradually the sickness passed. I regained my senses. Gradually I ate, o–ne little piece after another. The little tortillas I ate were this small! Yes!

I started to get back on my feet. They had strung up a rope for me. I clu–ng on to it like this. I held on to it. Bu–t I got te–rribly thin. Yes!

I was very weak. I was very weak. Yes!

That's how I got sick once. Yes!

We had an old pig, a big pig. It was good and fat. I had seen it when I was well. "Let's kill the pig, mother!" I said.

"We'll kill it, but you get good and strong! Then we'll kill it," she said. Yes!

"We'll kill it when you get good and strong. You can help kill it," she said.

"Okay," I said. I believed her. I started to get well. "Ah, where is the pig?" I asked.

"We already sold it [to pay for] your curing ceremony," she said, they said. The pig was gone now, gone.[3] Yes!

That's all there seems to be. Hm!

---

[1] For severe illnesses the shaman sometimes prescribes that the patient's bed be decorated with pine boughs, geraniums, and air plants. The bed is the symbolic equivalent of the corral for the companion animal spirits.

[2] Bloodletting with broken glass is a customary remedy for sharp leg pains.

[3] Romin thought it hilarious that he had believed he would eat the pork of their pig that had been sold long before to pay for his treatment.

My Sister Was Underground

D70

My mother dreamt that my little baby sister was lost. Yes!

She dreamt that she was lost in her dream. She called to her, underground. "Lolen!" she said. "Lolen!" she said. She ca–lled to her. [My baby sister] was underground. But she answered from inside the earth. She answered back, of course. But she was underground. [My mother] trie–d to look for her, tried to see her, bu–t she never found her. No!

She had gone someplace. She ca–lled to her. This far off she heard her. She heard her answering back from u–nderground. "But how can it be?" she said. She trie–d to call to her. "Come on out!" [my mother] tried to tell her. Ah, she answered back of course, but she didn't come out. She didn't come out. She didn't last long. Maybe it was three or four nights later she got nausea and diarrhea. [My mother] tried to go and get a shaman. Bu–t [the sickness] didn't pass. She simply died. She died at the first opportunity. She didn't last three days. No!

She died. Yes!

Dreams sometimes come true. If she can't reach her in her dream she's lost forever.

I Miss Roadwork

D71

I dreamt just last night. I think it was probably last night. I don't know if . . .

"We are going to do roadwork," they said.

"Okay!" I said. I went to do roadwork.

But I didn't take the same path. I went in ano–ther direction. I arrived at Zinacantán Center. It seemed like I was at the house of a religious official. The Steward of the Holy Cross was there, Čep Mučik.

"Have you come?" he said.

"I've come," I said.

"Ah, but won't you please accompany me during the whole fiesta?" he said.

"I can do it, since I've already come," I said.

"Come on, [since] you've come [already]. Please!" he said.

"I can join you," I said.

"Let's go!" he said. "Let's go to the church," he said.

"Let's go then!" I said. We left. I picked up my robe. I took my robe.

But I went back in the direction of my house. I returned home. I arrived home.

"Well, where in the world did you go?" asked those workers. They were in a group, working on the path.

"I went to look for you. I we–nt this way to Zinacantán Center," I said. "I passed by to ask where you were, *But they've gone. They went that way*, they told me," I said.

"How stupid can you get? Lord! Isn't the work [right] here?" they said to me.

"Am I still supposed to work now?" I asked.

"Not anymore. What work can you do? We've finished clearing [the path]," they said.

"Ah!" I said. I was delighted now. I was delighted now. Yes!

That was what I dreamt. Yes!

Mal Montišyo

What is written in this book is not possible for a human mind to invent, nor is there a man living capable of inventing the kind of language contained in it.

—Bernardino de Sahagún
The Florentine Codex
Prologue to Book VI

I have only seen Mal Montišyo once in my life, the day she came in to San Cristóbal to tell me her dreams. She spoke Spanish with a fluency equalled only by Tonik Nibak and was surprised that I would want her to speak Tzotzil. She had a business-like air, no humor, suspicious eyes, a gravelly voice that seldom strayed from a monotone.

As the gossip has it, Mal was born in the coffee plantations, the child of a Guatemalan laborer. She was adopted by Lol Montišyo who, at the time these dreams were recorded, was the oldest living Zinacantec, a man with a gnarled cane and snow white hair. When she was young, Mal used to spend all her days at the foot of Sisil Vi¢, tending her sheep. There she found a lover, but their marriage was short-lived, for as the story goes, she was too "difficult." In time she married a man who came to live in her father's house, since her father had no sons. Mal's husband became a school teacher and then, town clerk. He changed into Ladino clothes and bought his wife a dress and a pair of shoes. When Mal's husband was fired from his job after demanding a pay raise they both reverted to Indian clothes. Once again Mal picked up her tumpline and gathered firewood for the family hearth. Mocking tongues in the town made great sport of her past pretensions.

Mal began telling me her dreams with a minimum of expression and self-involvement, but suddenly in Dream 204, when she was describing how she pretended to be drunk, Mal let down her guard a bit and even became animated. Nevertheless she was careful never to reveal the identity of any of her dream characters, quite unlike Tonik Nibak. Also, unlike Tonik, only one of the dreams she related had been dreamt more than four months before.

More than anyone else, Mal denied meaning to particular dreams. Those that she seemed to enjoy telling most were dreams in which she was prominent in her shaman's role. Although often enough she is the victim of nightmares, a few of her dreams she qualifies as good, and even in her nightmares the strength of her ego is apparent.

I TRY CROSSING A RIVER, I SEE COWS

D192

It seemed that I saw myself crossing a river. Yes!

But there was a cow there.

But lots of cows came to drink water. Yes!

I went back. I simply went back on the path. Yes!

The owner of the cows came along. The cowboy [as we call them] came, he came to look at them. Yes!

He came.

Well, that's all. That's all. I just went back on the path. Yes!

[What could it mean?] What does it mean? Eh, it's possible that I'll go there. Yes!

Could the cows mean anything? Could it be that they'll gore us? Yes!

Will it be that the cows will gore us? There were lots of cows. Yes! That's right.

I SEE A DEER

D193

We went to the woods.

I was going to the woods. The forest seemed very dense.

But a deer appeared.[1] Yes!

The deer didn't do anything. It went on. It just ran by. Yes!

It continued on. It went. It went into the woods. Yes!

Me, I was coming to gather my firewood. Yes!

[What does it mean?] what does it mean? Deer don't mean anything. They don't mean anything. It's good. It's good. Maybe we'll come upon a deer there. Yes! Yes! Of course.

---

[1] In Rabinal to see a deer in one's dream signifies sickness or death (Shaw, 1972:219).

I Help Put Out a Fire

D194

It seemed that a house was on fire.[1]

But I arrived and stood there. I was next to the path—next to the path where the house was burning. Yes!

After that, ooh, the people were putting water on it to put it out. Some were putting dirt on it. Some were putting water on it. The people were very scared. Yes!

The people were very scared.

Then me, I went to put it out, too. I went.

[Did you recognize them?] Did I recognize them? I didn't recognize them. It seemed as if it was in Paste?. Yes!

The house that burned up was in Paste?.

Me, I arrived. Suddenly I arrived and stood there. I went to help put out the fire. Yes!

Then it went out. I watched the fire die down. But what good was it having the fire die down on one side of the house? The other side of the house burned up. Yes!

Just one side burned. On the other side [the fire] went out. Yes!

Half the corn was ruined. Yes!

Because the fire on the corn wouldn't go out easily. Because [the corn] was packed so tight, it burnt up. Yes!

Somebody there was bringing people [to the house]. We were all gathered together with him. I had joined them. Yes!

[What could it mean?] Eh, it may be that sickness will come. Yes!

It's sickness. Yes!

[Sickness in your family?] No, in somebody else's house. In somebody else's house. In the whole town, as we say. In the town where it burnt up. Yes!

Yes, there. Yes, the sickness will arrive there. It may be fever or something that will come, according to the command. Yes!

---

[1] To dream of a fire portends death in Mitla (Parsons, 1936:320). In Panajachel as in Zinacantán it signifies fever (Tax, 1950:732).

I Try To Stop Up a Water Pipe

D195

I had a dream. I saw it. It was last night.

There were three pipes. They were coming out of the foot of an oak tree.

There was water. A woman came along. The woman was old.

"What does this mean?" I asked. "Why is so much water coming out here?" I asked. Because it was at the foot of the mountain. Yes!

"There isn't any reason for it coming out. Because it's coming, more rain is going to come," said the woman. Yes!

"Ah!" I said. I wanted to stop up the pipe. The pipe couldn't be stopped up. No!

You couldn't stop it up.

I was scared when the water came out because sickness would come. Rain will come, more rain. I was scared of it. Yes!

It seemed to end there.

I Am Herding My Sheep

D196

I met three women on the trail. There were lots of us. I had lots of companions.

I went on, indeed. I had many companions. I left happily. It seemed I was a shepherdess. I had my sheep with me.

I met three women on the trail.

"Where are you going?" they asked.

"I'm not going anywhere. I'm going to drive my sheep out of the woods. I'm going to watch them," I said.

I went to look after the sheep. I met the three women.

"Where are you going yourselves?" I asked. Yes!

"I'm not going anywhere," [one of them] told me.

"Ah!" I said.

"I'm going to Zinacantán Center," she said.

"Ah!" I said. "As for me, I'm going to the woods, I'm going to look after my little sheep," I said.

"Ah, all right, then, we'll talk together if we meet each other again," she said.

"Who knows, it won't be till late afternoon," I said.

[Did you recognize them?] I didn't recognize the others, just the one I talked to. I recognized her. Yes!

I just recognized one of the three women. Yes!

Happily I went to look after my sheep. Yes!

I was [going to] see if there was any firewood, or any good birds, or birds' nests. I kept looking in the woods. Yes!

I kept looking after my sheep. I was looking at the view.

The woods were fine. Yes!

It ended. Yes!

I woke up then. Yes!

[Did you dream it long ago?] Was it long ago? It wasn't long ago. It was the day before yesterday, two days ago. It wasn't long ago at all. No!

[Is it a bad dream?] No, it's alright. It doesn't mean anything. It's good.

I FALL OFF A CLIFF WITH A CHILD

D197

I had a dream. Who knows what it means. It seemed that I we–nt.

But me—there was a cliff—I was walking around. I went to look at the view.

But there was a cliff there. I fell there.

But I had a little child. It landed further down. No, it rolled way down.

I was climbing on all fours, now. I was climbing on all fours, now. I was worried that I would fall. Yes!

I just landed a short way down, but the baby went further down. Yes!

I was scared. I woke up scared. Yes!

I ENTER A LADINO'S HOUSE

D198

I had a dream. It seemed as if it were [just] a place.

But in a minute it turned into a house. It was a house now. It was like a house, a house, I went in. I went in there. Oh, I was scared, because it looked like a Ladino's house.[1]

I went in there. Oh, I did all I could to find a way out. I couldn't get out now. No!

Who knows what it means. It means sickness every time. Yes!

They say it's soul-loss.[2] Yes!

---

[1] As in Tonik Dream 161, a Ladino's house is equated with the Earth Lord's domain.

[2] Soul-loss (*komel*) is caused by fright. When a person, and particularly a child, is startled, it is thought that a portion of its soul may be lost and remain in the earth from where it must be called by a shaman.

I AM GATHERING FIREWOOD, I SEE A RABBIT

D199

I went. I went to gather firewood.

Ooh, I was in a rush to get my firewood. I went into the woods. I went to gather my firewood.

I started gathering the firewood, in the woods.

I was scared. Then I came upon a rabbit.[1] A rabbit came out.

But the rabbit came out very nearby. "My Lord, what's this?" I said. The rabbit frightened me, but then I wasn't upset anymore. I saw that it was a rabbit. I saw that that's what came out. It left. Yes!

Then right away I looked for some firewood.

I carried my firewood. I was coming back now on the trail, carrying my firewood. I was returning now. Yes!

Then I woke up. I was carrying my wood when I woke up. Yes!

I was carrying my wood there when I woke up.

[Did you dream it long ago?] It was long ago. I dreamt it long ago.

[Was it a year ago?] It was probably a month ago. Yes!

I think it was a month ago. Yes!

That's when.

---

[1] In Rabinal a rabbit appearing in one's dream indicates that the dreamer's daughter or wife will be stolen (Shaw, 1972:219).

I MEET TWO ELDERS ON THE PATH

D200

I met two elders on the path, like the elders at [the Chapel of] Esquipulas. So I met them on the path. Oh, I was scared of them. "Eh, what are they doing?" I said. "Eh, never mind, I have a companion. Never mind, the elders who are coming along aren't doing anything." Their heads were red. [They were wearing red turbans].

"Ah, those elders aren't doing anything. They are going to ask when the date [of the fiesta] is," said my companion.[1] Yes!

But you couldn't tell. It looked like it was my mother who was with me. "Where are they going?" I asked. I turned around. I went to look at my mother. Yes!

"Ah, they aren't going anywhere. They are going to ask about the date [of the fiesta]. The fiesta of [Our Lady of the] Rosary is almost here," she said.

"Ah, I was scared of them. I thought they were going to our house," I said.

"Ah, what would they go looking for in our house, when you see there's a fiesta soon? Now because of

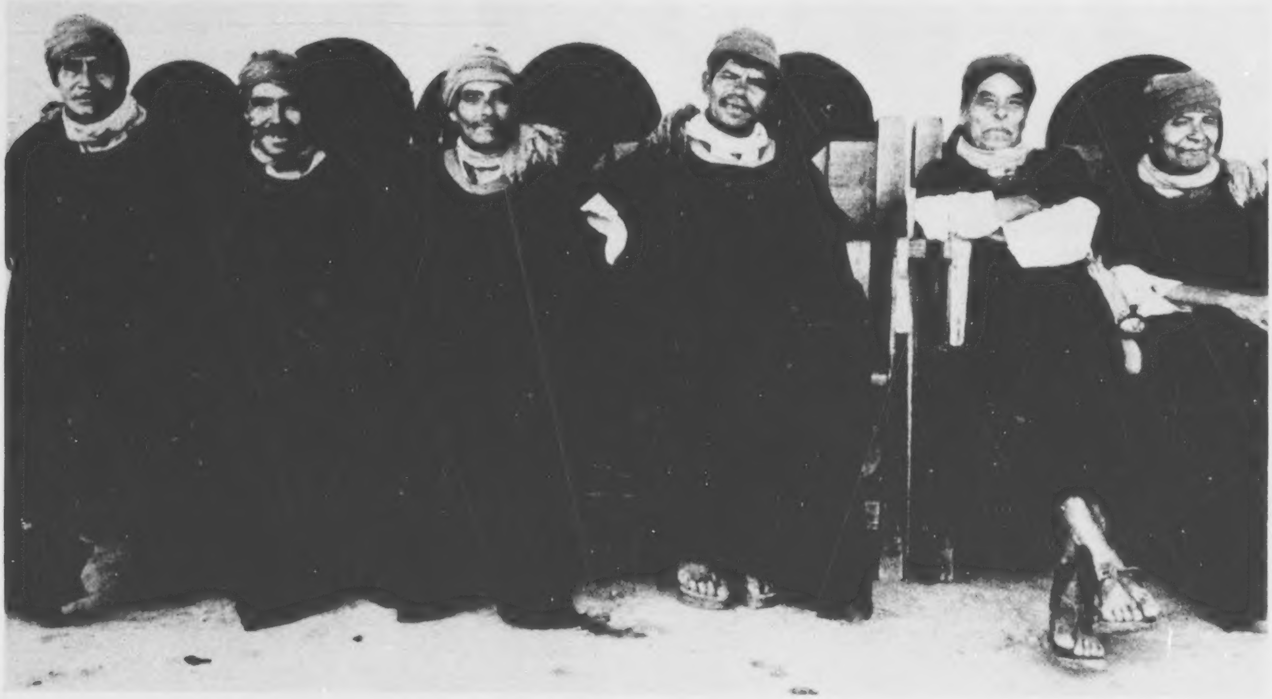

FIGURE 7.—Elders. (From Vogt, 1969)

the fiesta they're going to collect money for the Mass," she said.[2]

"Ah, then they went to ask about the date," I said. Yes!

[That's all?]That's all. That's all there was.

[What could it mean?] It doesn't mean anything. It doesn't mean anything. It doesn't mean anything. No!

[When did you dream it?] Just before this fiesta of [Our Lady of] the Rosary. It was then.

---

[1] The elders traditionally must go to the sacristans to ask them the date of the movable feasts.

[2] The elders collect the money to pay for Mass on the major fiestas.

I AM SUMMONED TO THE COURTHOUSE

D201

I had another dream. I was being summoned. A constable came. He came to escort me.

He came. I was scared.

"What does the constable want?" I said to myself.

"Ma'am!" said the constable when he arrived.

"What?" I asked.

"Are you there?" he said.

"I'm here," I said.

"Is Father ˀAntun there?" he asked.[1]

"He isn't here," I said.

"Ah, all right," he said.

"How come?" I asked.

"No reason. They are summoning you to the courthouse," he said.

"Ah, what am I going for?" I asked.

"You aren't going for anything. You aren't going for anything at all. No!" he said.[2]

"Ah!" I said. "Can I go by myself, then?" I asked.

"Let's go!" he said.

Then I was on the wa–y, carrying my child.

But on the way, I woke up—on the way. I didn't reach the courthouse. No!

I didn't reach the courthouse. I simply woke up on the way. Yes!

When I woke up, I was in bed. Yes!

[What could it mean?] It probably means something. Eh, I know it means something. It's sickness or something good. Who knows if I had reached the courthouse or the jail. Who knows how it would have been if I had reached the courthouse.

But I didn't reach it. I woke up on the way. Yes!

Just on the path. Yes!

That's all.[3]

---

[1] Father ˀAntun is Mal's husband.

[2] The constables are instructed when summoning a person to court not to reveal the charges.

[3] Mal dreamt this two weeks before.

I See Roosters Fighting

D202

I dreamt that there were lots of roosters. They were pecking at each other constantly. They were in a house. There was a house for them.

The roosters were standing in a group. I went to peek at them. Eh, oh, the roosters were hurt from attacking each other. They were hurt from pecking each other.

Then, "How come the . . ."—I had a companion—"How come the roosters are dying from pecking each other so much? Why are they killing some of them?" I asked. Yes!

It seemed as if it was on the earth's su–rface. Yes!

"They aren't being killed. Don't you see, those roosters are just having fun. They are quarreling," said my companion.

"Ah!" I said.

I was just standing there where the roosters were when I woke up. I was distracted by them. Lots of roosters were pecking each other. Eh, there were ten of them. Yes!

Lots of roosters. Yes!

That's why I was distracted.

Then I just woke up. Yes!

[What could it mean?] Ah, drunks were quarrelling. Drunks were bawling each other out. That's probably all we were seeing. Yes!

That's all. Yes! [1]

[1] Mal dreamt this "long ago, a month ago."

My Patient Rolls off the Trail

D203

I had a dream. Who knows what it means. Oh, it seemed that I went. I left, holding my flowers and my candles in a basket.[1]

I had them ready when I left.

But my patient rolled down [the hill]. Yes!

He got drunk. He was very drunk.

He rolled off [the trail]. Eh, I was upset, myself, over my patient's rolling off [the trail]. He fell. Oh, he was rolling [down].

But it was because he came to a little bank. He fell there. His foot slipped. He rolled to the bottom. He rolled down. Yes!

"Eh, what happened to him?" I asked my assistants. "What happened to him? Why did that happen?" I asked. I was just sta–nding there wondering if I should return home. I was wondering if I should go to the patient's house. I didn't know what to do anymore. No!

I had some companions. There were lots of us. "Never mind, I'll go pull him back up," said [one of] the others.

"Ah, fine! I guess you should go pull him back up then," I said. Yes!

They were pulling him back up. Then I woke up again. Then I woke up. That's when I woke up. Yes!

[When did you dream it?] Ah, it was probably a week ago. It was a week ago. Yes!

[What could it mean?] It's just nonsense. It could be anything. Yes!

That's so indeed! [2]

[1] Normally a shaman would not be holding the basket of flowers and candles to be offered at the shrines, as that task would have been delegated to an assistant.

[2] Anselmo Peres believes this dream forecasts that either the shaman is ineffective or that the patient will get sicker.

I Am Asked To Cure and Pretend I Am Drunk

D204

I had a dream. [Some people] came to escort me [to their house]. Since I have children I told [my children], "Don't let them know about me. Tell them, *She's drunk,*" I said. Yes!

The people spoke. I was supposed to be drunk, but I knew [what I was about]. I was hiding on purpose. Yes!

"Our mother is sick. She's drunk," said the children when they answered.

"Ah, I was going to speak to her. I was going to ask her to do the favor of pu–lsing me," said the person who had arrived. Yes!

"Ah, but she can't, because she is drunk. Come see her tomorrow," he was told. Yes!

It wasn't me who answered, because I didn't want to go. No!

I didn't want to go. I was sober. I didn't make a sound in my house. I was just hiding, because I didn't want to go. No!

I was sick. I had a headache. Yes!

I had been suffering from sinus. That's why I didn't want to answer the person. Yes!

He left.

"All right, then," said the person who had arrived at my house. "All right, then, I'll come see her tomorrow," he said.

"But tomorrow if she sobers up, she is going to San Cristóbal," said [my children]. Yes!

"Ah, all right, then, I'll come see her this afternoon," he said. Yes!

That was all. I woke up then while the people were in my house. Yes!

I woke up then. Yes!

[What could it mean?] It doesn't mean anything. It doesn't mean anything. It's just a lying dream. Yes! [1]

[1] Mal dreamt this three weeks before.

I Am Asked To Continue a Curing Ceremony

D205

I had a dream.

They came to escort me [back to their house], because it seems I had rebelled. [I] had abandoned the candles on the table.

They were left in a pile. [The people] came to escort me, I was scolding them. Yes!

I was drunk. Yes!

They came. They came to escort me. "What are you coming for now? I don't want to be spoken to now, because my patient was scolding [me] so. Why did my patient get drunk, too? That's why I lost my temper and came back, of course! [1] I came back home. Don't you keep coming now to criticize me!" I said.

"Ah, but please!" they said. They gave [me] a bottle of their cane liquor.

I was holding the bottle. The bottle of cane liquor had just been put in my hand.

And I had been about to tell them that I wasn't going to go anymore—that I didn't want to go anymore. Yes!

But they wouldn't pay any attention. No!

Then I went out the door of my house. Then they came to see me. Yes!

"Please, be so kind, let's go!" they said. Yes!

The people. Yes!

"No, I really can't now," I said.

"Ah, but you must go, since the candles have been left there still," they said.

"Ah, let the candles be! Let my patient offer them himself! Why did he get drunk?" I said. Yes!

"All right, what's the use? I'm no help," I said. Yes!

I was standing there by the door. I was scolding them now. Yes!

"Ah, I'm not going to pay any attention to you," I said. Yes!

"Ah, but please don't abandon us!" they said. The people were kneeling now.

Then I woke up—while I was holding the bottle, too. Yes!

They had already started to scold me, of course. Yes!

The ones who had come to escort me. Yes!

"If you won't go, then—it isn't a good thing if you [have to] go to the courthouse!" they said.[2]

"Ah, I can go!" I said. Yes!

I was furious. Yes!

But then I woke up, myself. Yes!

Then I woke up. Yes!

[1] ?Anselmo Peres believes that this dream indicates the shaman will, in fact, get drunk and abandon her patient.

[2] Shamans are not normally taken to court for abandoning a patient.

I Am Drinking Cane Liquor with Bugs in It

D206

I had a dream. I was being given some cane liquor. It seemed I didn't know who it was. I didn't recognize him. He looked as if he were from Naben Čauk or somewhere. I was drinking. I was in the midst of drinking the cane liquor, indeed. I had accepted it. I was drinking it now.

I had been drinking it.

But the cane liquor had bugs in it—lots of bugs.[1]

"What kind of cane liquor is this? Is it dirt or is it cane liquor?" I asked the person who was giving it to me.

"Ah, but it's cane liquor. It doesn't have anything in it if you look carefully," he said. Yes!

"Ah!" I said.

I was in the midst of drinking it. I was drinking it. Oh, I was getting sick to my stomach from it. Yes!

It made me feel sick to my stomach. Yes!

That isn't a good [sign]. It isn't good. It means sickness, sickness in our stomachs. Yes!

Sometimes we suddenly get si–ck from it. We get sick. We start vomiting or get some little thing wrong with us. That's what it means. It's a torment. Yes!

Don't you see, we are drinking in our dream. Yes!

It's a torment—sickness in our stomachs. Yes!

That's it, of course.[2]

[1] Bottles of cane liquor with a bug or two on the bottom are an uncomfortably common sight and have inspired in me the very same dream.

[2] Mal dreamt this four days before.

I Have a Baby

D207

I had a dream. I was about to have a baby.

I was going to summon whoever was to look after me. I sent someone off. "Go see the lady,[1] go and bring her, because I'm about to have a baby," I said.

He went to escort her. The lady came. She came to look after me.

But I gave birth immediately.

But I was holding my child in my arms.

I was already holding it in my arms when the lady, who was to look after me, arrived.

She came.

"There's no problem. My child has already been born, indeed, ma'am," I said. "My child has already been born, indeed! There's no problem. Just take a look at me!" I said. I was lying down now. Yes!

It doesn't mean anything, either. No!

It doesn't mean anything. No!

It's good. Yes![2]

---

[1] The "lady" is, of course, the midwife.

[2] According to ʔAnselmo Peres this dream indicates that the dreamer will suffer "cold" in her belly or will have a stillbirth.

I ATTEND A WEDDING

D208

I had a dream. Somebody was being married. I was go–ing to the wedding now.

Oh, I put my ceremonial robe on in a rush. I was going to the wedding. Yes!

There was a dance. "Eh, I'm going, because I'm supposed to go," I said. Oh, I was looking for my pots now. I was looking for my ceremonial robe, and so on.[1]

I got my ceremonial robe. I left. I went to look. I left.

Then I arrived at the groom's house—the house of the wedding couple. They had already come [from church]. They had already arrived.

A person getting married isn't a good [sign]. It isn't good. It's no good. No!

It means sickness. A wedding means sickness. Yes!

Whoever the person is, he'll die. Yes!

It means sickness. Yes!

Since he hasn't been married on the earth's surface. He hasn't gotten married till then.

Sometimes he suddenly gets sick. Sometimes he gets sick. Yes!

That's what happens, indeed. Yes![2]

---

[1] An assistant of the ritual tutor or of the wedding official, known as the "embracer" (*hpetom*), would take along pots to receive gifts of food. Any wedding guest who was married and therefore eligible to dance would wear a ceremonial robe.

[2] Mal dreamt this two weeks before.

I SEE DRUNKS IN CHURCH

D209

It seemed I went to a fiesta. I was getting my candles ready.

Then I went to church. I was in the midst of crossing myself [before each saint]. I had my candles with me. I had my flowers.

I arrived at church.

Ooh, there were so many people bowing to the gods. There was a fiesta. It seemed to be in the middle of a fiesta. The band came into the church. Lots of drunks came in. The priest came. It seemed that he came. There wasn't a Mass. No! Suddenly the priest came just when the drunks were inside the church. He scolded them. The priest was scolding them.

Me, I was scared. The priest was bawling them out.[1] "Ah, why won't people understand? How come they won't listen? It's always been that cane liquor can't be drunk and that drunks can't come into the church here. They know it's a fiesta and that drunks shouldn't come [to church]," I said. It seemed I just said it in my heart. I was scared now, too. Yes!

But it probably doesn't mean anything. It doesn't mean anything. No!

It's all right. It's all right. It doesn't mean anything at all. No!

Don't you see, it was just a fiesta—just the madness of our souls saying things like that. Yes!

There are lots of things [in our dreams]. Yes!

---

[1] Drinking in church during fiestas was always a point of contention with the priest, but men would often try to take a swig or two on the sly.

MY HAIR FALLS OUT

D210

I had a dream. It seemed that my hair was falling out while I was washing it. I was washing it.

Then after I washed it, oh, then I was combing my hair.

But my hair simply kept coming out and coming out. I did my best to comb it. Each time I combed it, it simply came out in handfuls. My hair simply kept coming out and coming out. Yes!

Oh, I was upset. I was frightened by it. Why was all my hair coming out? "But really I don't eat anything [that would make my hair fall out]. I don't eat anything.[1] How can my hair be coming out?" I said to myself. "Ah, who knows," said my heart while I was talking to myself. Yes!

I was all by myself.

I kept looking at my hair as it was coming out. My hair was coming out now and making pi–les. Yes!

It means sickness. It means sickness. Suddenly we may get a bad cold. It will hurt. We will have bad headaches. That's what it means. That's what it means. Yes! [2]

My Tooth Falls Out

D211

I had a dream. I had been eating.

I finished eating.

After I ate, it seemed—oh, I went to rinse my mouth. When I finished spitting out [the water] and rinsing my mouth—after I rinsed my mouth, [one of] my molars came out. Yes!

Eh, I saw that it was horribly loose in my mouth. I was going to look at it.

I looked at it now. I turned it over and over now. Yes!

"Eh, how did it come out?" I said to myself. I was upset now. I couldn't eat with it anymore. No!

"Well, what can I do, now that it has come out?" I said to myself. Yes!

It came out when I was rinsing my mouth. Then I felt it come out. I looked at it. I spit it out. I looked at it. I was holding it now. I turned it over and over, but my tooth still seemed to be in good shape. It wasn't that it had been diseased. It wasn't filled with cavities. It looked in good shape still. It looked in good shape still. Yes!

It doesn't mean anything. It means the painful worm, as we call it [cavities].[1] Yes! Yes!

[Doesn't it mean that your child or your husband will die?] It doesn't mean that. Just cavities, because it may be that [a tooth] will come out. It will come out. Yes!

Yes, that's all.

My Laundry Is Swept Away

D212

I had a dream. I was going to the river. I gathered up my laundry. I was going to the river.

I arrived at the river. Ah, I put my laundry in a pile.

I was dunking it in the river. Ah, the river current grew very stro–ng.

One of my pieces of clothing was ca–rried off. Yes! [1]

Ah, but I watched it. I wasn't able to pull it out. Oh, I did my best. I started to run [after it], but the clothes were ca–rried away. Yes!

They were carried off. Ah, it doesn't mean anything either. It means sickness. Yes!

The children may get sick. Yes!

That's what it means. That's what it means. Yes! [2]

I Am Naked

D213

I had a dream. Who knows what it means. I was go–ing along on the path.

But I didn't have my blouse on, not even my shawl. It seemed I didn't have anything. I was upset. "Why don't I have my shawl?" I said to myself. I didn't even have my blouse. I was just naked. I didn't even have my blouse. I was just naked. I didn't have my blouse.

I sta–rted to run very hard. I started to run. I went home. I remembered where my house was. I retraced my steps.

But I met a woman on the way. "Never mind, I'll give you one of my blouses," said the woman.

[Did you recognize her?] Ah, I didn't recognize her. I didn't recognize her. No!

"I'll give you one of my blouses. Why are you naked? You'll feel the cold," she said.

But then I just woke up. Yes!

As soon as I met the woman on the path, she gave me her blouse. That's all. I had decided to ask her for a blouse because I was embarrassed. Yes! Yes!

I had decided to ask her for a blouse. Yes!

I was embarrassed that I was going home naked. Yes!

But I couldn't even remember where my blouse was. I didn't remember. I didn't remember. No!

It doesn't mean anything either. It's sickness, sickness. Yes!

We may get sick. Yes! Yes!

Don't you see, we see ourselves naked in our dreams. Yes!

---

[1] It is thought that if you eat the seeds of the lead tree (*Leucaena collinsii*) and then eat iguana meat, chicken, or jerked beef your hair will fall out.

[2] Mal dreamt this "a number of days ago, around two weeks ago."

[1] Toothaches are widely believed, throughout Mayan cultures, to be caused by worms.

[1] In Chenalhó, if a child's clothing is swept away in a stream the parents must pray and fast on the earth's surface or the child's companion animal spirit will be taken (Guiteras-Holmes, 1961: 108). To dream of losing one's laundry in Mitla means death (Parsons, 1936:732).

[2] Mal dreamt this a week before.

We may get sick from it. Yes! [1]

[1] Mal dreamt this two or three days before.

I Am Chased, I Fly Away

D214

I had a dream. I was being chased.

Ooh, I flew. I landed, perching in a tree. It seemed I reached a tree. Yes!

I didn't continue on, because there was a ravine there. Yes!

I was afraid of the ravine. Yes!

I didn't fly anymore.

"Would it be a good [idea] to fly across?" I said to myself. Yes!

"As for me, forget it, I guess. I'll probably be aware of it if my pursuer comes," I said to myself. Yes!

I was waiting there. He was approaching. He was already there. Who knows how many yards away he was. Ooh, I just flew again.

But I reached the other side of the ravine. Yes!

Ah, but I got sick from it. Yes!

Aches. Yes!

I had aches. I was aching badly. I didn't land properly. No!

I started from a tree. I landed further down. Yes!

That's all. That's all. Yes.

[Was it a bad dream?] Ah, it certainly was bad. Yes!

We may fall or something may happen to us. Yes!

It's certainly bad. Yes! [1]

[1] Mal dreamt this five weeks before.

I Am Taken To Be Buried

D215

I had a dream. It was a bad one. I died. Oh, I was dead no–w. I realized where I was. I realized that the people had gathered together because I was dead. Yes!

They carried me away. I was inside the coffin now. "Eh, if only I could open the coffin myself. I'll bang on it," I said to myself. But I was simply stuck tight in the coffin. I couldn't move. No!

I was desperate. "Eh, if they are going to bury me [I'll do something] when they arrive at the graveyard and set me down. Let them carry me," I said to myself. Yes!

"Let them carry me. Never mind. They'll find out when they arrive and open it up. Coffins are always opened up when they reach the graveyard," I said to myself. I had seen that that always happens when a person dies. It is opened up. They open up the coffin when they reach the graveyard. So then even though I was shut up I regained my courage. Yes!

Don't you see, they open up the coffin when they arrive. Yes!

So I just regained my courage. Then I would get out quickly when the coffin was opened. Yes!

Eh, I felt them ca–rrying me off. Yes!

They were going to bury me now. Yes!

It doesn't mean anything. It is bad, bad. Yes!

Bad. Sometimes we see the ghost of one of our relatives. Yes!

We see the ghost of one of our relatives come out. Yes!

That's what it means. That's what it means. Yes!

I See a Cow Slaughtered

D216

I had a dream. It was dying. A cow was dying.

It seemed that a cow was dying.

I went. I went to look.

"Eh, will the meat be divided up?" I said to myself.

"It's being divided up now," said the people.

I went.

I went. I arrived. They were in the midst of dividing it up. They had finished skinning it. They finished skinning it right away. Yes!

Right away they finished skinning it! Yes!

"I thought they had finished skinning it!" I said to myself.

And they were in the midst of distributing it among themselves. All of it had been apportioned. There wasn't any unclaimed. You couldn't find any anymore. No!

There was no more meat. No!

It doesn't mean anything. It means sickness. Yes!

Or it may be that someone will die. Yes! Yes!

That's what it means. Yes, indeed! [1]

[1] ʔAnselmo Peres describes this dream as meaning that a witch has sold his victim's soul to the Earth Lord and is chopping up his body into little pieces.

I Am Dancing and Drinking

D217

I had a dream. It seemed I was dancing. There was music in my house. The dance was underway. I was bringing more friends. I was dancing. Yes!

I was drinking and drinking cane liquor.

It's bad if we drink cane liquor. It's bad. Yes!

It means sickness. Yes!

Because we seem to be really well. We seem to be well in our dream. Yes!

But it means sickness. It means sickness. Yes!

[When did you dream it?] Eh, it was six weeks ago, indeed! It was long ago. It was long ago, a very long time ago. Yes!

My Mother Advises Me Not To Cure a Patient, I Do Anyway, I Drink

D218

I had a dream. It seemed that my mother was coming to tell me [something]. She was coming to tell me.

My mother came to tell me—

"Watch out, he's coming to talk to you," she said.

"Ah, is he coming to talk to me?" I asked. Yes!

"He's coming, indeed!" she said.

"Ah, but I don't know if I should agree [to attend a patient], or not agree. I think I'll forget it," I said. Yes!

Eh, he came right away. Yes!

"Ah, what do you think? Will the sickness pass? Should I step in or not?" I said.

"Ah, who knows. It won't pass. Don't try to step in. The sickness certainly won't pass," said [my mother].

"Ah!" I said. "But what's going on? But how would the ignorant old woman know anyway?[1] I guress I'll see if the sickness won't pass," I said to myself. Yes!

He came to talk to me. I agreed. Yes!

Then I went. I didn't scorn the request. I left immediately because the patient was terribly sick. I went right away. I arrived.

But the flowers were prepared already. I arrived to look at them and so on.

I arrived. I stood up immediately. I left. I arrived. I fixed my candles. After I finished fixing them, I left. I went out of the house—the patient's house. I walked out. He seemed to be fine. He was well now. Yes!

Then the patient left. He was walking along fine now. "Ah, who says the sickness won't pass? See, he's stronger because I came," I said to myself. Yes!

Ah, I went. I went. Yes!

But I arrived. I arrived at Calvary. Yes!

When I reached Calvary I found that there were lo–ts of shamans there. Yes!

I waited there behind the cross. I was si–tting there behind the cross, on the back side of Calvary.[2]

Eh, I was getting tired of it. Oh, they came to give me some shots [of cane liquor]. Yes!

They came to give me some shots there behind the cross where I was sitting.

But my patient just seemed to be there [for no particular reason]. Yes!

The patient. Yes!

But sometimes sickness doesn't pass. No! No!

That's why he looked well. Yes!

[That means] that the sickness is grave now. No matter what you do—no matter what the shamans do, too—it won't pass now. It won't pass now. So they see. They are told. They know that it won't ever pass. Yes!

They are told first. They are told. It won't pass. Then on the earth's surface it just won't pass. Yes!

Don't you see the sickness has gone even deeper. Yes! Yes! [3]

---

[1] Mal calls her mother "ignorant" because she is not a shaman, like Mal.

[2] Calvary, being the major shrine visited by curing parties, often has two or three groups waiting their turn behind the crosses.

[3] ?Anselmo Peres interprets this dream as foreshadowing a request for a curing ceremony.

I See a Witching Party

D219

I had a dream. I found the candles in a pile. The candles were being offered. Yes!

But I couldn't find the person there who was offering them. I was just standing at the place where the candles were lined up. Ooh, but they looked really hi–deous. There were tallow ones. There were wax ones. There were all kinds. There were lots of plants—the flowers of many plants. They were being offered now. They were looking at them now. I was watching. I took a look. I looked up and down. The people were buzzing about. "Ah, those are the people who are offering the candles." I said to myself. "That's who they are, of course! But no, never mind, I'm going to go send them to the courthouse. I'm going to report them," I said to myself. I was going to report them at the courthouse. Yes! [1]

I arrived there. I was standing right there where the candles were offered. Yes!

I was upset. "Eh, I'll get sick from this. Candles like that are bad," I said to myself. Yes!

Right on the path. My way was blocked on the path. Yes!

It doesn't mean anything. Sometimes it comes true just like that. Yes!

Sometimes it comes true. Or it could be a lie. There's no telling, because sometimes it turns out that way. Yes!

Sometimes they come true. Sometimes they come true. Sometimes our dreams don't come true. Yes!

Don't you see it's whatever [our mind] keeps thinking up—whatever we think up, [whatever] occurs to us, too. Yes!

That's the way our dreams are. Yes! [2]

---

[1] According to ʔAnselmo Peres this dream clearly indicates the selling of someone's soul to the Earth Lord.

[2] Mal dreamt this "recently, only two weeks ago."

I GO ON A CURING CEREMONY, THE SACRIFICIAL ROOSTER FLIES OFF

D220

I had a dream. It was two days ago.

It seemed I went with my patient. My patient was a man.

I was carrying a rooster with me.

[Did you recognize the patient?] No, I didn't recognize him. I didn't recognize him. No!

I didn't know what his name was. He was different —like [the people] from around San Antonio or wherever they come from.[1] Yes!

I fixed his substitute [I wrapped up his sacrificial chicken] for him before leaving. I fixed it carefully for him before leaving.

But on the way, it flew off. It came out of the candle [basket]. But it had seemed dead. It had seemed dead. It flew away. It flew. It came out of the candle [basket]. [The basket] had been slung over [the assistant's] back. It had been carried. [The rooster] flew. Yes!

It flew off. But they couldn't even . . . oh, they did their best to chase it, but they never got it. It flew. It flew and flew. It fled far off. Yes!

It simply never reached Calvary. It simply didn't reach even one of the holy shrines. Yes!

It never reached them. It simply was left behind on the trail. Yes!

It doesn't mean anything. It's just a torment. Just a torment. Just a torment. Yes! [2]

---

[1] Many of the people of San Antonio are descended from Zinacantecs of Pasteʔ. The men wear *calzones* and short tunics like the people of San Felipe.

[2] ʔAnselmo Peres interprets this dream to mean that either the sacrificial chicken will flee or that the sacrifice will not be accepted by Our Lord.

I AM IN AN EARTHQUAKE

D221

I had a dream. There was an earthquake. Ooh, it seemed that I woke everybody up. It was in the midst of an earthquake. My house seemed as if it was falling down [on top of us]. Yes!

I simply began to shout at the people. I was shouting at the people. Oh, I was screaming now. I was screaming when I woke up. Yes! Yes!

But it doesn't mean anything. It doesn't mean anything. It's nothing. It's nothing. It may be that there will be sickness, or a cold or something. Yes!

But I'm telling about it, just so people will know. Yes! That's all.[1]

---

[1] Mal dreamt this "a long time ago, two months ago."

I AM CHASED BY A COW AND CLIMB A TREE

D222

I had a dream. I met a cow on the trail, but it was a mother cow. I was scared. Eh, it was chasing me. It was chasing and chasing me. Yes!

It was chasing me. It was simply chasing me.

But I climbed up a tree.

Then as for the tree—[the cow] began to dig up the tree. It was digging up the tree with its horns. Yes!

It doesn't mean anything. It means that we may fall someplace or something may happen to us suddenly, quickly. Yes!

It's evil. It's evil. It's a torment. Yes! Yes! [1]

---

[1] In Atla to dream of climbing, and specifically, climbing a tree, presages good luck and wealth (Montoya Briones, 1964:176–177).

I MEET A CURING PARTY, WE ARE TOLD TO OFFER CANDLES, WE DRINK, I AM CHASED BY A RAM

D223

I had a dream. Me, I we–nt in this direction.

When I came back, there were lots of people gathered together. Yes!

It seemed I went to look at my mules. I came back. There were lo–ts of people gathered together.

I spoke the way we are speaking to each other, it seems. Like that.

I spoke.

But they were drinking and drinking their cane liquor. They were all holding their bottles, drinking cane liquor. Yes!

But they were members of a curing party.

When I arrived, some elders came. Three elders came.[1] The three elders came and spoke.

"What are you doing here?" they asked.

"We're not doing anything. We're just drinking some cane liquor," they said.

"Ah, but why are you doing that? Why are you drinking cane liquor on the trail. It would be better if you went to my house," said [one of the elders].

"But we don't know where your house is. We don't know which house is yours," they said.

"Ah, my house isn't anywhere at all. My house is there on the hill. You ought to go there. There is a cross there," he said. "Look for it!" he said.

"But where?" we asked ourselves. Finally we figured out where it was.

We had a hard time realizing where it was. Yes!

It was while we were drinking. Yes!

We had a hard time realizing where it was.

"But there's no place like that! It's Muk'ta Ton," we said to each other. It was Muk'ta Ton by the road.[2]

"We'll go there. Wait for us!" we told them.

"All right, then, come along!" they said. Ah, the three elders continued on. Ooh, we simply left in a hurry, too.

"I guess we ought to talk to the elders [and find out] what they have to say," we said to each other. We went to talk to them. We hadn't anything to say when we arrived. When we arrived, we had nothing to say at all. Nothing.

"We want some candles here. Come and offer your candles here," they said. Yes!

"Ah!" we said. "Let's go and think it over, then. There are three of us gathered together here, of course. We'll think it over. The candles should be offered here," we said. Yes!

But we drank our cane liquor. Yes!

After that was over, I came back. I returned now by myself. My drinking friends stayed behind. They stayed behind. Yes!

Then, as for me, I met a ram on the trail. Yes!

It had horns. Yes!

Ooh, when it caught sight of me, it came bounding towards me. "What's that doing?" I said to myself. Ooh, in a minute or two it came rushing at me. I was worrying about it after I woke up. It was in the middle of the path. Yes!

It was in the middle of the path. Yes!

It doesn't mean anything at all. It doesn't mean anything. No!

[Is it a good dream?] Ah, of course it isn't good at all! No!

It may be sickness. It may be something [bad]. Yes![3]

---

[1] The elders represent tutelary gods.

[2] Muk'ta Ton at the foot of Mušul Vi¢ is one of the principal shrines visited by curing parties.

[3] Mal dreamt this "two weeks ago, pretty recently."

I Kill a Goat, I Meet a Black Dog

D224

I came home.

But you see, when I arrived home, I met a long-haired goat. Yes!

"Ah, that's not good. That's not a good goat. It's probably a devil," my soul said.

I went to grab it. I went to grab it.

Then, ooh, quickly I just killed it. Yes!

I stomped on it.

"But never mind about it. Let it stay here. Let everybody see it. Let it stay here," I said to myself. Yes!

It stayed there. I killed it and left it. I killed it and left it. It stayed there, in the middle of the trail. Yes!

Something else . . . As for me, I kept coming. I kept coming. Then a black dog came along, too. Yes!

As for the black dog, "That's going to eat the goat I killed and left behind, of course," I said. Yes!

"Go on, hurry up! Have you had your meal? There's lots of food still," I said. Yes!

I climbed [up the hill]. I climbed on up again. Yes!

Well, it probably doesn't mean anything. [It's] because there are devils. Yes!

It means there are devils. That's what it means. Sometimes we meet them. They transform themselves.

Now the dog is just the same, too. It's probably just the same. It's a devil, too. I just met devils. Yes!

Just devils. Yes![1]

---

[1] Mal dreamt this "pretty long ago, around six weeks ago."

A Spook Gets in My House

D225

I had a dream. It came to my house—to my house, it seemed. I was asleep. I was lying down asleep.

But you see, I woke up [in my dream]. It was scra–ping along, moving along the foot of the wall. It was looking for a way [to get in]. Yes!

Ah, it reached the eaves. It came right in. It came right in under the eaves. It came right in. It never gets big. It came in quickly.

It came in. Ah, I was terribly sca–red.

Then I was just frightened by it. I was simply lying there helplessly.

Then the Spook was bending over inside my house. It was looking for some coffee. I had made some coffee. Yes!

Like we do on our fires.

It was looking for some coffee to drink. I kept hea–ring him groping about, groping about looking for his coffee. He was drinking his coffee now, and whatever else he was doing inside the house. Ye–s!

I did my best to wake up some of the children. I shook them. Ah, but they didn't even wake up, either.

Then, as for me, I ha–rdly moved at all, either, because I was terribly scared. Yes!

But it doesn't mean anything, either. A devil, a witch, a devil, whoever it is. Because there are lots of people. It's the people who hate me. They are bad.

Now they come in, from the earth as we say [to sell people to the Earth Lord]. Yes!

The devils who come in now are from the earth. Yes!

Because people are bad. They are bad now. Yes!

[When did you dream it?] Ah, it was long ago. It was a long time ago, indeed. It was two months ago. Yes!

I had it on my mind because I was frightened by it. I was upset by it. Yes!

I was frightened by it. That's why I still have it on my mind. I still remember it. That's why I'm telling it to you. Yes!

A Charcoal Cruncher Gets in My House

D226

I dreamt. It was terrible. Ooh, my dream was ho–rrible. It was ju–st the awful Charcoal Cruncher.[1] But it was rolling about next to the house. It was rolling around, rolling around, knocking about, knocking about. It was rolling over and over. Yes!

I went out to look. I lit my lamp before going out. It was dark. I lit my lamp. I went to look.

But you see there was a head rolling about there. Yes!

It was just the head rolling about there. Yes!

[Was it a woman?] It seemed to be a woman, a woman. Yes!

Then it moved, rolling, but only the head. Yes!

"Ah, but this isn't anything. It's a skull as they call it. [It has] a dead person's face. Never mind, I won't look at it," I said to myself. It wasn't that I was scared of it. It was just rolling about. It didn't say anything, and I never spoke to it either. No!

I was scared of it. Yes!

Who knows. It probably means something. It could be a devil or nothing much, or our soul's madness. Who knows. Yes!

That's what I saw.[2]

---

[1] "Charcoal Crunchers" (*hk'uš-ʔak'aletik*) are witches whose heads come off and roll about searching for burning embers to eat. Usually, but not invariably, they are women. They take a prominent role in the demonic theater of Zinacantán. See T12, T47, T60, T81, T82, and T175.

[2] Mal dreamt this "pretty long ago, probably five or six weeks ago."

I See a Fallen Flesh

D227

I had a dream. It was a Fallen Flesh.[1] Yes siree, it was bad indeed, hanging on the cross. I ca–me. It seemed I had come.

But there was something on the cross. I was coming along, holding my flashlight.

I arrived at the cross. There hadn't been any cross there on the ridge at Sok'on.[2] No!

On the ridge by Sok'on. I went to visit there. I went by that way to Pat ʔOsil.

Me, I came back. It was dark. It was nighttime.

Then I discovered it.

Ah, you see, I looked at the cross.

It was hanging there. Hanging. Hanging. The whole thing was simply hanging there, but it's skin was in a pile on the ground, on top of the pediment. [The skeleton] was hanging there. [The flesh] was in a pile on the ground, in a pile.

I looked at it. "Ah, this is bad!" I said to myself. "Never mind, never mind, I don't want that thing. It's probably a devil," I said to myself. I made the sign of the cross on it. I left the sign of the cross on it. Yes!

Well, It probably doesn't mean much either. Wherever there are evil people. Yes!

They just torment us. They just hold us up on the path. Yes!

Like murderers. Yes!

That's all indeed! Yes![3]

---

[1] "Fallen Flesh" (*yalem bek'et*) is a witch's transformation that is believed to leave its flesh in a pile at the foot of the cross to fly, rattling, over a town. A drop of its blood falling upon an unsuspecting villager is reported to have fatal effects. See D98, T73 and T176.

[2] The cross at Sok'on is next to the upper graveyard of Zinacantán Center.

[3] Mal dreamt this "long ago, two months ago."

My Husband Gets Drunk and Beats Me

D228

We were drunk. It seemed that my man was getting drunk. He was getting drunk. He was ve–ry drunk.

But as for me, he was hitting me.

I was simply bea–ten up badly. He was hitting me. Yes!

"Oh, why is he hitting me? I simply ought to divorce him. I'll simply go home [to my step-parents]. I'd better go back," I said to myself. Yes!

Ah, but the beating hurt terribly. I simply started to run. Yes!

It doesn't mean much. It just may be sickness. Sometimes we get sick from it. Yes!

That happens. Sickness is bad. Yes!

We may get sick. Yes!

That's all, indeed.[1]

---

[1] Mal dreamt this "long ago."

I Take a Steambath

D229

I had a dream. I was terribly si–ck. I was terribly si–ck. I felt badly now. "Eh, there's nothing at all I can do about this. I've gotten a bad sickness. It's bad. Who knows if it will ever pass," I said. Yes!

"Ah!" said my mother. I went to tell my mother. I left.

As for my mother—"Ah, never mind. I guess you should drink some medicine. There's medicine for that. That's bad," said my mother.

"Eh, I ought to go then," I said. "Let's go to my house! I'll take you," I said.

I was getting into a steambath.

"You ought to go into the steambath," she said.

"Do you think that's a good idea?" I asked.

"Yes, you ought to get into the steambath. Don't you see, the steambath is hot," she said.

"Ah!" I said. "That's fine then!" I said. I was getting into the steambath. Ah, I kept getting into the steambath. Yes!

I was taking off my clothes because I had gone into the steambath. The steambath had heated up right away. Yes!

The steambath doesn't mean anything. It's chills and fever. We'll get a cold or something suddenly. That's what it means. That's what it means. Yes!

It means sickness. Yes![1]

---

[1] Mal dreamt this "pretty long ago, probably three months ago."

I Am Given Corn Gruel, I Drink It

D230

I had a dream. I went.

But I met somebody on the path, carrying a pot of corn gruel.

"Won't you drink the corn gruel that I received?" she said.

But it was a fiesta. Eh, the corn gruel was delicious. It was good and sweet. I accepted it.

"Ah, thank you, then, for bringing it," I said.

"Don't mention it. I want to bring it," she said.

I drank the awful corn gruel. It tasted good when I drank it, but it's bad, bad. Yes!

It [causes] sickness in our stomachs. Yes!

When sickness comes, we get sick. Yes!

Then, then it comes true.

I Get into a Car

D231

I had a dream.

It seemed he came to take me in a car. Yes!

A Ladino. He came to take me in a car. "Bueno!" I said since I know the [Spanish] language. I got into the car. I left. I went on and on.

But you see the car . . . the car took a different way. The car simply took other roads—not the road we always travel on. Other roads, other roads, other roads. Into the woods, it went into the woods.

As for me—"Eh, why is this?" I said to myself. "How come I'm going here?" I said to myself. Ah, you see, I remember to pray to God. Yes!

I crossed myself. Yes!

But you see the car . . . I woke up when I crossed myself. I was there inside the car. Yes!

There I was inside the car. Yes!

It doesn't mean anything. Sometimes it means that a little sickness is coming. It means chills and fever. Yes! Yes!

Because I saw a red car. Yes!

That means chills and fever. Yes!

Since it was a red car. Yes![1]

---

[1] Mal dreamt this "pretty long ago, four months ago."

I Sell Some Cabbages

D232

I had a dream. It was like this. It seemed I was being asked for some of my cabbages. They were buying cabbages. As for the cabbages—"Take them!" I said.

But I gave them some. But cabbage is bad, bad. It doesn't mean anything. It's that the sheep will die. Yes!

If we have sheep, the sheep will die. If we have mules, they'll die. They'll die. Yes! Yes, indeed!

I See a Curing Party

D233

I had a dream. It seemed I was going to visit. I was a member of a curing party. We arrived together.

I arrived. I arrived myself, while the elders were eating. Yes!

They were eating. They were sitting down. The awful assistants were doing the same. They were constantly serving out the cane liquor. They were drinking cane liquor. Yes!

It doesn't mean much. It doesn't mean much. No! No!

It's good, because Our Lord lives there. Yes! Yes!

That's all indeed. Yes!

I Ask To Be Installed as a Shaman, Our Way Is Blocked by a River

D234

I had a dream. It seemed I was looking for a shaman for myself. I went to look for my shaman.

I went and found a Chamulan.[1] Yes!

She was a Chamulan.

The Chamulan went to pulse me. "Ah, but you don't need much. No! You need the [sacred] water, and the flowers. That's all. All right, you should come speak to me if you mean to come speak to me, of course.[2] You should come," she said. Yes!

I came here to ˀIčin Ton. Yes!

I went there. "Well, all right then, I'll speak to you. I'll see if I can find a place to borrow some money."

"You don't need much, then. You need to be installed to begin curing—to be installed as I am. You should devote yourself to this," she said.

"Ah, but could it be true?" I asked.

"Am I telling the truth? Yes indeed, because Our Father, Esquipulas is summoning you.[3] You are to go there," she said. Yes!

"Ah, all right then, I'll speak to you. I'll go and bring a bottle of my cane liquor. I'll speak to you," I said.

"Go and bring it!" she said. I left. I went to bring it.

I got my cane liquor right away. I came. Yes!

After that, I came back. I came back again. I came to speak to my shaman.

"Please, be so kind as to install me, because you know that that's what [my pulse] said," I told her. Yes!

"That's right. That's what I saw," said the shaman.

"Please then. Be so kind, then!" I said.

After that we came along. We came along.

But our way was blocked by a river. Yes!

When she came, there was a river. There at ˀIčin Ton there is a river. Our way was blocked. Our way was blocked there.

"We'll simply wait for the river to go down," she said. Yes!

It was my shaman. Yes!

"All right then," I said.

After that I was sitting there. Yes!

After sitting there, little by little, little by little, the river flooded towards me. Yes!

It doesn't mean anything either. It's a torment. It's a torment. Yes!

Sometimes it comes true, sometimes right away. Yes!

[Did you dream it when you became a shaman?] Right then, right then. Yes!

But my shaman, my shaman was a man, of course [on the earth's surface]. Yes!

A man. Yes!

Not a woman. It didn't come true. No! Not at all!

---

[1] A Zinacantec wishing to be installed as a shaman would never approach a Chamulan to aid in securing the tutelary gods' consent.

[2] "You should come speak to me," that is, formally, with a bottle of cane liquor.

[3] It is appropriate for the Lord of Esquipulas to be summoning Mal to become a shaman, because it is in his chapel that the elders sit, and it is his chapel that is the worldly model of Calvary where the tutelary gods sit.

Maruč Lopis

> "And if he left off dreaming about you, where do you suppose you'd be?" . . . "You'd be nowhere. Why, you're only a sort of thing in his dream." "If that there King was to wake," added Tweedledum, "you'd go out—bang!—just like a candle!"
>
> —LEWIS CARROLL
> *Through The Looking Glass*

When I first saw Maruč Lopis, she was a bright-eyed girl of ten, with fine features, who had come in with her mother, Mal Montišyo, to look after her younger sister while their mother told her dreams. She and her older sister had been attending a parochial boarding school in San Cristobál, and perhaps for this reason, she did not seem the least bit intimidated by me. She related her dreams with remarkable liveliness.

Several years later, Maruč married and moved to the hamlet of Naben Čauk. Her parents, claiming that her husband was not providing her with enough corn, have tried in interminable court actions to bring Maruč back home to Zinacantán Center, but she has never left her husband in Naben Čauk.

Maruč's dreams of being beaten by her parents were prompted by my specific questions on the subject. Almost without relief she is either the victim or the culprit.

I SEE A SPOOK

D235

I had a dream. A Spook came along with a floppy hat.[1] It was this big—like this! His lantern was swinging back and forth. He came to the foot of the peach tree at my house. Yes!

Ooh, I was scared and went inside. It was dark. I was holding my flashlight. I was scared and went inside. I was gasping and gasping when I woke up. I woke up. Yes!

I have told it. Yes!

[1] See D33, D115, D164, and D190.

I AM CARRIED BY MY GRANDMOTHER, CHASED BY A DOG, STUNG BY A CATERPILLAR

D236

Once I dreamt. My grandmother was carrying me in her arms. My grandmother was carrying her water jug. Yes!

A mad dog came. It came panting. It was a woolly dog. My mother was off in the meadow. She was doing her wash. I went to find her. As for me, I climbed a tree. After I climbed up the tree [I touched] a poisonous caterpillar on the tree. My hand hurt. Yes!

I shouted to my mother. My grandmother came to look at me, too. Yes!

My mother's younger sister was there. She started to look at me. She was carrying her baby. Ye–s!

The end.

I AM EATING PINE RUST, I AM PUT IN A CORRAL

D237

It seemed I was an animal in my dream. I climbed up the branch of a pine tree. I fell off. I was eating pine rust. "What are you doing here?" asked two men. They had billies.[1] Yes!

I came on down. They carried me down. They carried me off in their arms. They went and put me in a corral, in my dream.[2] Yes!

[1] Constables always carry billy clubs on the earth's surface.

[2] These constables are clearly the assistants of the tutelary gods. It is their duty to feed and protect the companion animal spirits, returning them to their corral in Muk'ta Viȼ should they stray into the woods.

WE ARE SHOT, WE SPILL OUR MUSHROOMS

D238

Once I was with my older sister. Yes!

A murderer appeared, in deep woods. Yes!

There was a tree there that could be climbed easily. It was a hollow tree. We climbed up it.

But a gun was fired at us. We started. We were hit. Yes!

But we didn't feel it right away. No!

We ra–n and ran. There was a gully there. We jumped, but I landed in the gully. Yes!

Then I got out.

After I got out, it seemed that my mother was there. I was eating. "What are you doing here?" she asked me.

"Nothing, we're getting some food," we told her, because there were some edible mushrooms. We were looking for them. They were fairy clubs. Yes!

We were looking for them. We had found a lot, but they spilled and we left them behind. Yes!

That's all.

[When did you dream it?] Pretty long ago. Yes!

We Pick Mushrooms, They Are Fed to the Pig

D239

Once we went looking for amanitas. We got a basketful. Yes! Yes!

We got a basketful. We arrived [back home]. We boiled them. They wouldn't cook after all. They stank. It was in my dream. We threw them out. We had a pig. We threw them to it. Our pig ate them. Yes!

That's all.

I Am in Boarding School, I Am Crying

D240

I dreamt that I had come to the boarding school, to the nunnery, with my older sister. Yes!

I dreamt that I was there. But I was at home [on the earth's surface]. Now I was there [at the school]. I was eating. It was a meal like we always have there. I had some friends. They were foreigners. Yes!

They were Tzeltals. They were our friends. That's who they seemed to be. We knew their names. I was talking to them. They had names. They had many different names. There was Rosa, there was Sebastiana. There were a great many. Yes!

I was crying. My mother came. I was crying. When I woke up I was snu–ffling. Yes!

My Father Buys a Truck, I Get In, I Lose My Shawl

D241

In my dream I was sleeping by the fireside. My father bought a truck, a big truck. "What was it that we saw go by this morning, mother? It was very big, like ʔOk'il's truck."

"A stake truck."

A stake truck. I got in. I was very excited now.

"We're going to Tuxtla. Let's go! Get up early! Let's go to bed!" said my father. We went to bed. I slept by the fireside. My shawl got burnt. Yes! Yes!

Ooh, I got up. I went to Tuxtla. I got into the truck. The truck turned around.

Then in my dream, too, I lost my shawl. There were some woodcutters. Yes!

"Hoho,[1] so you have a truck! I see it standing here!" said the woodcutters. They were carrying their wood. Yes!

That's all there was.

---

[1] "Hoho" (*huhuy*) is an expression of derision and envy.

My Mother Beats Me

D242

I dreamt that my mother hit me. She hit me with a billy strap.

She hit me with a billy.[1] Me, I cried. I cried and cried. I was simply rolling around now. Yes!

I woke up. I was fine, but eventually I got sick. Yes!

---

[1] There would be no reason for Maruč's mother to have a billy "on the earth's surface."

My Father Slaps Me and Tweaks My Ears, My Mother Scolds Me

D243

One time my father hit me.

My father hit me with his hand. He tweaked my ears. After he tweaked my ears, he slapped me. Yes!

Ooh, I felt my ears stinging, in my dream. Yes!

So then my mother scolded me. Yes!

I Am Herding Sheep, Looking for Hedgehog Galls

D244

I dreamt that I was herding sheep. It seemed I was a shepherdess. Yes!

I was at the foot of a mountain. We were looking for hedgehog galls.[1] We were looking for hedgehog galls. Then a gentleman passed by. He made fun of me. I got sick in my dream. We had lots of sheep, but we were playing. Yes!

That's all.

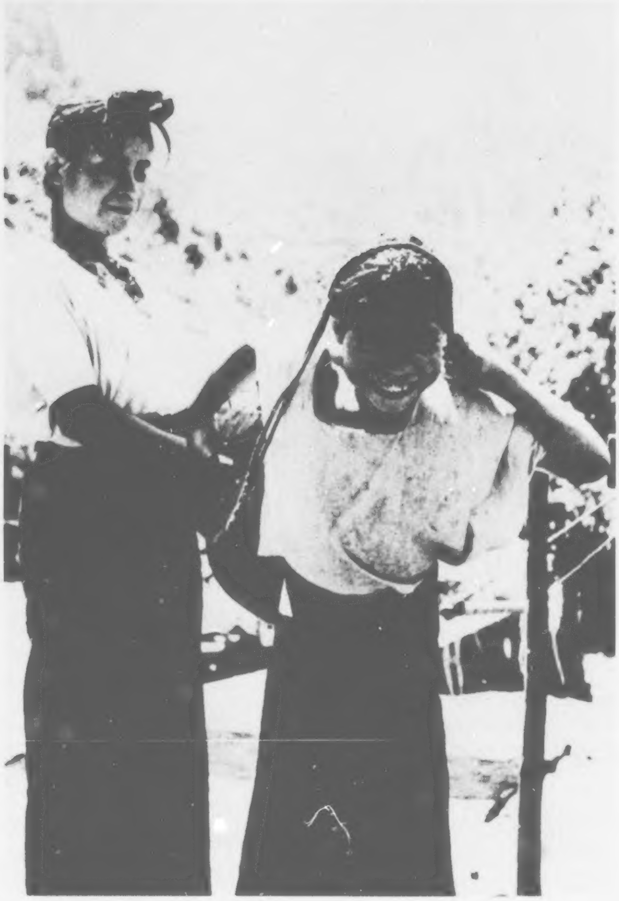

FIGURE 8.—Girls with water jug. (From Vogt, 1969)

MY WATER JUG BREAKS

D245

In my dream I was playing with water. My water jug broke. My water jug rolled over and over. First, my older sister had drawn the water. [Her jug] rolled over and over. It was rolling down. I went to grab it in a hurry. "It's lucky it didn't break," we said to ourselves. We went back [home]. We were really scared. Yes!

A ROOSTER PECKS ME, THEY CUT OFF ITS BEAK AND DRINK ITS BLOOD

D246

In my dream a rooster pecked me. The blood was spurting out of my hand.

So the rooster's beak was cut off. It was a white rooster. It was cut off with a knife. Yes!

The blood was spurting now from the rooster's beak, too. Yes!

They were drinking its blood as it dripped from its beak. Yes!

That's all.

---

[1] "Hedgehog galls" (*čihal tulan*) are galls made by wasps on the leaves of oak trees. They are the size of pingpong balls and are covered with a soft pink cottony substance.

Šun Min

Solo venimos a dormir, solo venimos a soñar,
No es verdad, no es verdad que venimos a vivir en la tierra.

—Tochihuitzin Coyolchiuhqui

Šun Min appears to be a gentle man of few words. Occasionally a shy smile plays around the corners of his mouth, but most often he wears an impassive Indian face that grows even more wooden when he is cracking an outrageously funny joke.

There was nothing easy about Šun's childhood. His father died before he can remember. He was the youngest of four children. From an early age he was out seeking jobs. Together with Romin Teratol, he worked on a ranch at the edge of San Cristóbal, carrying garbage for one and a half pesos a day.

When Šun was only 15, his mother died and he had to grind the corn for his own tortillas. As he describes it, a widow took pity on him, proposing that he marry her daughter. The unfortunate girl's husband had ordered her to get an abortion and so she had fled home to her mother. After a brief courtship of only a month, and a bride price of a mere 160 pesos, she became Šun's wife. Šun remembers that he was so young that he still could not hoist a 95 pound sack of corn onto a mule's back. After his marriage Šun was employed as a gardener by the National Indian Institute, did roadwork, and raised corn. He also learned to build houses and to play the fiddle, guitar, and harp.

When he was 22 years old he went to school, but gave it up after two weeks. Even so, five years later, at the time he was telling me his dreams, Šun was a member of the school board.

Šun is now a man of moderate prestige, having served a year as justice of the peace, and continuing his service as musician for the stewards and stewards royal.

Šun is the only member of this company of dreamers who had the opportunity to report to me periodically his soul's wanderings. Once a week he detailed his latest adventures, and described some of the dreams that had haunted him in the past. Šun recalls being chased, and seeking refuge in a tree. Suddenly the tree trunk is too thick to climb down, and there is no ladder. He is at the top of the tree. There is nothing to eat, no way to stay alive. Often he falls, but whether he falls or not he always wakes with an aching body. A variation on this theme is that the tree trunk he is climbing becomes very slender. The tree sways back and forth. He can't climb down. Finally he shinnies up higher and higher till the tip bends down to the ground. He wakes with his heart pounding.

When he was younger, Šun was stronger. Eight times a night he "gave it" to his wife, and when "his soul was attacked it took to the skies, but now his soul can scarcely run."

Frequently his soul is wandering through the market or out stealing mangoes and oranges. Frequently, it seems, he is scolding his wife for following a man. They separate. He wakes up and touches his wife to see if she is still there. Frequently, it seems, he is visited by a steward who offers a bottle of cane liquor and asks him to come play. Soon afterwards the steward arrives on the earth's surface, bottle in hand.

After watching Šun's inscrutable face as he describes his soul in action: dancing, fiddling, hoeing, praying, lying, mule-skinning, marrying, fighting, victim and culprit, visited by Spooks and by tutelary gods, an innocent and a trickster, now a hero, now a cuckold, summing up his soul's wanderings with an embarrassed neigh—the question repeats itself, "Who is Šun Min?"

Whoever he is, he believes in his dreams, if only he, too, can figure them out. When he does, the consequences on the earth's surface are startling.

I Commit Murder and Am Covered with Pooh

D29

I was traveling on the trail to the lowlands, below ʔElan Voʔ, at the foot of ʔOn Teʔtik. Then that Old Maryan Seto appeared, it seemed.[1] He swung a machete at me. He chased me, yes!

I went to gra–b his machete from him. I went ducking way down. I gra–bbed his hand. I wrested the machete away. I cut off his head. He collapsed. Another person appeared—Lol K'obyoš appeared.[2] I wrested away his machete, too. And first, I swung the machete. I cut off his head. It was still holding on a bit. Even so, he collapsed. Yes!

I went to cut it off for good. Then the first one [Maryan Seto] simply revived. The first one was about to stand up and come towards me, too.

And I didn't attack him with a machete anymore. I just went to sto–mp on his guts. He fell over backwards. I sto–mped on his stomach. I ju—mped and jumped. I stomped and stomped. Yes!

His guts burst. His belly burst. Ooh, I was covered with it, covered with it. I was sick. I woke up sick. Yes!

I simply couldn't see. It seemed as if it were just dusk. Yes!

Then [on the earth's surface] I came. I bought some medicine here [in San Cristóbal]. I told the druggist here what had happened. I told him what it was, "I'm sick. I dreamt thus and so," I said. "I can't see," I said. "I dreamt this. I met a murderer on the trail. I killed him. I was covered with shit. I can't go on. I'm sick today," I said. Yes!

"Drink some neshito!"[3] I don't know what it was he gave me in a shot glass. The glass was this big. "Drink it!" he told me. I drank it. It made me get well. It made me get well. Yes![4]

I still dream a lot about meeting murderers, about [nearly] being killed, but I never get sick from it now. I never get sick from it now. I ru–n and run. I flee and I flee. Ooh, they're never able to catch me now. No!

[Do you fly?] I never fly. I never fly. I just go on foot. I just go on foot. I just run on foot. I slip way into the woods, but there are streets, where [the roads] lead to doorways like your road here. I go and go where there are [roads]. But I'm seen. I'm found. I'm always found. I'm carried off.

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[1] Maryan Seto is an almost legendary Zinacantec who was the husband of many wives and the alleged perpetrator of 64 murders. His first murder was chronicled by Tonik Nibak (T153) (Laughlin, in press a.). According to Romin Teratol, he was killed three times and twice he revived. His final demise was assured only after he had been chopped to pieces and his flesh covered with garlic, salt, and tobacco (T42) (Bricker, n.d.).

[2] Lol K'obyoš was Maryan Seto's stepson. He is credited with a half dozen or so murders.

[3] Neshito is a medicine whose name and identity were unknown even to the dreamer himself.

[4] Šun estimates he had this dream four years ago. D29–49 were reported to me on 18 July 1963.

I Am Taken to Jail

D30

Once they were going to kill me here [in San Cristóbal]. They were able to catch me. I arrived there at the Department [of Indian Affairs.] I arrived. I was taken off to the Church of St. Dominic.[1] When I was there at the door of St. Dominic, I woke up. I never went in. I woke up immediately. I awoke. It just was ended there.

Ooh, but I was scared! My heart was pou–nding and pounding. I was terribly scared, since I was about to be put in jail, because they were going to kill me then. I was terribly scared. Yes!

That's all I saw.[2]

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[1] The jail used to be in the convent of St. Dominic.

[2] Šun dates this dream at one to two years ago.

More Pooh

D31

I dreamt, but it was three years ago, but it came true. I dreamt that I was drunk. I was drunk. I didn't see how I got it [on me], if I fell, or how I got the shit [on me]. The shit got on my hand. It was human shit. Yes!

"Sonofabitch, but how could it have happened?" I said to myself. I tried to wipe it off then. I tried to wipe it off then. I was able to wipe it off, but, but then I touched it. I touched it. I couldn't even find any water. There wasn't any water. I couldn't wash myself, not at all. No!

I dreamt it was in the lowlands. "How could it have happened?" I said to myself.

It came true, indeed, on the earth's surface.[1] It was my younger brother, you know, that Maryan. It was that younger brother of mine. It was then that they say he came to my house. My wife was asleep. It was nighttime.

"Have you gone to bed already? Have you gone to bed already?" he said when he arrived. Yes!

"Have you come back?" he was asked. She thought it was me.

"I'm not him, I'm Maryan," he said.

"What are you doing? What are you looking for?" he was asked.

"Open the door. I want to warm up. Light your fire!" he said. It was on the earth's surface, of course. In my dream I [fore]saw it. Me, I touched shit. That's what shit means. That's what shit means. Ye–s!

"Why should I let you in when your elder brother isn't here! How can you be doing this? How come you are doing such a thing! What have I let you see?" he was asked.

"Nothing at all, but light your fire, because it's so cold, because I collapsed on the ground, because I got drunk. I've sobered up a bit now. Light your fire, because I don't have a fire," he said.

"I won't light my fire. I won't let you in. Would your elder brother be pleased?" he was told. He was told. It was three years ago, of course.

"Forget it, then. I'm going," he said. He went for a while. He left. He came back. He came quietly. It is open under the eaves of our houses. My old harp was standing there inside the house. Yes!

It was next to the wall, like this. It's open under the eaves. He threw three clods of dirt in, this big. My harp was broken. It's belly was split. It was hit by rocks. Hm!

Then she scolded him away. She upbraided him. Hm! Hm!

Then I arrived myself. Then I cut my hand, here. See! Hm! Hm!

I cut my hand, here. The bone was split. It split open. It split open. I came with my arm in a sling. I came back to have it fixed. I went to the doctor in Chamula. Then I arrived. As soon as I arrived, my wife started to cry. "This is what your younger brother came to do, like this. He had come to break in and [get] me. *Open your door!* he told me," she said. Yes!

"Hell! Why would [he do] that?" I said to myself. It made me mad. I didn't eat anything now. I had been hungry before, but I didn't eat anything now. I lost my temper. It made me furious. That younger brother of mine has a wife, too. "Well, I'll get even," I said to myself. "I'll get back at him," I said to myself. "He didn't come in, himself," I said to myself. "But [even so] I'll pay him back myself. I think I'll see if I can't pay him back better, as soon as I can. I'll get his wife, the bastard. I'll grab her," I said to myself. Hm!

We saw each other here in San Cristóbal. It was three days later. "When did you come back?" he asked me.

"I came back yesterday when you went to break into that house [to get] that wife of mine," I said.

"Why would I break in? Don't I speak honestly? It was because I had sobered up. It was because it was so cold. It was because I wanted to warm up," he said.

"Would you be happy if the door to your house were opened for that?" I said. "If the door to your house were opened to warm [someone] up, would you be happy? Then I'll do it! I'll do it to your house," I said.

"Oh, fine, since we are brothers, it seems," he said. "Yes, it's fine, since we are brothers, it seems," he said.

"But me, I don't like it," I said. "I don't want you to come inside my house. But as for you, you see, I'll grab your wife!" I said. "I'll grab her as soon as I meet her," I said. Me, I'm not playing games, since you did what you did," I said. "If you had entered my house, if you had been let in, I wouldn't say another word. We would be friends. If we were traveling far away sometime I'd leave you dead," I said. "Now, today, I'm just telling you in good faith, I'll grab her for you, since it seems you'd be happy, you'd be happy if you were let in my house. Just the same way, you'll be happy when I grab your wife, too, then," I said. Yes!

"All right. It's up to you!" he said. He got mad. He simply strode off. He didn't speak to me anymore. He got mad. Yes!

And it was just three days later, I think. too, he got drunk. I have a neighbor right there, Maʳyan K'ohčoʔ is his name. He works with Old Čus at the agricultural station. Yes!

He lives right beside my house. They got drunk. Ooh, they arrived screaming—each one with his machete. "We'll kill you, you bastard!" they said to me.

"What have I done? Why would you kill me?" I went out clutching on to my pants. I hadn't tied my sash. It was on the earth's surface, it wasn't in my dream. No!

"I'll kill you, you bastard!" he said. "Come on out, it's you I'm talking to, my older brother, Šun, you bastard!" said that younger brother of mine, Maryan. "It's you I'm talking to. Come on out! I'll kill you, you bastard. You, you have no shame. You think you're rich because you have a tile-roofed house, you bastard.[2] And me, I don't know if I can support my old woman," he said over and over. Ooh, I came out. I came out. I came out without my machete, I was clutching my pants. I thought if they were coming to get me, then I'd take off my pants for good.[3] I thought I'd grab them. Yes!

I thought I'd grab them. Yes!

That Maryan K'ohčoʔ, he still kept coming. Ooh, he kept swinging [his machete] now. The machete passed by my legs now. It nearly got me. "I'll kill you, you bastard!" he said to me. They were drunk. Yes!

"Kill me, but first tell me in a few words what I'm guilty of. Tell me first!" I said.

"Nothing at all. You aren't guilty of anything," he said. "I'll kill your younger brother, then," he started saying, too.

"Don't kill my younger brother for me. Let him come close and see if I don't kill him myself. Don't kill him for me," I said. "I'll kill him with my bare hands," I said.

"I'll kill the bastard!" he said. They went chasing after each other. [My brother] was chased off. Yes!

As for me, I pi–cked up several rocks. I circled around to my other gate. Me, I went out my other gate. My younger brother went this way. I went to meet him on the path. I thought he would come out on the path. I was going to chase him. I was going to lob rocks at him. Yes!

He just went nearby to the house of Old Petul Votaš—that's his name. He just went nearby. "Co–me on, you bastard, don't be scared," he said. Ooh, I went to get him again. He shut himself up in the house. I had gotten ready. Me, I had prepared myself. I had taken along my double-edged machete. It was a good one. I was going to kill him once and for all. He shut himself up in the house.

"Come on out, you bastard! Don't be scared!" I said. He didn't come out now. He didn't make a sound now. He never answered. Hm!

Me, I hid there. I hid. "All right, then, we'll talk together tomorrow when I return," I said. Yes!

He probably thought I had already gone back. I was hiding there.

"I guess I'll go. My older brother, Šun, has probably gone," he said.

"Go on, I guess. Watch out for yourself when you leave!" he was told.

"You'll hear where I've died," he said—he said as he left. He went. Ooh, me, I chased after him. I went chasing after him. He saw me when I was already near him. He dashed off. He ran.

"Don't run, you bastard! Don't be scared, if you're a man!" I said. Yes!

He fled, running. He ran. "Don't be scared!" I said. He thought I was going to catch up with him. He thought I had caught up with him. I was as close to reaching him as this wall. I was that close to reaching him.

"Come on, then, you bastard!" he said. He pu–lled out his machete. He was flourishing his machete. Ooh, as for me, I just let go of my machete. I didn't want to attack him with a machete. I didn't want to commit a murder. I was sober. I hadn't gotten drunk. I was sober.

I watched him to see which way his arm was coming. I cau–ght him by the arm. I caught it as it came towards me. I kept twi–sting [his arm] back right away, I kept twisting it back. His machete fell. I didn't throw him where his machete was, either. I threw him this way to the left. I threw him like this to the left. Yes!

He landed way off with a crash. Ooh, I went to knee–l on him. I knelt on his stomach. Ooh, I gave it to him good. I hit him with my knuckles, here. I bashed him repeatedly [right] here in the face. Yes!

Ooh, his face was terribly cut up, covered with blood. He had gra–bbed my clothes here, because he was hanging on to my clothes here, while I was beating him up. I bit his hand, too. I cla–mped down on his fingers. Yes!

His machete was left lying there. His hat was left lying there. I had stopped first. I satisfied myself. I had stopped, but he went and threw his arms around me. He was going to throw me to the ground. He thought he could throw me off balance. "You bastard, do you want some more?" I said. I ga–ve it to him again. Yes!

The next morning the constables ca–me right off. They came to take me. "What did you do?" they said.

"I didn't do anything. They came to kill me at home like thus and so," I said—I told the justice of the peace. Hm!

"But why do you hit sacristans?" they said.[4] My younger brother was still a sacristan. "Why do you hit him?"

"Even if he is a sacristan, even if he is a sacristan, but why does he go to my house to kill me? He was lucky. He came back alive. If he had found me drunk, I would have killed him for sure," I said. "I would have killed him for sure," I said. "Since you saw that I was playing [music]," I said [in court]. ʔAntun Lopis was a steward-royal then.[5] So I played for him on Sunday. That was Sunday afternoon before the Fiesta of Esquipulas. Yes!

Sunday afternoon I played for the stewards-royal, as we say. I played. I didn't drink a single glass because I was sick. So I never drank even one glass, because I was sick with a fever.

I made an effort to play. Hm!

I returned. It was probably around, oh, it was nine o'clock, ten o'clock, probably, when I returned. Yes, of course. Yes!

We were caught by the dark the–re by the three crosses, Muk'ta Krus, as we call it. We were caught by the dark there. We went to escort the tithing man [6] from ʔAȼ'am. Yes!

We returned. We passed by the house [of the steward-royal]. We kept drinking, it seems. As for me, I poured mine off [into a bottle]. The others, who were well, drank. Yes!

I was distracted there. We ate. I returned home. As soon as I arrived, I just threw myself on my bed. Then he arrived. Yes!

I was sober.

You see, "I never [tried to] kill him that way. If I had killed him, it seems, then you would have gone to pick him up, of course," I said. "Since he was going to kill me, why shouldn't he get what he deserves, if I were to kill him?" I told that justice of the peace.

"But you can't hit sacristans. You can't scold them. *Go on, go sober up, because you're drunk!* you should have told your younger brother, it seems," said [the justice of the peace].

"Well, do you remember [what you did?]" I asked that younger brother of mine.

"I remember a little of course, because that's the way it was. I remembered that you said you would grab my wife," he said. Yes!

"Yes, I remember that," he said.

"But it was because you did it first. You went first to my house," I said.

"You asked for it, then!" [my brother] was told.

"I asked for it. But why? But I ought to quit then," he said, too. "I'll quit the sacristan's post then, because that's how I get presents [of cane liquor]. That's how I get into trouble," he said. Yes!

"What do you mean? Do the stewards torment you? Do they send you [on errands]? Do they order you about?" [my brother] was asked.

"Of course not!" he said.

"Sonofabitch, it's your fault, it seems. Why did you hit him? Your poor younger brother gets presents—he didn't buy [the cane liquor]," said the justice of the peace [to me]. Hm!

"We'll see when the magistrate comes. I'll let you go free now," he told me. I was still free then at dawn. I was still free. I was still free.

Bu–t [my brother's] clothes were covered with blood, completely wrecked. One of his eyes was simply closed. He was just co–vered with dried blood here. It was closed for good. It wouldn't open because it was ruined. "If it's ruined you can't leave until you have replaced the eye [paid damages]," I was told. We settled that before, before the Fiesta of Esquipulas. It was settled on Candlemas Day. At the end of the Fiesta of St. Sebastian he just had his head wrapped up like this. It was wrapped up like this. See! It was wrapped up like this. His eye was covered because it still hadn't opened. It was just barely recovering on Candlemas Day. Then [the dispute] was settled. Ooh, my younger brother caught it good! He caught it good! "I'll divorce my wife!" I told the magistrate. "I'll divorce her, because they've just been seeing each other. Make my younger brother confess it once and for all! Make him admit that they've just been seeing each other, it seems. Why else would he go to get her at home? How come?" I said.

"Have you always been seeing each other?" he was asked.

"No, I've never spoken to her. I just thought [I was acting] with good intentions. I never thought he would say anything to me. I didn't think he would be jealous of me. I thought I would go warm myself since he's my brother, my older brother, she's my older brother's wife, it seems," he said.

"Would you want the same done to you—that your door be opened for your older brother when you're not there—that happily he warm himself with your old woman? Would you be glad?" he was asked.

"It's fine, he's my older brother, it seems," he said. "I'm his younger brother, it seems. Of course it's all right," he said.

"You bastard, you don't know what's right!" he was told [by the justice of the peace]. He caught it! "That harp—you'll pay for that harp you broke," he was told. "That woman you're going to take—think it over if you'll take her," he was told. "That woman you're going to take—think it over if you'll take her," he was told. "[Think] how much money you will give your older brother so that he can find someone to take her place," he was told.

Then it was the church president, Old Čep Kon¢ares, who went and interrupted.[7]

"You'll spend the night in jail. You'll carry rocks," [my younger brother] had been told [by the justice of the peace].

"Don't say that! It wasn't the poor guy's madness. In this case they are real brothers. He was his real brother. Me, I'll stand up for him until it happens a second time, if he does it again. Don't stick him in jail, forget it, because that was really the fault of cane liquor," [Čep Kon¢ares] said over and over. Hm!

"Beg forgiveness!" he was told. All the stewards were there. They were all there. Ooh, after they pulled out the bottles one after another— "Ask your older brother to forgive you." he was told. My younger brother was gi–ven the bottles. "Ask your older brother to forgive you!" he was told. The magistrate took half the bottles, and me, I took half. He was kneeling now. He was kneeling, asking forgiveness.

Sonofabitch! And now they simply upbraided me —it was that Čep Kon¢ares.

"Why don't you ever forgive him, it seems? How come? If you won't ever forgive him, you'll certainly regret it later. We'll decide what . . . I'll see what I'll do to you," [Čep Kon¢ares] said over and over.

"What will you do to me?" I asked. "Would you be glad if the same were done to you?" I asked.

"But you are real brothers, man! I'll stand up for him. I'll defend your younger brother, but don't jail him, don't stick him in jail, not till he does the same thing a second time," he said. Hm!

"Forget it, then!" I said to myself. I forgave him. Me, I forgave him.

But you see they say my mother-in-law went and interfered. Yes! My wife's mother. "Why did you tell about it, the way you were spoken to?" my wife was asked. "Why did you tell about it? [Why did you] come and tell that about Maryan?" she said. My younger brother's name is Maryan. "Why did you tell about it?" [my wife] was asked. "If you hadn't said anything, if you had just looked Šun in the eye when he arrived, and hadn't said anything, there wouldn't have been any trouble. I would be talking to you happily, of course," she was told. "You opened your mouth wide, you told him how his younger brother came, it seems. You told him. Now I don't want to speak to you. Naturally I'm angry at you now. I don't want to speak to you now. Don't try to remember that you have a mother. I don't want to speak to you now!" she said. Hell, I lost my temper. It was my mother-in-law who said it. "Why did she tell him?" Yes, that's what she was asked.

"That's what our mother said to me," my wife told me.[8]

Ooh, the time came when me, I got drunk. "You have no shame, you whorish old woman. You're in on it together, then. So you want my wife to be dropped in on that way, then. So you want my younger brother to drop in on her that way, it seems, then," I said. I told my mother-in-law. I was sober enough [to know what I was doing]. It was just that I was enraged. "You have no sha–me, you whorish old woman. Hell, what kind of reasoning is that—that you want me to be looked in the eye [with nothing said]?" I told her. I just passed by on the path and told her.

Ooh, [she went] off to tell lies in the courthouse. The next day the constables came for me. She told [the constables] now, *"You have no shame, whorish old woman. Hell, you've given your pussy, you've given your ass to my younger brother,* [Šun] said to me." Ooh, I was put in jail. I went in. I went in probably about this hour. I got out probably at two o'clock. I got out. I just got out.

"Is my punishment over, sir?" I said when I got out. I asked the magistrate. "Is that all, sir?" I asked.

I don't know. Speak to your mother-in-law [to see] if with that your punishment is over," he said.

Of course I won't speak to her!" I said. "I won't speak to her, by God! I won't speak to her—not a word, not a syllable. I don't want to speak to my mother-in-law," I said.

"Ah!" said [the magistrate]. "Hand over the two pesos, then—the cost of your sweatbath!" he said.[9]

'I'll give it to you sometime. I haven't brought it today," I said.

"Remember to turn it in, then! Don't expect to be asked for it," he said.

"I'll give it to you. I always arrive here to play for the stewards-royal. I won't run away because of two pesos," I said. "I'll give it to you," I said.

"All right, then," he said.

"I'm going then, sir," I said. I bowed to him. It was Old Yermo. "I'm going, then, sir," I said.

"Go on, then!" said [the magistrate]. As for me, I went up opposite the courthouse door. I went up. My mother-in-law was left standing there a while. She came to the door of Old Nača's house. She came along. I wasn't there. When the argument was heated, I never met that younger brother of mine or that mother-in-law of mine, on the path, because one went by, the next went by, the other went by [without speaking]. Hm!

I wouldn't speak. Hm!

I wouldn't speak. But why did they lie about my offenses? I still [was sober enough] to remember a little of what I shouted. They lied about me. You see, she went and told it differently. Yes!

That's what happened. I dreamt about it first when I was in the lowlands—that I touched shit. A little landed on the middle of my hand. Yes!

That was what the shit meant. That's what it meant. Yes! Yes! Hm!

I used to speak to my mother-in-law. I used to talk to her on good terms. She used to come often. We have some woods, it seems. We have our own woods. Yes!

I gave her wood to carry [home]. "Take the wood!" I told her when she arrived. I have some watermelon squash. I have some other things. "Are you going back right away, mother?" I would ask.

And, "How come?" she would say.

"Break open the squash for us to eat! You'll eat some before you go, if it's cooked," I would say. She would break open the watermelon squash. We'd eat it. Happily she would arrive often. "Let's eat!" I'd say if it was noontime. My mother-in-law used to seem pretty nice. Yes!

But you see, we quarreled so much. We broke apart so much.

If there was the least fault, if none of my meal was cooked, "Why are you behaving like this? Don't you know that I eat at noon, it seems?" I would say [to my wife]. At noon or in the evening or whenever there was nothing cooked. Yes!

"How come?" I said to myself. Once I was planting my corn field, planting my corn field. "Come here and plant some beans!" I told my wife.

"I'll plant some," she said. I finished a gourdful of seed corn. I went to look again.

"Go and plant them! How can you finish planting them now? It's late," I said. Because I had begun late [in the day]. Hm!

"I'm going to plant them in a minute," she said.

"Go on, then!" I said. She went to plant. I showed her. "Begin with the first two rows," I told her. "Plant here and plant over here. Leave them well-covered," I said. And she had covered five rows [instead of two] when she arrived [home]. She covered five rows. Yes!

But you see she meant to keep looking for trouble, because that mother-in-law of mine had been making suggestions to her. She had been making suggestions to her. Yes!

"Don't do what he says! They say he has a mistress. They say there is somebody he talks to. They say you have just offered yourself for nothing. They say he has found another, she said," [my wife] told me. She came and told me. But she never had sai–d anything before. I had never heard such a thing. No!

That was just before I quarreled with my mother-in-law, it seems. "Buy me some thread for my shawl!" [my wife] said. I bought her some thread for her shawl. "Pay a weaver for me!" she said.

"Let's see who we'll pay. We'll see," I said. "Wind it into a ball first!" I said. She wound her thread into a ball. Yes!

I bought some thread for myself. I bought some thread for a woolen tunic for that little boy of mine. I had bought some thread for that little girl's shawl, too. Tinik is her name. Yes!

It was then. I still had that thread. No weaver had been found yet. And we quarreled. "Ah, can't you weave them? If you keep weaving, little by little, keep weaving your shawl [you'll finish them yourself]," I told her.

"I guess I'll see," she said. She wove that shawl of hers. She was able to finish that shawl of hers. She finished weaving it. She wove the woolen tunic for that little boy. She was able to finish it, too. She wove the shawl for that little girl now.

"You thought you would act like this, then. *Pay for a weaver for me,* you said. *I can't weave it,* you said. Look, you were able to weave it!" I said.

"But it was because our mother came to give me her advice, *Let him pay for a weaver! Don't let him see you weaving, because he'll be spoiled by your weaving, of course. Since you won't be here always, because he will divorce you. They say he has a mistress,* she said, because our mother keeps telling me that when she comes," she said. "That's why I didn't want to weave," she said.

"Well, hell, I was right that it was our mother's fault that we quarrel so, then!" I said. It was three years ago that we'd live together for ten days, three weeks. We'd se–parate. Sometimes we'd separate for a little while. Sometimes we'd separate for two days. Once it was for ten days. Yes!

Once we took it to the courthouse. Yes!

I had corn. I had a bin of corn. I had lots of corn. Yes!

I still had probably three or four fanegas of corn.

It was when Old Teleš Ȼoȼil was magistrate. Yes!

We separated for ten days. I went to talk to the magistrate myself on the tenth day. "Didn't you meet your mother-in-law on the path, then? She just came here," he said.

"I never met her," I said.

"I'm leaving for the courthouse now. So wait for me there!" he said.

"I just want to say a very few words to you. It will just take a minute," I said.

"Come in quickly, then!" he told me. The magistrate was eating then. I went in. I went in to tell him.[10]

"We separated because of thus and so," I said. I told him how we separated. "My wife got sick with 'wind' in her shoulder.[11] She was sick [right] here. She couldn't carry her child now. She was sick [right] here. I bought . . . she asked for a prescription. She asked for a prescription. I don't know now what kind of medicine it was. It was rubbed on. [The prescription] was given to me in writing. I just didn't see what kind of medicine it was. It was liquid. [The bottle] was in a little box. *Rub it on,* I was told in writing. It was written on [a piece of] paper. It was Old Rutilia who wrote it down. Yes!

It was written down. So I gave it to her.

She was given some more advice. That mother-in-law of mine gave her some advice. *Don't drink the medicine! Dont believe that you are to drink the medicine. That's poison, because he doesn't love you,* she said, too. Yes!

That medicine was there. I have [a boy] named Petul. She gave him that medicine in the box to fiddle with. She gave it to him to waste. That box had contents in it. It had contents. It was lying now on the hoed ground. *What happened to the medicine? How come? Is the box here empty? It still has something in it,* I said.

I don't think I ever took this medicine. Will medicine cure me right away? she said. She talked back to me angrily. I went and hit her.

You bitch, you've some nerve! You bitch, since when do we say that it will cure us right away? Are we gods, then? Do we know if it will get well? After we've done our best—seen whether it gets well or doesn't get well—we get something else if it doesn't get well, I said. *You bitch, you act as if the medicine weren't paid for,* I said. I went and slapped her. I struck her. Yes!

Ooh, she left. Yes!

Ten days we've been separated. That's the way it is," I told the magistrate.

"Ah, that isn't the way she tells it! They say it's because you've separated her corn, you've separated her beans. You've put her beans in a different place. There are containers, there are burlap bags where you put your corn when you go to the lowlands. *You bitch, you eat too much! The corn runs out too fast. Where did you put the corn?* You ask her when you arrive," he said.

"I never told her there weren't containers for my corn. I have a corn bin by the wall," I said.

"Ah!" he said. "How about it—will you still live with your wife?" he asked.

"But it wasn't me who separated. It isn't that she said I sent her off. It's just that I struck her, but she was at fault. She threw out the medicine like that, even though she was sick," I said.

"Ah!" he said. "But won't you live with her now, it seems?" he asked.

"Maybe not anymore. Maybe not anymore. Because it seems she doesn't love me, acting as she does," I said. "Since she talks back very haughtily," I said.

"But don't you believe that she doesn't want [to live with you]!" he said. "And *She doesn't want to* you say because it's you who's scared, it's you who will turn into a woman for sure!" he said. "It's because you're scared, of course!" he said. "Well, I've heard the whole story. If you want to accept it, I'll give you some advice," he said.

"What is it?" I said.

"You bitch, who would hit you? Who would scold you if you didn't talk back that way? You bitch, you have no sense of responsibility throwing out the medicine like that, treating the medicine like a toy. Le–t's go now! Go light our fire! You remember we have a house. Let's not come exposing ourselves to shame in the courthouse! Tell her now," he told me.

"All right, then!" I said. I obeyed. I obeyed. That's what I told her.

"Let's go!" she said. Hm!

"Apologize to your mother-in-law!" I was told.

"I won't apologize to her. I never hit her daughter," I said. "That's all there is to it. I won't apologize to her," I said. The elders were sitting there, then. The grand and petty alcaldes, and prefects. It was when old Maryan Komis was a prefect. He gave a good scolding. He gave a good scolding. It was my mother-in-law who was reprimanded.

"What are you good for, you bitch? How can it be? How did you serve in office?" My mother-in-law had served in office [with my father-in-law]. Yes!

"What good are you, the way you keep behaving? How can it be? How can your child, born of woman, born of man, serve in office the way you keep behaving?" she was told. "Where is your sense?" she was asked. My mother-in-law didn't answer now. "If you learn that she keeps giving meddlesome advice to her daughter, take care to knock the old woman down. Don't be afraid!" I was told.

"All right, then!" I said. "All right, then!" I said. She had never given up. That daughter of hers kept se–parating, kept separating [from me]. Then I took that daughter of hers back. She was angry. For two weeks she was angry. The old woman came back quietly.

"How are you? Are you there?" she said again.

"We're here," I said.

The dispute ended then. She is beginning to interfere again, until the time when we quarrel for good. That's the way it ended. That's the way it ended. Yes!

We haven't separated anymore. No! Hm!

It was just the fault of that mother-in-law of mine that we separated. Yes!

That's all![12]

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[1] From a dream of only two paragraphs evolved 22 typescript pages of the consequences that were played out upon waking "on the earth's surface" (*ta sba balamil*).

[2] At the time of Šun's dream tile-roofed houses were just beginning to replace the traditional and less costly thatch-roofed houses.

[3] Šun means that if he had been forced to he would have let his pants fall off rather than spend the time tightening his sash.

[4] The four sacristans (*piškaletik*), who serve for an indeterminate number of years, are responsible for the care of the churches in Zinacantán Center and direct many of the stewards' ritual activities.

[5] ʔAntun Lopis is the husband of Mal Montišyo, a contributor to this volume. The two stewards-royal (*martomo reyetik*) are the primary stewards entrusted with the worship of the image of Our Lord of Esquipulas.

[6] Every second Sunday the *mayol*, or tithing man, brings a token amount of salt from the sacred well in the hamlet of Salinas to the Chapel of Esquipulas in Zinacantán Center. When he leaves for home he is escorted as far as Muk'ta Krus at the western edge of the Center.

[7] The church president (*preserente yuʔun ʔekliša*) is titular head of the sacristans, who, together with the stewards, may form a unitary block when one of their number is under attack.

[8] A Zinacantec mother-in-law is addressed as "mother," so it is entirely logical for Šun's wife to refer to her mother as "our mother" (*hmeʔtik*).

[9] "Sweatbath" (*pus*) is the jocular name for the jail which then had a barred wooden door open to the elements.

[10] Before a person initiates a case in court it is considered prudent for the plaintiff to visit the magistrate first at his home, where he offers the magistrate a bottle, and a few pesos "to buy his cigarettes," while he tells in full his own side of the story.

[11] "Wind" (*?ik'*) is probably arthritis or rheumatic pain.

[12] Šun dates this dream as three years old.

I Am Offered a Fiddle, I Am Excused from Playing

D32

That [dream] about when I was about to play—"What instrument shall I play?" I asked [on the earth's surface].

"We'll see which instrument you'll play," [someone] said. I didn't used to know how to play the fiddle very well.

I took the fiddle. I was embarrassed because it is the fiddle which strikes up the tune. It is [the fiddler] who leads with the words, since the stewards' [names are sung] in a special order. It was Old Čep [Končares, the church president]. "Please!" he said to me.

"But I don't know how to play the other instruments, the harp, the fiddle. I can only play the guitar so long as there's someone to tune it for me," I said.

"It can probably be tuned," he said. I went. There wasn't anyone else who could play. Me, I took the fiddle. I was able to do it to the end. Another time he asked me.

"I'm not free," I said. "I'm not free because I'm going to the lowlands, because my tortillas and my posol are ready," I said.[1] I never went to the lowlands. I was just telling him a story because I didn't want to [play]. "Sonofabitch, what if God punishes me, what if I get sick, what if I die?" I said to myself. I bought a five cent candle. "Please pardon me, my mother, my sainted mother, it isn't out of madness, it's because I don't know how. I'm ashamed, it seems. I feel the shame in my back, my side. Forgive me! Don't reject me!" I said. "It seems I don't know how to play. I don't know how. I'll just expose your laborers, your contributors to shame, My Lord," I said over and over. Hm!

It was on the earth's surface.

And that dream of mine . . . I returned [home]. I went to sleep. "Are you there, Mal?" said the lady when she arrived next to my house.

"I'm here, ma'am," said [my wife].

"Is Šun there?" she was asked.

"He's here," she said.

"Are you there, Šun?" she asked me.

"I'm here," I said. "I'm here, ma'am," I said.

"What did you come to tell me?" she asked me.

"When?" I asked.

"You came to tell me earlier [today]," she said. I remembered.

"I did go, of course, to tell you that I simply don't think I can play, because I just can't do it well. I'm terribly ashamed it seems. I just expose the stewards to shame, it seems, since I can't do it at all well. I don't know the songs. I don't remember how they should go, it seems. The songs all have their own special features, but I don't remember them," I said.

"Are you telling the truth that you don't want to?" she asked.

"Of course I'm telling the truth!" I said.

"Well, don't despair, then! Don't give up completely! Forget it! Forget it for a while, but don't despair! Later, when the rainy season is over, then you will serve again. Until then don't despair utterly. Wait, you will serve later, when the rainy season is over!" she said.

"All right, then," I said.

"I just came to tell you this quickly," she said. "I'm going, then, Šun," she said.

"Go on, ma'am!" I said.

"I'm going then, Mal," she said.

"Go on, ma'am," said my wife. I suddenly woke up then. It was in the midst of the rainy season.

"When the rainy season is over, then you will serve! Later on, when the rainy season is over. Forget it till then!" she told me. Hm!

I had given it up for a lo–ng time. I never used to go [to play]. Now I go again. I go again. I go again.

That's all. Hm![2]

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[1] Posol is a very refreshing drink made of once-ground corn dough mixed with water. Zinacantecs going to work in the lowland corn fields almost always take with them a large lump of the dough from which they break off lumps to mix with water scooped up from a stream.

[2] Šun dates this dream at six years ago.

I Am Chased by a Chamulan and a Spook

D33

It seemed I was in the lowlands. Hm!

I was at Valalupa. I was going towards the west, like this. There were two of us. Ooh, I met a Chamulan there. The Chamulan approached [us]. He seemed to be a Chamulan at first. He was going to kill me. Sonofabitch but he . . . I remembered that there were words, prayers in Spanish. I made the sign of the cross on him. "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost," I said. I made the sign of the cross. Hm!

You see, when I made the sign of the cross on him his arm went around behind me. I wasn't ever aware how it went [behind me]. He turned into a Spook.[1] Now he was coming to catch me. Ooh, I was scared. I was screaming now. I was screaming and screaming now in my sleep. I was awakened quickly. I was awakened quickly. Yes!

"What happened to you?" I was asked.

"I was dreaming," I said.

"Ah!" she said to me. There the talk ended. That was all.[2]

That was when dawn came. I had some workers in the lowlands, Chamulans. They were harvesting [my corn]. We finished our job, it seems. We completed the four bagsful apiece. I went to the river. I took along my double-edged machete and my tumpline to get some firewood. I went to bathe. After I had bathed I went to get some firewood. I grabbed the top of a tree. It had branches. I had grabbed it. I was swishing the machete at it like this. The branch was this close. I was swishing the machete at it like this. It was a good double-edge machete. It went and got caught behind me. The machete blade turned. Ooh, it landed right here on my arm. That's what it meant —what I dreamt. That's what it meant. Yes!

I simply came back up with it in a sli–ng. The knob of the bone stuck way out here. It was left sticking way out, for good! I simply closed it together, here. There wasn't any blood for a long time. Little by little the blood came. Yes!

It was sewn up here. The bone was sewn up. The bone was sewn with thread. It was sewn with three stitches. One stitch in the middle, one [right] here, one here. After he sewed the bone then he drew the skin together again. He sewed it, too. Then it healed. It was the doctor in Chamula. Yes!

With that it just healed.

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[1] Spooks (*hʔik'aletik*) are cannibalistic, supersexed, black-skinned, kinky-haired cave dwellers who to this day are believed to be around at nighttime. They may be composites of Mayan bat gods, gods of death, and runaway Negro slaves. See Blaffer 1972, and T23, T67, T68, T71, T122–127, T130, T145 and T146.

[2] Šun dates this dream at three years ago.

I AM CUT OPEN

D34

I dreamt once. I was traveling on the trail, too. Hm!

Two of them—I met two people on the path. It seemed they were highwaymen, too. Since they always say there are highwaymen. It seemed that they were highwaymen who appeared. They swung machetes at me. One of them didn't get me. I killed him. The other one came. Then he got me. Quickly he cu–t the soft of my belly. He ripped me open [right] here. I saw my guts coming out now. Ooh, I was terribly scared. "I'm dying now," I said to myself. Sonofabitch, now I felt the pain in my stomach. I was screaming now. Now I was screaming when I was dying again. I was wakened up again [because] I was just screaming on the earth's surface. Yes!

I was screaming in my sleep. "What happened to you?" I was asked. I have been sick from it ever since, of course. I've been sick from it—pain. It begins hurting here now and then. I met up with sickness. It was sickness. Yes!

That's what I dreamt that time. Hm![1]

It doesn't mean anything, except that I'm sick from it now. Because we're right, it was the truth. Because I'm sick here now. I've been sick ever since. It gets sick now and then. It gets sick now and then. When I drink cane liquor the dysentery begins. It's chronic now. It's absolutely chronic, now. Yes!

That's the way it became, like in my dreams. Yes!

The machete went like thi–s! I was badly cu–t here. Then I was clutching my guts. They were bulging out now. I was able to kill that first [guy]. That other one came afterwards. Then he got me. He got me then. Hm!

That's what I dreamt.

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[1] Šun dates this dream at one year ago.

MY WIFE IS UNFAITHFUL, A HEN IS BEHEADED

D35

In the lowlands I dreamt very recently. Yes!

[I dreamt] it was there in that field, the Institute field.[1] Yes!

I arrived there. Hm!

It seemed as if I was a little bit drunk, just a little, not very much. I felt a little tight.

I was with that Maryan K'ohčoʔ, Old Čus' worker at the field. My wife came along. There was a big corral. It seemed like a sheep corral. Yes!

My wife came along. She kno–cked over the corral.

"Why do you have to knock the corral over? Leave it be!" I said. "Leave it be!" I said. "Never mind!" I said, because my wife was drunk, too. Hm!

"Let's go, then!" I said, after she had knocked it over. I saw that Old Čus of the agricultural station was sitting by his door.

My wife turned around behind me and went back. We had gone just a little ways. She returned. She returned. She stayed there. Ooh, I watched. He went to grab her, that Old Čus of the agricultural station.

Ooh, it was really given to her. It was really given to her. "You bitch, never mind then, you bitch! With that, I'll divorce you for good. I won't take you now," I said to myself, because I saw they were still doing it, because they had done it. I went to wait in the woods now. I went to wait for her. Yes!

I saw that my wife was coming in the distance. She was coming in the distance. She was coming now. "The bitch, but I'll kill her for that, once and for all," I said to myself. "Let her come!" I said to myself. I was waiting for her now, because I was going to kill her, once and for all. She never arrived. She never arrived. Hm!

I went on with that friend of mine, that worker of that old man, the old agricultural engineer. Then it seemed as if I had a different companion, too. I have an old friend, his name is Old Pelis. [He lives] there by my house. Yes!

Both of us had slingshots. He shot a chicken, a black hen. He shot it. Yes!

That hen was ki–cking there now. It wasn't completely dead yet. It was still a bit alive. It was still a bit alive. Ooh, he simply pu–lled off its head, too. He severed it completely. He held it up like this. Its blood was gu–shing out now. It was a black hen.[2] Yes!

It was a black hen. We went on. We were going on.

Then I woke up. Sonofabitch, but I felt anxious. "Hell, but could there be something wrong at home?" I said to myself, since I was in the lowlands. "Could there be something wrong?" I said to myself. Sonofabitch, I saw the whole thing—that she was doing it with that Old Čus of the field station. Hm!

Sonofabitch, I had an awful feeling in my heart. Hell! It was a terrible thing I saw. "The bastard, but it's time for me to kill him," I said to myself now. "I'll kill the bastard. It doesn't mean that I should let him go. I'll kill him as soon as I can," I said over and over now, in my heart. Yes!

"Even if it's me who dies," I kept saying to myself now, because I thought that the old agricultural engineer was dangerous. Because I could be killed by him. I thought I probably couldn't kill him. "But I'll see!" I kept saying to myself. "I'll kill the bastard as soon as I can. Even if it's me who dies, because he fucked my old woman for me," I said to myself now. I woke up. "Sonofabitch, I knew I was in the lowlands!" I said to myself. Ooh, I was in a frenzy. "Who knows if it's because there's something wrong at home," I said to myself. I arrived back home. Nothing was said to me. Nothing! Hm!

It was only that all three of my children had just caught the whooping cough. So I don't know what it means. It just ended there. It ended. That's the way it ended, too.

[Did you tell your wife?] I never told her. I never told her. I don't want to tell her. I never told her. No!

She probably wouldn't do anything if I told her of course, but I don't want to. "Forget it!" I said to myself. I never told her. No!

That's all there is![3]

[1] The "Institute field" is an orchard established by the National Indian Institute in Zinacantán Center near Šun's house.

[2] In Zinacantán, boys, not men, carry slingshots. Had Šun and his friend been seen shooting the hen they would most likely have been taken into court for the offense or at least been forced to recompense the owner. Since a black hen would be the appropriate sacrificial "substitute" in a curing ceremony for a sick woman, Šun's friend's choice of a victim is suggestive.

[3] Šun dates this dream at three weeks ago.

MY HORSE GETS LOOSE

D36

I used to have a horse, a colt. My horse had been very hea–lthy. I dreamt. It would get loose from where I had tethered it. Now it wasn't there. It would get loose. It would get loose and go off. I'd go to get my horse. My horse was way off, but now its halter was gone. It would lose its halter. Hm!

At least two or three times I dreamt that its halter was gone. Sometimes it was a thin little rope. Where was it? Where would I find it lying? I was going to tether my horse with it. The real halter was lost. My horse actually died—killed by a car. That's what it meant, of course. If our horses lose their halters that means they'll die. Whatever it is that happens to them, whether they get entangled [in their halter], whether they're killed by cars, whether they die of "wind."[1] Whatever it is that they die from. If the halter is lost it will come true. It will come true. That's what I dreamt. My horse died. It died. My horse died for good. Now I don't have a horse anymore. Hm!

That's what it means. Yes!

[1] When horses suffer from "wind" their bellies swell enormously.

I AM BINDING WHEAT

D37

I dreamt once here. I was here in San Cristóbal. I was working. Yes!

But I was just si–tting and working hard. There was lots of wheat, cut wheat. It was in pi–les, but it wasn't bound. So I was ty–ing it around the middle. I was tying it around the middle. I was binding it and binding it. It was being hung up inside. It was being lined up along the rafters. Yes!

I saw that. That's just what I dreamt. Yes!

[What could it mean?] It doesn't mean anything. More kept coming. The other workers kept harvesting it and bringing it in. Me, I was working inside. I was binding them just this size. I was binding them one after another. They were being hu–ng up inside. They were hung up. It seemed to be wheat.[1] Yes!

But it doesn't mean anything either. That's how it ends sometimes. Hm!

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[1] Wheat is grown by the Tzotzil-speaking Huixtecs, but it is not grown by Zinacantecs. Normally it would have been threshed before it reached San Cristóbal.

I Try To Be a Shaman, I Run Away

D38

I dreamt once I was in somebody else's house. You couldn't see who was sick. The most senior shaman was there. Old Maryan Hili-ˀat is his name. Yes!

He was sitting there. Me, I had put on my ceremonial robe because I was curing. I was holding my bamboo staff.[1] "Pray, I guess!" I was told. I prayed like a shaman. You have seen how they offer candles? Hm!

I prayed. Sonofabitch, but I didn't remember anymore what to do when I started praying. "But I'm not a shaman. How would I know what to say?" I said to myself. Because they pray for a long time. "But I don't know what to say," I said to myself. "Sonofabitch, but maybe they'll have to forgive me, because I'm already holding my staff it seems. I've already donned my ceremonial robe," I said to myself. I did the be–st I could. I prayed and prayed. I prayed for a long time, because now I recalled all the gods that there are, since [the shamans] mention the mountains and so forth when they pray. I said them. When that was over, sonofabitch, but now I didn't remember what to do at all. I didn't know what to do. I didn't know how to pray. I simply fled. I ran out. I left. I didn't see whether I arrived home. I woke up. I woke up. I fled because I'm not a shaman. I don't know how to pray. I don't know how to divide up my candles.[2] Who knows what mountains I was to go to. And besides, "Where is my patient?" I said to myself. I looked to see where my patient was lying, who it was I was giving the ceremony for, whose candles I was offering. There wasn't anyone. No one. No!

That's just how it ended, too. Yes!

[What could it mean?] Who knows what it means. Who knows what it means. I haven't seen anything [happen]. It hasn't come true either. No. It was just once, just once. Long ago, quite long ago. Not so very long ago, probably it was around a year ago, not very long ago, around then. Yes!

That's right, indeed!

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[1] Only shamans are entitled to carry bamboo staffs.

[2] A conspicuous preliminary stage in any major curing ceremony is the shaman's preparation of the candles and flowers to be taken to the churches and mountain shrines. He (or she) must know how many candles are to be offered at each of the places to be visited.

I Dig Up a Baby Rabbit

D39

You see it was two nights ago. Yes!

I dreamt at dawn yesterday, it seems. Yes!

Just next to my house there was a little gully. The gully seemed to be about this deep. Hm!

The li–ttle thing that was in it had been smaller, this big, like this. I had some little puppies. Two of my dogs—those puppies—were there. They were sniffing there. They kept scratching and scratching there. I looked. "Maybe I'll dig it up for them so they can eat the rat. I guess I'll look. It's probably a rat that's gone in here," I said to myself. Hm!

I dug. I dug. I had dug first on the other side. The hole was part way up here. I dug to one side. I dug away here, like this. I dug it away. [The burrow] went up and continued on up to the top of the gully. I dug. Gradually I opened it up. The hole was quite wide now. Then I discovered a baby rabbit there. I found a baby rabbit there. Yes!

Ooh, quickly I grabbed the baby rabbit. When I saw its face there I gra–bbed it by the neck. Quickly I cu–t off its head. Yes!

But I don't know what it means. No!

But it's very recent. It's recent. Who knows what it means. "Sonofabitch, but I'll eat this!" it seemed that I said to myself. I woke up. That's the way it was lost. I woke up. I awoke. It was gone. I had been asleep. Yes!

Who knows what it means. I haven't seen anything [happen] yet. Hm!

That's all there was. Hm!

I Die and Am Buried

D40

I dreamt that I was stre–tched out inside the house, my head to the west.[1] But I tried to mo–ve. I tried to move. I couldn't move now because I was dead. We have music; there is music when we are buried. There was music for me. They were playing music. I was put in the coffin. I went into the coffin. I went to the graveyard. I went to the graveyard. "The grave is deep enough now," they said. The grave had reached the depth they were supposed to dig. They buried me. They lowered me in. Yes!

"Sonofabitch, but now I'm going to rot here, like this. But I'm not dead!" I said to myself. I trie–d hard. I moved. I scratched and scratched at my coffin like this so they would hear [me].

"There's noise coming from it. I think he's alive," they said. They opened it up for me. They opened it up for me. They took me out.

"I'm alive!" I said to myself. Ooh, all the men and women were already cry–ing and crying—whoever had been burying me. They took me out again. I returned. I came back with them.

"I thought he was dead!" they kept saying now. I came back. I saw that I had arrived home. Yes!

But the grave had already been dug. I had been put in the coffin. Ooh, then I realized it when they said, "Toss it in!" "Bring the dirt!" they said now.

"But now I'm going to die here from this!" I said to myself. When I was nailed up inside the coffin I couldn't breathe. There was no more [air]. Then we smother there. We die from that. I kept scra–ping. I couldn't even ye–ll. I couldn't! I just kept scra–ping at the coffin, it seems. They heard that I was still alive. They reopened it for me. I got out. Yes!

Ooh, I was terribly scared. I was scared because now I was going to the graveyard. With that I woke up. I was frightened when I awoke. Hm!

But I haven't died.[2]

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[1] A dead person lies in wake and is buried with his head to the west.

[2] Šun dates this dream at thirteen years ago.

I GET INTO A TRUCK

D41

Sometimes I see myself inside a truck. I'm inside a truck. I get into a truck, it seems. I am go–ing west. I keep go–ing in that direction. "Sonofabitch, we're going to die," they say. But long ago, I've seen that, long ago. But I never died. I never died. No!

They say that we'll die if we get into a truck [in our dream]. Two or three times I've seen myself getting into a truck. Hm!

Sometimes I jump out. I flee. Hm!

One time I didn't jump out. I kept going. I passed San Felipe. I started out here in San Cristóbal. I passed Na Čih. I kept going. Yes!

I woke up when I was inside the truck. [The dream] just ended there since I woke up. Yes!

It just ended like that.

[Did you ever get sick?] No, I never got sick, no! Who knows what it means. I never saw it come true. Hm!

They say we'll die, but I haven't died yet. I'm still alive. Hm!

[Do you still fly?] I don't fly away anymore when I'm chased. Maybe it's because we age a bit. Maybe we aren't very strong now. Yes!

I was stronger before. I was much stronger before. Now maybe sickness has found a way in, as we say. I have no energy now. If I run, it's with fear now. I grow pa–ralyzed with fear. I can't run fast now. When I run in my dreams, I can't run anymore. My arms and legs ju–st grow nu–mb. Sometimes I walk on all fours now. They always reach me. They catch up with me. They're able to catch me. Hm!

That's all there is.[1]

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[1] Šun dates this dream at six months ago.

I AM TAKEN TO COURT

D42

That mother-in-law of mine would arrive at the church to cry. They say she arrived to cry all the time. She would fo–ld her hands in prayer like this and pray to Our Lord. She would cry, bend lo–w to the ground, stre–tch out her arms like this [as if on the cross], they say. Maybe Our Lord believed her. He believed her on the earth's surface. He summoned me, in my soul now, in my dream now. I dreamt. I was summoned. Constables came to my house. I went. "Why do we hear that you are always angry? Why is it? How have they sinned against you? What is your younger brother's crime? What is your mother-in-law's crime?" I was asked.

"Of course they have none! It's because he went to drop in on [my wife] like this. That made me angry, too! They didn't jail him for me. He was defended by the stewards. He was defended by Čep Končares, [who was] his friend, [because my younger brother] was a sacristan. They didn't jail my younger brother. That made me mad. That's why I won't forgive him, of course. That's why I'm angry, of course. But it hurts me deeply that he went to drop in on my wife. You know all about it. We settled the case here," I said, since it seemed that it was the courthouse where I had arrived. It seemed like the courthouse.

"Ah, we understand, then. Go on, you aren't at fault over that. Leave! You won't be jailed. We understand," they said. That was all. That was all. Three times. "Well, later on you'll certainly see what happens to your younger brother. The three times have been completed.[1] You aren't guilty. We understand," they said. I returned home. I arrived home. That was all. Hm!

I woke up. Nothing happened. I awoke. I was fine. I wasn't guilty of anything. I wasn't jailed for anything. No! Straightforwardly, honestly, I went to tell them the story. But it was Our Lord who sent for me. If I had been guilty, who knows, I probably would have died. That's right, yes, yes indeed! I had no guilt. I am still alive. Yes!

That's all there is. Yes!

That's all.[2]

---

[1] This dream dwells on the problems raised by Dream 31. Apparently this was the third time that Sun had been brought to court. The number 3 recurs frequently in Zinacantec culture as a sign of completion much in the spirit of "all good things come in threes."

[2] Sun dates this dream at three years ago.

I Am Offered a Flute

D43

I dreamt long ago, too, because I was trying to play the flute that accompanies the drums. It is played by covering [the holes]. I was trying to play. I was learning a little. I was summoned again—to the courthouse again. I was summoned. There was a table, like this one, standing there. It wasn't the real courthouse at all where I arrived. I was just told that it was the courthouse when they came to summon me. There was a table like this one, standing there. The elders were [sitting] in a ro–w, like the elders [always do].[1] Their heads were red. Their heads were bound [in red turbans]. They were [sitting] in a row. There was a basket sitting in the center of the table. It was sitting there. The basket was about this wi–de and about this deep. Those flutes were li–ned up inside the basket. Hm!

"Would you like to play these?" I was asked.

"I'd like to," I said.

"Play them, then! Pick one out!" I was told. I picked out a flute for myself. My flute was rather old and had been used already. There were newer ones there. I didn't pick them up. They were the souls, the souls of the flute. Yes!

Now I can play the flute. I go to play the flute. Yes!

I know how. I go to the ensign-bearers.[2] I go there. I can play the flute. Yes!

It was its soul I received. Yes!

It was its soul I received. That's all there is. Yes![3]

---

[1] The elders (*moletik*) consist of the grand and petty alcaldes and the four prefects. It is they who stand at the summit of the religious hierarchy. They appoint each member of the hierarchy and swear into office all the officials of the top three levels. The elders sit around a large table in the Chapel of Lord Esquipulas where the oaths of office are taken. The elders are human models of the tutelary gods who are conceived as sitting around a table at Calvary. Calvary itself is the mystical courthouse of Zinacantán where the souls of ailing Zinacantecs are defended by the shamans.

[2] The ensign-bearers (*ʔalperesetik*) are members of the second and third levels of the religious hierarchy. When they march in processions they are preceded by a flutist and two drummers.

[3] Sun dates this dream at fourteen years.

I Am Attacked by a Bull

D44

I was wa!king, facing east. I was traveling on the trail. A bull appeared. But it was atta–cking me. It kept cha–sing me. I trie–d to keep hiding in the woods. I tried to keep hiding, but it came after me. It kept attacking me. It got me once. It gave me a good pu–sh on my chest. I landed way off, rolling. I collapsed. I collapsed. "Sonofabitch, but what else can I do, then?" I said to myself. "What else can I do?" I said to myself. I went to gra–b it. Sonofabitch, it lifted me up. It lifted me up on its horns. Ooh, I was scared now. I was perched now on its horns. I was riding now on its horns. It lowered its head. I reached the ground. I twi–sted its horns. I made it land over there in a heap. I made it roll over. Yes!

But I was screaming now. I was afraid that it would lift me up again. I was screaming now. Hm!

"What's happening to you? Wake up!" I was told again. I woke up. There the matter was just abandoned. There it just ended like that, too. I was frightened when I awoke. Yes!

[Did it turn into a person?] It turned into a human being. It turned into a person. "Stop it! I won't do anything more to you," he said. But I just barely saw him. I saw him turn into a person for a minute. "I won't do anything more to you," he said. Then I was wakened up. I awoke. There was no problem. It ended like that. Yes!

I Clobber a Stallion and a Shaman

D45

We celebrated our Cross Day. Yes!

That one [Maryan Krus] was the shaman. Yes!

You see the musicians started to quarrel amongst themselves, it seems. They began to quarrel together. "If you quarrel, I don't like it. I don't want you to quarrel. It would be better if I left," he said. He became disgusted and left.

"Why are you quarreling? It's your fault that the shaman rebelled," I said.

"And you, too, what business is it of yours? It's you who's come to mess up the affair!" I was told.

"How did I mess it up? It was you who made it go wrong. It's your fault that the shaman got disgusted," I said. Yes!

"You bastards, see how you're beginning to fight even more. You bastards! I'm simply going, then," he said when he got disgusted. He left. Yes!

Now it was me who was taking the blame. Now it was my fault that the shaman rebelled! Yes!

Me, I had never gone to eat. That shaman forgave them. But they went to catch up with him on the path and bring him back, now. He was on the path. That shaman was going home to eat. Me, I returned home. They just went to bring me back. I didn't want to go now, since I was taking the blame for that shaman rebelling.

You see they got angry amongst themselves. The musicians got angry amongst themselves.

You see, that very night I dreamt. I was still standing there next to that house where the candles were being offered for Cross Day. I was standing there.

Ooh, a black stallion appeared, but it was very fat, terribly fat. But it was chasing me, the bastard. It was attacking me. There was a white sapote tree standing there. I trie—d to hide behind it. I tried to hide behind it. [The stallion] kept circling around, chasing me. Yes!

I found a stick lying there. The stick was this long. "What else can I do, then?" I said to myself. I was worn out. I was worn out from running away. Ooh, I couldn't flee anymore. I was exhausted now. Yes!

So I swu–ng the stick at it. [The stallion] landed way off, rolling. Way off if landed, rolling. I kept clobbering it with the stick. I was about to kill it when it turned into a man. I recognized his face. It was that Maryan Krus. "Never mind, then. I won't do anything more, then. Don't do it to me, now!" he said. "Never mind, then, take my bamboo staff," he said, since the shamans always have staffs. The bamboo [is used for] walking sticks. "Take it!" he told me.

"I have no use for your staff. Take it!" I said. I grabbed it from him. I wha–cked him on the back, again. I whacked him again, in my dream, now. Yes!

I wha–cked him on the back again. He had turned into a person. "Forget it, then, I won't do anything more to you. I've really taken [a beating] now, forget it," he said now.

That was the end of it. Me, I stopped. I returned home. I returned, it seemed, in my dream. I saw it, of course. I probably never shouted. I wasn't wakened up. I wasn't wakened up. No!

I was able to finish it like that. "The bastard, I knew that's who it was!" I said to myself, now. Hm!

His soul was tormenting me. It was his soul. Hm!

[Did anything happen?] No, nothing happened. Since I paid him back. I had attacked him with that staff of his. I don't know if I had brought that staff of his home, I don't know what he would do to me. I grabbed that staff from him. I clobbered him on the back.[1] He got it good. But maybe it's true that he was selling [my soul].[2] Yes, that's it, yes, then. That's all there is. The end.[3]

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[1] For a shaman to be clobbered with his staff of office would be the ultimate in submission, an event not yet reported to me on the "earth's surface."

[2] One of the principal practices employed by a shaman who indulges in witchcraft is to "sell the soul" of his enemy to the Earth Lord, secretly offering up prayers and lighting candles in remote caves that are acknowledged to be the Earth Lord's domain. If the offerings are accepted the enemy will sicken and die. When a person dies from other causes his soul wanes for as many years as he was alive on earth and is then reborn in a baby of the opposite sex; but when a person's soul is "owned" by the Earth Lord he must work "bodily" for his master until the contract is up, at which time his soul may begin the slow process of reincarnation.

[3] Šun dates this dream at four years ago.

I FIGHT AND AM DRESSED IN RED

D46

It was there next to my house, too, next to the house of that ?Antun Lopis. It was just there. I had a friend there. They say he is berating me, that he keeps saying things about me. I started to grab him. I started to kill him myself. Yes!

I never could kill him. I couldn't kill him. I didn't see how he left. He fled. The next time I looked I was wearing a red shirt. It was red. The sleeves of my shirt were completely red, red. Now I looked at my shirt. "How come my shirt is like this?" I said to myself. But it wasn't covered with blood. It was just red—woven with red thread. Yes!

That's all I saw. "But where did he go?" I said to myself. I tried to look, and I wasn't even afraid. It never occurred to me, not until I woke up. "Hell, some day I'll be murdered," I said to myself. They say that if our clothes are red it means murder. Hm!

But I was never murdered. I don't know if maybe it meant [that time when] my younger brother came to kill me. I don't know. But I never died. Hm!

I'm alive. That's all I saw. Yes![1]

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[1] Šun dates this dream at five years ago.

An Ensign-bearer Asks My Help

D47

I dreamt once, because old Nišyo Kon¢ares, Maryan Baril's father, had asked me to help him. Yes!

It was when he was entering [office, ensign-bearer of the Holy Trinity].

He didn't find me [at home]. I was in the lowlands.

I just arrived. They were making gunpowder.[1] Hm!

"Are you there, Šun?" he said to me when he arrived.

"I'm here, sir," I said.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"I'm not doing anything because I've just returned from the lowlands," I said. It was in my dream now. Yes!

"Please, then, we have to go right away," he said.

"Let's go," I said. I had been asleep. I woke up then. It seemed that I went immediately. I left. "I'll meet you in a minute," I said. It was just a moment, a moment. Then he arrived [on the earth's surface]. I had just wakened up. It was li–ght now.

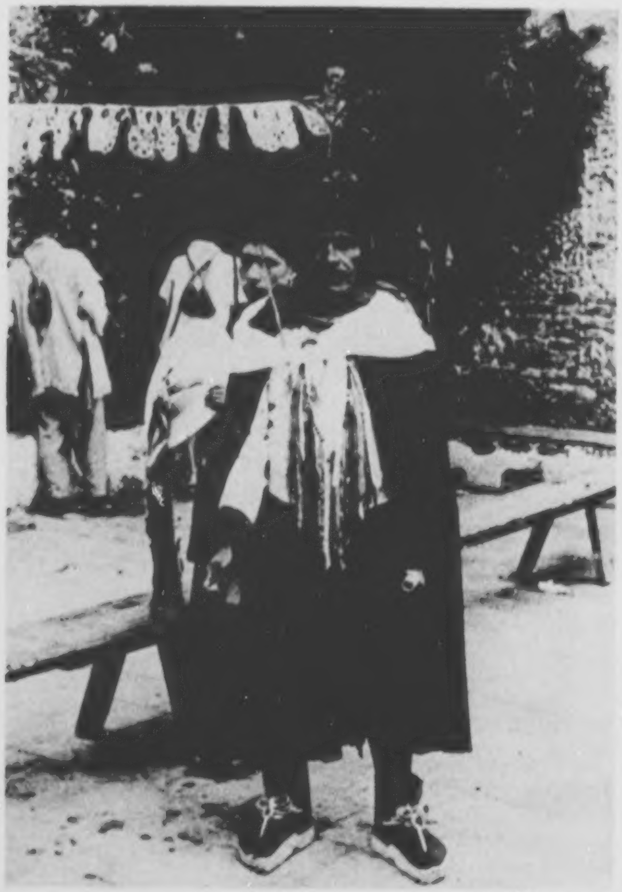

Figure 9.—Ensign-bearer. (From Vogt, 1969)

"Are you there, are you there, young lady?" my wife was asked.

"I'm here, sir," she said.

"Is Šun there?" he asked.

"He's here," she told him.

"Are you there, Šun?" he said to me. I was in bed. Yes!

I was lying down. I was awake now. Yes!

"I'm here, sir," I said.

"I [wanted] to ask you if you wouldn't be so kind as to join us for a little while today, for a while, because I'm making my gunpowder," he said.

"Right now?" I asked.

"Right now, please, because my gunpowder makers are already sitting there. Go and help, help them roll my gunpowder [into pellets]," he said.

"I'll come, then," I said.

"Alright then, please, right away," he said. I left. I left.

"I'll meet you there in a minute," I said. That gentleman left. I left. I had ju–st finished dreaming. I had ju–st wakened up. He came right afterwards. I had been lying down. I had just wakened up. It came true. I went to make his gunpowder for him. Yes!

I went to make his gunpowder for him. I was able to make his gunpowder for him. Probably it was because [my soul] was with Our Lord. That's why, then. That's why. I left. I made his gunpowder for him. Hm![2]

My Dead Brother Tells Me How It Is and How It Happened

D48

I used to have an older brother, ʔAntun. He was alive before. Yes!

He died. Maybe it was the second or third week after his death. I was in the lowlands.

I was standing here [in my dream] by the church door in Zinacantán Center, as we say. I was standing there at the church door. It was on a Sunday, Sunday afternoon. Hm!

I found my older brother, ʔAntun, sta–nding there. He was weaving palm.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

---

[1] Each stage in the complicated round of ritual activity sponsored by the ensign-bearers and other religious officers is announced by the setting off of rockets and by the ear-splitting detonation of a small metal mortar filled with homemade gunpowder.

[2] Šun dates this dream at two months ago.

"I'm just relaxing, because it's Sunday. They let me out for a little while," he said.

"Where have you been, then?"

"I've been working there at Bik'it Tušta," he said.[1]

"Where is Bik'it Tušta?" I asked.

"Let's go see!" he said. "Go take a quick look!" he told me. He led me off. I had met him at the church door. We climbed up old Savel's path. We continued on up. Hm!

"Let's go see!" he said.

"What kind of work are you doing?" I asked.

"Weeding sugarcane. There is a little watering of the sugarcane, watering flowers, and any other little thing," he said. My older brother, ʔAntun, had been sick on the earth's surface.

"You were sick on the earth's surface, it seems. Are you well now, there?" I asked.

"I'm just a little bit [sick] now. I'm really pretty well now," he said. "I used to be sick, but now I'm not sick anymore," he said. "Go take a quick look where I work. I never died. I was sold to the Earth [Lord], but that's all.[2] I can do the work, it seems," he said. He led me off. The water was gu–shing along in the irrigation ditches for the sugarcane. "This is where I work," he said. "I weed here," he said. The sugarcane was this high. Yes!

He said he weeded there. I saw where he worked. There were many fields of sugarcane. Yes!

"Return right away, now that you have seen it! If you are seen now, they won't let you return. You will be caught here, too," he told me.

"But I [want to] learn before I leave, on whose orders you died, it seems. Who was it? Who sold you?" I asked him. He had a mistress. He used to have a mistress when he was alive, but you see he didn't marry her. It was Tonik. Tonik was her name. Yes!

She is the younger sister of the former ejido official.[3] [ʔAntun] used to talk to her.[4] "Yes, of course, she was the one who sold me to the Earth [Lord]," he said.

"How would it be if you sent for her—if you had her come join you, too? Are you glad that only you died? Because of her you died. How could you be alive now?" I said.

"Of course I'm dead, but I'm not really dea–d. I'll still die another time. The next time I'll die altogether, but of course I still won't die yet. It seemed that I died, but I'm only sold to the Earth. I came here intact," he said.

"What would they do if you asked permission to send for her—if you had the person who sold you to the Earth come here and join you, too?" I asked.

"I did my best," he said. "I did my best to tell them. They wouldn't authorize me to do it. They say she can't come. I just came here by myself, but they told me she has to come later," he said to me. "Return right away or they'll see you!" he told me. I returned. Ooh, I jumped back now. I was scared because I realized he was dead. I realized he was dead. Yes!

He had been told on the earth's surface when he started to speak to her, "Are you telling the truth that you are a man? If you mean to marry me you can marry me—if you mean to marry me—but come and petition me," she said. "But if you don't want to come ask for me, if you don't marry me, then we'll see for sure! I am a shaman. As for me, I can pray. We'll surely see if you are telling the truth. You'll die as soon as possible if you don't marry me," he was told. Yes!

You see, he was trying to ask her for it. He was trying to ask her for a "meal," as we say. She wouldn't give it to him. Gradually she ga–ve in. So she pra–yed to all Our Lords.[5] "If he doesn't marry me, you alone know it, My Lord," she said over and over.

"You pray yourself!" they say my older brother, ʔAntun, was told.

"Me, I don't know how to pray, of course," he said. He never prayed. No!

After that woman had prayed, [the saints] did it to him. "It was because she was offended, that was it," he said. His soul said. Yes!

"I was just freed for a little while since it's Sunday," he said. "On the other days—on week days—of course I work," he said. "I work," he said. I returned. That's the way it ended, I arrived back home. I woke up. Hm![6]

[What did you think?]

That's all I saw. "Lord, it was really true that he was sold," I said to myself, because he told me the whole story. Yes!

He told me the whole story. And besides that, too, he had told me when he was still alive. He told me like this, "She'll probably eat me if I don't marry her. I'll probably die if I don't marry her," he said. "I'll probably die," he said.

You see, it occurred to me, "But that was the truth, it wasn't just my soul's madness," I said to myself. "So it's probably true that he was sold to the Earth," I said to myself. Yes!

That's all there is. Yes![7]

[1] Tuxtla Chico is a prosperous town close to the Guatemalan border, but in Zinacantán "Little Tuxtla" is the name given to any gully where a murderer's victim has been tossed.

[2] That the Earth Lord be owner of extensive cane fields in which

I Am Told To Watch the Schoolboys

D49

The constables were sent to me. "You are supposed to go talk to the magistrate!" I was told.

"What could it be about?" I asked.

"I don't know. You are supposed to go talk to him," I was told. I went to speak to him.

"Have you come?" the magistrate said to me.

"I've come. What is your command?" I asked.

"It's nothing much. You are to watch the boys here. Take care of them! See that nothing happens to them because they are your responsibility," he said. The boys, young boys, all schoolboys, were cro–wded there. Probably it was the schoolboys' souls.

"What should I do? What should I protect them from?"

"Just watch them like that. You don't have to do anything for them. You don't have to feed them. Just take care of them. Just watch them," I was told.

"All right, then," I said.

"I'm just asking you, please, take the trouble to watch them," I was told. It seemed as if the magistrate said it.

"All right then, I'll watch them. If I'm just supposed to look after them, it seems, as we say, since I'm not supposed to give them anything. I'm not supposed to do anything for them," I said.

"That's all, of course," he said.

"All right then," I said. It was then that my letter came, about the school board. It was the students. It was probably their souls. Maybe it was their souls. Maybe it was because Our Lord has directed it. Yes!

[When did you dream that?] It was just when my letter was about to come. The letter [announcing my appointment to] the school board was just about to arrive. Yes!

That was when I dreamt it. But my companions [on the board] said they never saw. They said they never saw it. Me, I dreamt that. Yes!

Me, I saw it. I saw their souls. Hm!

That's all. I returned home. Yes![1]

[1] Sun dates this dream at five months ago.

I Can't Tune My Guitar

D72

First, I was playing a guitar. I was playing a guitar, but on the path. I was go–ing on the path, this way, to the east. It was uphill, it was steep. The path went uphill like this. Hm!

I was playing a guitar. I was tu–ning it. I was tightening the pegs. I was tuning the strings. I was tuning it. I was walking with it. I was tuning the strings while I was walking. A woman appeared.

"Is it tuned?" she asked me.

"I can't do it," I said.

"Are all the strings there?" she asked me.

"One is missing," I said. All the strings were there, I was just tricking her. I was lying to her. I had all the strings to my instrument. It was just that I couldn't tune it.

"Which one is missing?" she asked. I loo–ked. One of the tighteners was still unused.

"One is missing here," I said.

"Take it then!" she said to me. She gave me one. The first string is called "entorchado." Hm! Hm!

It's called "entorchado." I fastened the string carefully. I tightened it. I tightened it. I cou–ldn't do it now. I couldn't pretend. I tried to pretend, because I couldn't tune it. I didn't know how to tune it. I thought that was how I could distract her. Yes!

[Did you recognize her?] I recognized her. It seemed to be ʔAntun Lopis' wife. Yes!

I spoke to her. That's who it seemed to be. Yes!

I couldn't tune my instrument. "I can't do it," I said. "The string can't be strung through," I said. "I can't do it," I kept saying. I tricked her for a long time. I tricked her and tricked her.

"How come? Why can't you do it?" she asked.

"Because the string won't go in. Who knows why. The eyehole is too small," I said. "It won't go in," I said. She talked on and on there for a long time. Then I woke up. Yes!

It was the first night [of this week].

Zinacantecs must work in servitude recalls early colonial history. In 1543 Pedro de Estrada left as a part of his legacy "a sugar mill which he established with the Indians of Canacantlan [*sic*] and its subject towns. He spent over two thousand pesos of gold until he had it running and in order, and the said Indians have served him according to the taxation the governor and bishop made" (Chamberlain, 1948:180–181).

[3] The ejido committee controls the lands given the community in the 1940s under the national land-reform program.

[4] In Tzotzil, as in many other Mayan languages, the verb "to talk" may be extended to mean "to have an affair." This usage perhaps is derived from Spanish attitudes, for in Andalusia when a couple is involved in the preliminary steps of an engagement they are said to be "talking to one another" (Pitt-Rivers 1969, 93).

[5] By "all Our Lords" is meant all the saints and all the tutelary gods.

[6] In Chichicastenango the dreamer may get a view of the world of the dead, only to be told, "It isn't time for you!" (Tax, 1949: 130–131). Here, too, the fate of a person who has died is learned in the dreams of his relatives. If his soul has been jailed and needs assistance his relatives may hold a ceremony for him (Tax, 1947: 468). In Panajachel, to dream of a dead person may motivate a trip to his grave to offer candles (Tax, 1950:732).

[7] Sun dates this dream at eight years ago.

[What could it mean?] Who knows what it means. I haven't seen yet what it could mean, since it was the first [night] after I returned [home]. Yes!

It was the first.[1]

[1] D72–74 were reported to me on 25 July 1963.

I Am Clearing Land

D73

On the second night I dreamt, too.[1] I was in the temperate part, below ʔElan Voʔ. I was working. I was holding my billhook. I was clearing the land. Hm!

I finished clearing on this side, here. I had finished clearing a gully that went do–wn in this direction. I had finished clearing here. I began clearing up the other side. Yes!

I was in the midst of clearing and clearing. Ooh, I looked at it for a long time. I had done a lot of work. Hm!

I was bending over, again and again, clearing my land. People pa–ssed by on the trail. They were shouting as they passed. I paid no attention to them. Me, I was facing the trail—the trail to the lowlands. Hm!

I was clearing land.

I didn't see anything else. The morning just came. I didn't dream anymore the second night.

I say, "Who knows what it means."

[1] As I had asked Šun to report to me all his dreams for the past week "the second night" is the second night of that week.

I Am Planting Corn

D74

On the third night, I didn't see how it happened. My cleared land caught on fire, where I went to clean it. I was just there again. I was planting my corn field now. But I wasn't planting my corn field with a digging stick. We always plant with digging sticks. I wasn't planting with a digging stick. With a hoe I was digging the holes. I was di–gging the holes with a hoe. As for the burnt trees, the burnt trees were lying in pi–les. I was digging the holes. I was digging this deep with a hoe. I was making mou–nds, making mou–nds of the fertilizer. I was putting it there. Then I stuck the corn in. Yes!

I fi–nished planting the side that I had cleared first. Then I crossed over to the other side to plant where I had cleared afterwards. When I looked behind me, my corn was this high, this high! "But who knows if it grew in a minute, if it's coming along so well, because I buried the fertilizer with a hoe," I said to myself.[1] Yes!

[What could it mean?] Who knows what it means. It hasn't been seen yet, since it's still recent. Who knows if it could be that my children will die or if someone else will die. I don't know. I dug the holes. I buried the fertilizer. I buried . . . I planted the corn kernels. I planted them. They shot up. They were this tall where I had just finished planting. I crossed over to the other side. I was planting there, too. Yes!

I woke up, then, too. I woke up. I didn't see anything else that was substantial. No!

Then I woke up. That child of mine had caught the whooping cough. Yes!

I woke up. His coughing started every few minutes and then my dream would end every few minutes. Yes!

It ended then. Hm!

[1] In a well-known Zinacantec folktale Christ tricks his pursuers by making the corn crop grow with miraculous speed (T52, T177), but progress has come to Chiapas and now fertilizer is the quickening agent!

I Am Fed

D75

The second night, too, I was at somebody else's house. It was somebody else's house. It didn't seem to be my house. I was given a meal, but I never saw what kind of food it was—if it was meat or what, greens or what. My food was dished out now because I was eating, because I was eating now. We were eating now. I don't know if it was meat or what. I never saw. No!

My meal was dished out. I didn't see anything else. Just that. Then I just woke up. Yes!

I only dreamt that tiny bit, nothing more. No!

That was on the fourth night.[1] Yes!

[1] Šun Min is correcting his opening statement. D75–77 and D80–83 were reported to me on 25 July 1963.

I Slide off the Roof, Fall in a Lake, and Get in a Truck

D76

On the fifth night I had a pretty good dream. I never saw how the house was built. When I looked, it was a thatch-roofed house like our house. I was ty–ing on the thatch. Ooh, [the roof] was ve–ry steep. I was standing on all fours tying it on. I was scared that I would fall. I was tying on the thatch. I was tying and tying it. Yes!

The sun set suddenly. The sun set. "How can I get down now?" I said to myself. It seemed that I never climbed down. I couldn't ever climb down. Ooh, I slid down the roof of the house. I was scared now. Yes!

I landed on my fee–t, on the ground. "Sonofabitch, didn't anything happen to me doing that?" I said to myself, because I felt myself waking up. Nothing hurt. No!

I woke up, but who knows if it could be me who will die. There's no way of knowing. Then I was there at [the Church of] the Martyr, it seemed—in the fields there by [the Church of] the Martyr. Hm!

There by [the Church of] the Martyr.

You see, two trucks appeared. Two trucks. "I'll give you a ride," the [driver of the] first one told me. My other friends got in, my friends who had been building the house. There were four or five of us. They go–t in that first [truck].

[Did you know them?] I didn't recognize them. I didn't know them. I didn't recognize who they were, just other men Yes!

They got in that first truck. Those friends of mine got in. Me, I wasn't able to climb up. I didn't get in. The other one came along right behind. Then it gave me a ride. It carried me on up [the road]. Yes!

Who knows what it means. Who knows. I got out here by Old Nača's door. Then I got out of the trunk there. Yes!

My friends went on. Me, I stayed behind. "Sonofabitch, I've been left behind. The bastards, how can I go on now myself?" I said to myself. But I didn't know where I was going. I didn't know where. I didn't know where. I was left standing there alone. Yes!

Suddenly I woke up again. It was like that on the fifth night. Yes!

[What could it mean?] I say, I don't know what it means. Eh, it's probably bad. Who knows if I won't get sick. It's bad because I got into a truck, it seems. And first I fell into a lake. First I fell into a lake. Yes!

I fell into a lake and then the truck appeared. Who knows what will happen to me. I'll probably get sick. That's what I dreamt.

[Does a truck mean a coffin?] It's a coffin they say. They say it's a coffin when we get into a truck. It's our coffin we are getting into, they say. Yes!

But who knows if it's so, because I've dreamt that before, but it never came true. I've gotten in like that, I've gotten in, but it never came true. Who knows if this one will come true. Who knows.

I Am Given Some Medicine

D77

On the sixth night, it seems, early this morning, I didn't see much. It's just that there were some Ladinas and Ladinos. Those three children of mine are sick [on the earth's surface]. I was given a glass of something black like coffee. "Give it to your children to drink! It's cough medicine," they told me. Yes!

"Is it all right to drink it or could it be a harrassment?" I said to myself. "Could it be poison? What if my children died from it?" I said to myself. I drank a little bit. I tried it out. It was sort of sweet and sort of bitter. Yes!

I gave it to my children to drink. They drank it all up. Yes!

That's all. That's the only dream I had. Yes!

[Is it a good dream?] Eh, who knows. Who knows if it's good.

How We See Whether It Will Be a Boy or a Girl

D80

When our children are born, if our wife is already pregnant, I dream I am given . . . if the child that I am given is a girl, "Take this!" I am told. Sometimes I am given a water jug, a water jug. Or if not, I am also given . . . "Take this!" I am told. It is a half-gourd, a tortilla gourd. I am given a deep tortilla gourd, a deep tortilla gourd. The ones that are good and deep, for tortillas, too. Yes!

I am given that, too. "Take this! Put it away. Set it aside. Treat it well!" I am told. Then it will surely be a girl. Yes!

Even though she hasn't been born yet at all. We don't know yet. I realize, "But the baby will probably be a girl when it is born," I just say to myself. I realize it now. [It will be] a girl, a girl. If it's to be a boy, I am given . . . "Take this!" I am told. I am given a hoe, a hoe. Yes! Yes!

A hoe.

I am given a billhook. Yes!

I am given a billhook.

I am given a digging stick. They are a boy's soul. Yes!

"But probably it's going to be a boy," I say to myself. That's what I dreamt when my eight-year-old boy was born. Yes! Yes!

It came true. It was a boy. That deep gourd, that water jug, that half-gourd and so on are for a girl.[1] Yes!

That's what they surely forecast. Yes!
They forecast it. Yes!
That's indeed what I saw. Yes!

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[1] Immediately after a baby's birth these same implements that will characterize the baby's daily activities in adulthood are placed in its hands.

Our Mules Get Loose on a Trip to the Lowlands

D81

It was Old Čep Končares. Do you know him? And his younger son—Maryan is his name. Yes!

We were going to the lowlands. It was probably his Maryan. Yes!

It seemed to be him. Our corn fields are in the same [place] in the lowlands. Our corn fields are right at the edge of the Grijalva River. Yes!

You see, we were leaving now for the lowlands, for the weeding, it seemed, or the planting, whatever it is we were doing at work. Old Čep went to catch his mules and bring them back. It was still a bit dark when he left. He couldn't see very well. He went to catch his mules and bring them back. He went to get them. They were loose on the paths. Ooh, I saw his mules run away. As for me, I had already led my mules back. I was renting mules for him to carry my things. They were Old Maryan Sarate's mules. [Čep] and my eldest brother, Old Maryan, went to bring back his mules. You know him? You probably don't know him. He was with me. I was renting the mules for him—one black one, one white one. They were the mules we had led back. Yes!

You see, I tethered them by the door. At my door I put on their saddle blankets. Both of them had saddle blankets. Yes!

When I had tethered those mules, myself, ooh, Old Čep Končares' mules got loose. They le–ft. They took off in a hu–rry. [The men] chased them. They caught their mules. They caught them. "They're probably loading them now that they caught them. Now I'll load my mules, too," I said to myself. Now I loaded them myself. I was lifting up my tortillas, my seeds, and so on, because we were leaving now. Ooh, my mules bolted. They ran off. They ran off. They we–nt home. Hm!

I cha–sed after them, too. I caught up with them. We caught up with them there above Teleš Čikuʔ's home. Finally I caught them at the bridge. They were dragging their halters. I cau–ght them. The bridge planks were sticking out a bit. I wra–pped [one's] halter around the bridge planks. I pu–lled it in. It was tethered. It was that black mule. The white one was standing by itself, here. It had stopped. It was looking at its mate. It was standing by itself. And I led them back. I led them back to my home. Yes!

I had wrapped that white mule's halter around [its neck]. I had wrapped it around its neck. It was short now. It was fine now. Its halter was this long. I was just pulling it along [with the halter] I had put around it. I led it back with one hand because I was leading back that black mule with the other hand. Its halter was long. Yes!

I never saw if they arrived home. I was lea–ding them back. Yes!

My eldest brother was driving them back, switching those mules. Yes!

"Eh, but the sun is up already. But how can we still arrive there?" I said to myself. "But how are we going to do it? These ones will just have to be led because they run away all the time. They'll run away on the trip today," I kept saying to myself. Yes!

I kept saying that to myself. "Sonofabitch, I don't know, but our friends have already left," said my eldest brother.

"Of course they've left already! They caught their mules a long time ago. As for us, it looks as if we won't catch up with them," I said. I arrived home, I woke up. It just ended there. I never reached the lowlands. I never went. No! No!

Our corn fields are at the edge of the Grijalva. Yes!

[What could your dream mean?] I say, who knows. Could it be that it's because I want very badly to get a replacement for my mule. Could it be that I'll still get a replacement for it? I don't know, for that mule that was killed by a truck, as we said. Yes!

I don't know if it could be that I'll still get a replacement for it, since I caught it [in my dream]. It had run away, of course. It had run away. I still caught it. I was lea–ding it back. There were two of them—one white, and one black mule. But they were awful stallions, while that mule that was killed by a truck, as we said, was a foal. Hm!

I was lea–ding them back. Who knows what it means. Who knows, since it is still recent. Yes!

I Get Married

D82

I dreamt. I still hadn't gone to petition [for a wife on the earth's surface], it seems.[1] I dreamt that I had already gotten married. Because now we were walking together happily, chatting happily. We were glad now because I had already married her. Yes!

Sonofabitch, I thought it was getting late in the day. I had already slept with her, it seemed, early this morning. I slept with her last night. I thought it was getting late. Sonofabitch, I still hadn't carried out my desires at all, because my wife was a virgin. My wife was still new as we say, "Sonofabitch, it's already getting late now. Hell! Could it be that I'll sleep with her again now?" I said to myself. I was very happy. Yes!

I never saw the sun set. I woke up. I never did marry her. I had spoken to her on the earth's surface, but I didn't marry her. No!

Somebody else, another person's petitioners were already in the midst of [asking for her]. Another person married her, she went to ʔApas. Ye–s!

We won't marry [the girl] we dream about [marrying]. We won't marry her. That's what it means. Yes!

The one we marry—if you have seen the woman, if you'd like to marry her, you won't dream about her. You won't dream about her. On the other hand, sometimes we see ourselves being given women's clothes, like our own women's clothes. Yes!

"Take these! Put them away! Set them aside!" I'm told, it seems. They are laid down for me. "Put them away! Put them away carefully! Don't lose them!" I'm told. I set them aside. I put them away. That's all, of course. They're her soul. We'll marry her. We'll marry her. But she has no name. We don't know who it is. Hm!

We are just given the clothes. Yes!

"Put them away!" we are told. That's what I've seen, of course. But then we'll surely get a wife. Yes!

Always if we recognize her, if we dream that we see her face, if we are giving her a good hugging now, if we are chatting with her now, if we are sleeping now, then we won't marry her. We won't marry her. No!

I've seen that many times. Whenever there are pre–tty girls [in our dreams] we won't marry them. No!

We won't marry them. No!

I Am Dancing Like a Steward

D83

Once I dreamt that my clothes were terribly worn-out clothes. My clothes were in te–rrible shape. But I was getting drunk. I felt like dancing. The music was good. "Come on out and dance!" they told me. "Come on and dance!" they told me.

"Eh, I don't want to," I said to myself. "But how could I dance [looking] like this?" I said to myself. I tried to lea–ve. I was standing there.

"Dance!" I was told. I didn't want to. I was embarassed, it seemed. I was drunk, of course, but I knew [what was going on]. I was ashamed. Ooh, in a minute I saw myself dancing now. I didn't see where I got my ceremonial robe. I had fi–ne ceremonial sandals. But I was dancing now. But my other friends were stewards. They were in office. As for me, I realized how I was dancing, it seemed.

"What office do I have? Which steward am I?" I said to myself, since they have names—the Steward of St. Anthony, Steward of the Holy Sacrament, whatever their names are, Steward of St. Dominic. There are many names. Me, I was dancing like them. I couldn't remember what my office was, but I had my ceremonial robe already. I was dressed up. My sandals were pretty good. They had fine high backs. Yes!

I was dancing like that. But it doesn't mean anything either. I didn't see anything. I didn't see anything [come true]. No!

I Ask Three Chamulans for Help

D84

I dreamt that I was coming along below Voʔ-č'oh Voʔ. I was coming down. I was going to the stores, early in the morning. On the way I met three Chamulans. Yes!

"Where are you going?" I asked the Chamulans.

"We're going to work in Pasteʔ," they said. Yes!

Two of them were drunk. The other one was sober. "When are you coming back?" I asked.

"We're just going for a week or so," they said.

"When you come back do you want to help me in my work?" I asked. Because I had some weeding to do. It seemed that that's what I said to them. First I said, "Help me today! Help me today, help me, you can go tomorrow!" I said. "Help me today! If it's in the afternoon I can still let you go pretty early. You'll still get there today," I said. "Help me for a day! I'll pay you right away," I said.

"We can't," they said. "When we've come back, we'll pass by to help you," they said. I chatted with those Chamulans for a lo–ng time. Yes!

They were carrying their hoes. They were carrying their gourds because they were going to the lowlands. I wasn't able to stop them. They left. They

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[1] A proper Zinacantec courtship is initiated by the prospective groom and his family making a surprise visit at night to the house of the girl of his choice. Two or more petitioners (*hhak'oletik*) must plead his cause before the girl's father. If the visit is successful, a year or two is spent paying the bride price before the girl's family will permit the house-entering ceremony which establishes ritual kinship between the two families. Several months later the church wedding takes place (Collier, 1968:156–166).

left. Me, I we–nt on to the stores. My dream just ended there like that. It was the first night [of this week]. Yes!

A Cow Is Slaughtered

D85

On the second night I was there by Old Maryan Hili-ʔat's house. He is the senior shaman, as we say. Yes!

They had slaughtered a cow the day before. Yes!

Like yesterday, it seemed. Then I arrived at about this time. I went to see what they were doing. "Why didn't you come yesterday? We've finished dividing it up. You won't get any now," they said. They were in the midst of dividing up the meat, but they were the leftovers now. The rest had already gone. Hm!

They were distributing it now. "Why didn't you come yesterday? Hell! If you had you would have [been able to] eat the beef. We've finished dividing it up. It's all been called for," he said. They were in the midst of distributing it. They had spread out a piece of canvas—a canvas rain cover. They had put [the meat] in ma–ny little piles. This much. There wasn't very much now. They had already divided it up. They had already finished dividing it up. Yes!

"I couldn't come," I said. Even so they set some aside for me. They piled up this much for me. They piled it up for me there. Then I woke up. I never stuck it in my shoulder bag. I never took it home. No! No! I woke up then.

[What could it mean?] Who knows. It could be that someone will die. I've seen that come true sometimes. Yes!

Sometimes it doesn't come true. Who knows, I've seen it come true sometimes. Yes!

I saw the meat in hea–ps. They were dividing it up. I saw it indeed!

[Will you die?] Somebody else. Somebody else. It isn't clear who it will happen to. It's just that maybe someone will die. Whoever it is. Hm!

That's what I dreamt.

I Try Crossing a River

D86

I think it was on the third night, too. And I was crossing a river agai–n. But the river was big. The river was big. I tried to cross the river, but the fucker wouldn't end! I couldn't get across it. The river kept on getting deeper and deeper. I crossed one river. I went to another. I was going to cross it, too, but I couldn't cross over. I was just screaming when I woke up. I was screaming now because it kept getting deeper. I was about to go [under]. I was just about to go [under]. It kept getting deeper. Hm!

It was on the third night that I saw it.

[What does it mean?] Who knows. I always dream that. That's all.

More Pooh, a Guitar That Plays by Itself

D87

I dreamt on the fourth night, too. I was in San Lucas.[1] I was in San Lucas. I was strolling along there. I had bought some corn or fruit or something. There were two bags. This much, like this. He was strolling along there. Maryan Krus, the former principal, was strolling along there.

"Did you bring your mule?" I asked. He used to have a mule.

"I've brought it," he said.

"Do you have a load?" I asked.

"No!" he said.

"Let me pay [for the trip] then, because I have a load. I've gotten a load. I won't be able to get there [carrying it] with a tumpline on my head," I said.

"Take it!" he told me.

We ate. We were eating now. I went to wash up. I went to wash up. There was a little tank, a nice little tank, filled with water. Eh, I thought I would go and wash up. Hell! There was just pig shit on the bottom of the tank, inside it. "Hell!" I said to myself. I simply didn't wash up. I did touch the water.

[Does it mean accusations of carnal sin?] Yes, accusations of carnal sin. Yes, accusations of carnal sin. Who knows if it could be that I'll get beaten up at the fiesta. I don't know. It can mean that. Who knows. Who knows if it could be that I'll get beaten up at the fiesta. There's no telling. I never washed myself well.

Sonofabitch, I didn't want to look at my hand anymore. I felt nauseous. I wanted to vomit. I had a little water gourd, this big, because I always have my water gourd when I travel on the trail to the lowlands. It is my water container. I carried it along. I went to somebody's house. I went to ask for some water. I went into the strange house.

Sonofabitch, they were terribly ladinoized there. They weren't like the townsmen of San Lucas. They were more ladinoized. I arrived and spoke to them in Spanish. It seemed as if it was already nighttime. It was dark, too. Who knows if it could be that somebody in my family will die. It was dark. Yes!

I arrived and spoke to them. "Give me a little of your water!" I said.

"Fine, take some!" they told me. There was water there. I took some from the faucet, of course. I filled my gourd. I filled it with a half-gourd. I washed. I was about to come out. There were some of our countrymen sitting there, too. You couldn't see who they were, just that they seemed to be very good friends of mine who were there. Hm!

[Did you recognize them?] It seemed that I knew some of them, but you couldn't tell very well. It wasn't very clear. Yes!

"Sit down!" they told me. "You can go in a minute," they told me. Lol K'ohčoʔ was there. That Maryan Krus was there. My enemies were mixed in there, too. My younger brother seemed to be there, too. I wasn't on good terms with him. I sat down. I sat down for a minute. They were sitting there. They had a table, here behind them, like this. It was behind them. There was a guitar leaning there [against the wall]. It started to play by itself. It started to play by itself. It played popular songs. Hm!

It played popular songs.

"How come? What is the guitar doing, playing by itself?" we asked.

"Hell, what could it mean by doing this?" they said now. "What does it mean by playing all by itself? Hell, but what could it be? No one is playing it, son," they said to me. Yes!

"No one is playing it," they said to me.

They started to look at that guitar. It stopped immediately. When they picked it up it stopped immediately. It no longer played. No!

I had seen [its strings] move. It was leaning against the wall behind them. It was leaning there. It was leaning against the wall. It sounded wonderful now. Hm!

Then I woke up. I was there when I woke up. I was there when I awoke. I never saw if I returned. Hm!

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[1] San Lucas, now called El Zapotal, is a lowland town that once belonged to the township of Zinacantán. Many of its inhabitants speak Tzotzil, though it is now quite ladinoized.

THREE CHAMULANS PLAY POPULAR SONGS

D88

The next night, too, I dreamt, too. You couldn't tell whe–re I was, if I was here in San Cristóbal or in Chamula country, or where. There were three Chamulans playing guitars. They were playing guitars, but just popular songs—not like their music. There were three. They had a fiddle. They had a little guitar and another bigger one. "Sonofabitch but how could they have learned so well?" I said to myself now. I was sta–nding now looking and looking. The people were li–ned up, watching. Yes!

"Do Chamulans know popular songs?" I said to myself now. Yes!

I was watching and watching. But I was standing there a really long time. Then I woke up, too. Then I awoke. Yes!

That's all there was to my dream, like that. I think that's all there was. There didn't seem to be anything else. No!

I AM A GOAT

D89

I seemed to be walking along on a trail through green meadows. Sheep were sca–ttered there. They were being watched over. I wasn't doing anything. I was just walking straight ahead. I just passed right by. I just watched the shepherds. I was coming straight home. I wonder how I could dream that. But I wasn't really a sheep, I was a goat.[1] It seemed I was a goat. There were loads of us in a huge corral. They opened it for us. We were being watched as if we were sheep. [We were in] in the woods. Hm!

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[1] Goats are not raised in the Chiapas Highlands. Indeed they are so closely associated with the Devil himself that witches are believed to transform themselves into long-haired, rank-smelling goats that strike terror in the hearts of their enemies during their nocturnal rambles. See D97.

I AM EATING LAUREL

D90

The first dream I had long ago there were trees that had been chopped down. They had been chopped down long ago. The trees had sprouted. They seemed to be laurel, as they're called. Yes!

It's called laurel. That's what it was. That's what I was eating. I hu–ng on with my two forelegs. I was eating it. I was clamping down on the leaves with my teeth. My forelegs slipped down. I landed on my si–de. My ribs were hurt. Then I was sick the next morning. I recovered with [the help of] a shaman. With a shaman. Yes!

With a shaman I recovered, of course. I keep seeing [that dream] now. I'm always like that in a corral, but now I don't ever fall. I just eat. I'm just loose in the woods when I wake up. But I never fall anymore. I just go about ea–ting leaves and so on, but it's probably my companion animal spirit, my companion animal spirit wherever it is hidden. That's what they say. That's what they say. Hm!

I AM HOEING

D90b

Who knows if it could be that my children will die. I was right there by my door. I was right there by my door. I was holding my hoe and my pick. I had both of them. There was [tall] grass growing there. It was [the kind used for] thatch. It was growing there by my door. I was pulling it out. I was pulling it out. There were some hillocks there, some high ground. I was di–gging it up and evening it out. I evened it out, it seemed. One of my compadres appeared. I have a compadre whom I gave some land to live on nearby. His name is Palas Šulub Teʔ. I let him live on my land. Yes!

"What are you doing, compadre?" he asked me when he arrived.

"I'm digging up the ground here because it looks too bumpy to me. I'm leveling it, because I don't want the grass to grow here either. I'm pulling out the grass here," I said. Yes!

I was in the midst of pu–lling it all up, I was digging up the ground. I was leveling it. Yes!

Who knows what it means. I just woke up then.

[Was it recent?] It was very recent. It was today. I forgot to tell you about it. It's very recent. Yes!

I AM OFFERED A CANDLE AND A HALF-PINT

D113

It was probably on the first day [of the fiesta of St. Lawrence]. Yes!

I was asleep early in the morning. It had already grown light. Someone came. It seemed as if it was the son of Manvel Čitom, as we call him—the little one. Yes!

"My mother says, *please, please come join us*," he said, he told me. He had brought me a 10 centavo candle—this long—and a half-pint of cane liquor.[1] We were lined up. Old Nišyo Konćares, the old ensign-bearer, was sitting in a row. The others lined up below him. Me, I was sitting at the head. [The boy] brought them to me. He looked over his shoulder. I hadn't accepted them yet.

"What are they for? What's the reason?" I asked. He had never told me. Then that mother of his ca–me. A woman came. A woman came.

"Please," she said to me. She arrived and took that candle of hers and that half-pint of hers. "I'll give them to him myself," she said. She handed them to me herself. "Please come join us. Give a little pardon! Take a little for me!" she told me. I accepted that candle and the half-pint. I accepted them. Suddenly I woke up. But it probably means that I'm going to Ixtapa. That's what it means. It was the Virgin.[2] That's what it was! Yes![3]

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[1] It is not customary to give a candle to a shaman when requesting his services.

[2] The patron saint of Ixtapa is Our Lady of the Ascension.

[3] D113–116 were reported to me on 22 August 1963.

I AM OFFERED SOMETHING AT THE CHURCH DOOR

D114

At Ixtapa, then, I dreamt. Who knows what they were, lined up as if at the foot of the wall. They were lined up, but you couldn't tell if they were hats or what. "Pick out the ones you want!" I was told. I picked them out. There was a little rope this long. [The hats] had little holes, little eyelets. I threaded the cords through. I threaded the cords through. They seemed to be from that rope. I tied them there. I never took them out [of the church]. No! No!

They were by the church door. They seemed to be by the church door. Right there! Yes!

But who knows what they were. I chose the ones I was going to take, as many as I wanted, but who knows what they were. I never saw them [clearly]. No!

I never saw what they were. No![1]

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[1] ʔAnselmo Peres, after reading this dream, commented that if one dreams of being told to choose a present from among many that he or she will become a shaman, bonesetter, or midwife in adulthood.

I AM OFFERED A DRINK AND AM SCARED BY A SPOOK

D115

When I was about to come back again [from Ixtapa] a week ago Thursday, it surely seemed as if it was Old Lukaš Konćares. He gave me a shot of cane liquor. I drank it. After I had drunk it, ooh, who knows what appeared. I was terribly scared. I was just really screaming now. Yes!

It appeared outside. It was coming inside now. It was a Spook or something, as we say. Yes!

Ooh, I was screaming now.

"What are you doing?" I was asked. I was wakened up. I awoke. Then I realized that I was sick. I felt simply terrible. I had a ba–d headache.

"I'm sick," I said to myself. I simply couldn't talk. My nose was stopped up. Yes!

If we drink cane liquor it means [we'll get] sinus. It was a week ago. Yes!

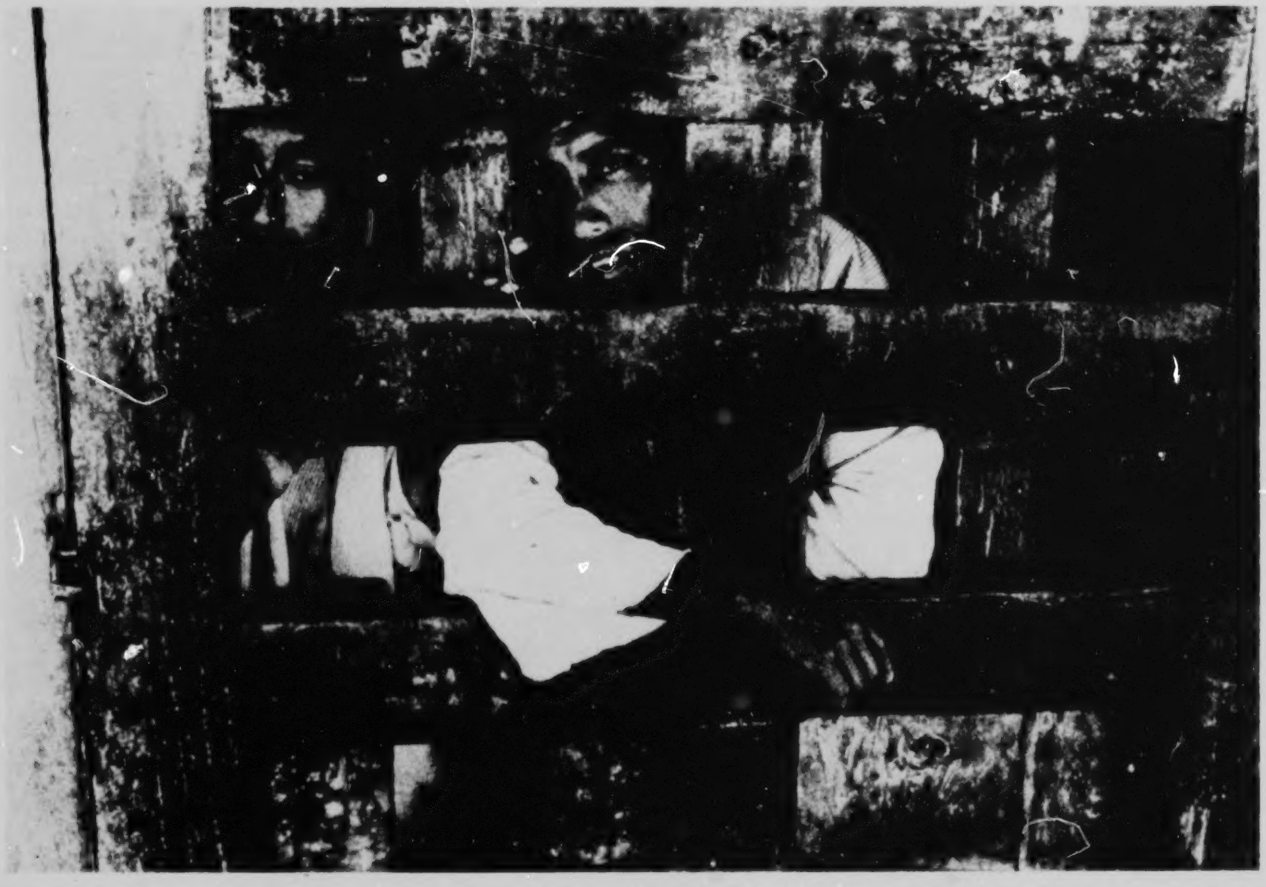

FIGURE 10.—Jail door, 1961. (From Vogt, 1969)

I AM UNJUSTLY JAILED FOR MURDER

D116

The next time I was jailed. I was going to be killed, it seemed. Yes!

But me, I wre–sted his machete away from him. I killed him. I was able to kill him. Ooh, I was chased. I was chased and chased. I walked and walked. I ran, but still they caught up with me. Still they caught up with me. The constables there in Zinacantán Center sei–zed me. Yes!

Supposedly I was put in jail, but I didn't go all the way into the jail room, there inside the jail room. I just [went] inside the barbed wire fence—in the jail yard, as we say. The jail yard was surrounded with barbed wire. I was stuck in there. Yes!

The justice of the peace seemed to be Palas Mučik. He was guarding me there now. He wouldn't let me leave now. "But look for him, try to find out who committed the murder. Me, I never killed anyone. I've been arrested for no reason at all, it seems. You jailed me for nothing. But as for me, let me go, go bring in [the murderer]," I said. More constables we–nt now. They said my eldest brother had committed the murder, too. They went to bring in my eldest brother, my oldest brother, Maryan. They had gone to seize him and bring him in. "But it was probably my eldest brother who committed murder. But why have you jailed me? Let me out!" I kept saying.

"You'll get out if it wasn't you. But if it was, you won't get out. You'll go in. You'll go all the way inside," I was told.

"Sonofabitch, go on, go catch him! He'll come as soon as possible, because he was probably the one who did it," I tried to tell [Palas Mučik] now—so that the justices of the peace would leave. I wanted them to leave me behind, because I thought I would jump over the barbed wire and flee. Yes!

I thought I would flee. But I knew in my heart that I had never murdered anyone. "He–ll, I'd like to get out. I'd like to run away. I'll leave for good," I said to myself, because I thought I was going to leave for good. Then I woke up when I was enclosed in a pen with a barbed wire fence. Then I woke up.

[What does it mean?] Who kno–ws what it means. Who knows. That's all there was to my dream that time.

I Am Cooking Meat

D120

The first [dream] when I arrived [home]—who knows if it could mean I'll die.

Sonofabitch! There was a pot this big for the meal—meat, cooking on the fire. The rest was lying there. The meat was simply in mou–nds, cut into many strips. The meat was cut in strips. Ooh, as soon as I pi–cked up my share, I stu–ck it in. I stuck it in the pot.[1] I had begun cooking it. Ooh, I ke–pt stuffing it in. There was still lots more. There was still a lot. The meat was in mou–nds this high! The rest was cooking there. I had begun to stick it in the pot. I was sticking the meat in the pot so that it would cook. But I don't know what it means. Who knows?

Sonofabitch, I was scared when I woke up! But [to dream about] meat is bad. Sometimes it means that we'll get sick and die. Sometimes, indeed!

Yes, the meat is our flesh. It is human flesh. Yes! Who knows what it means.[2]

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[1] Although men cook when they are working in the lowland corn fields they are not seen tending the pots in their homes.

[2] See note 1 to D216. D120–124 were reported to me on 29 August 1963.

I Am Driving Mules

D121

Now on the second night, too. Who knows where it was. It seemed that we started home in the lowlands. I was with the boys of Old Maryan Hili-ʔat, the shaman. Hm!

No one knew whose load it was. We had been driving the mules. There were five mule loads of things. They were just their mules. Yes!

We had been driving them home. We came down there next to the field, the Institute's field. We were dri–ving the mules along, but no one knew where the loads were supposed to arrive. They had packs. They were just carrying corn. Yes!

Sonofabitch, I was really chasing the mules, too. I was whipping and whipping the mules, whenever they wouldn't walk. I was screa–ming now, bawling out the mules. I was scolding them. I kept whi–pping them along. Then I woke up. I never saw where the load arrived. No! I woke up then. Ye–s!

I Am Dancing

D122

On the third night, too, who knows where I was. You couldn't tell. Ooh, we were lined up dancing. Ooh, as for me, I was dancing and dancing now. I was dancing and dancing. Hm!

There was music. The musicians were lined up. We were lined up. Me, I was standing in the middle. Ooh, I was really da–ncing spiritedly. Yes!

Then I woke up, too.

[Were you wearing a ceremonial robe?] I was wearing my ceremonial robe.[1] I was wearing it. I was wearing it indeed. Yes!

Who knows where I got it.

Sonofabitch, I looked at my ceremonial robe. It was brand new. Yes!

Who knows what it means, too. Yes!

---

[1] As Šun was wearing a ceremonial robe (*šakitail*) he would have been dancing in the style appropriate to a religious celebration; stamping in place, alternately lifting his feet and bending his knees much in the manner of a tom turkey.

I Am Carrying Rocks

D123

The next time, too, there was a highway, it seemed. It was an automobile road, as we say. Some rocks were stacked here on the side. Ooh, the rocks were stacked up very high. There were a lot piled up. "Let's get rid of these!" I was told. Ooh, the rocks were this big! It was ju–st limestone. Yes!

We were pi–cking up the rocks like this. We were thro–wing them one after another off the side of the road. Off the side of the road. Ooh, I was slaving away now, throwing them, too. But who knows what for—what good it was doing. I don't know if I was earning money. I don't know if I was working on a job. "Let's get rid of these!" I was told. I was slaving away now, throwing them. Who knows what it means. Yes!

I was slaving away now, getting rid of them. Yes!

That seems to have been all. I don't think I dreamt anything else.

I GET IN A CAR, AM SURROUNDED BY POOH

D124

Ah, I dreamt, too, that I got into a car. Hm!

I got into the car, but it wasn't a hardtop. It was like a pickup, like the ones your countrymen sometimes use to travel in. It was a little American car, open in the back. Yes!

The people were pa–cked inside. The people were packed inside. Me, I got in, but I couldn't get in ea–sily now. I got in now on top of the tire. I got in now on top of the tire. It seemed that the tire had a cover. I was si–tting on top of it now. The wheel was turning around now inside.

Sonofabitch, I was te–rribly scared now! The car stopped. It was going this direction, like this. The car was go–ing like this—to Chamula. It stopped. I got out. "Even if I'm left behind," I said to myself.

He–ll, but I was left behind. But then I couldn't wa–lk anymore. I tried to walk, but I couldn't. Ooh, the ground was just covered with shit. Who knows what it means. The ground was just covered with shit.

Hell, I had to shit. I went to the bathroom. I went to the bathroom on the side of the road.

Hell, but there was shi–t everywhere. Then I woke up, like that. I woke up like that.

[What does it mean?] Who knows. But they say we'll get sick from it—either me or my children or my wife or whoever. That's what it means. That's what it means if we dream of shit.

[Does it mean accusations of carnal sin?] Accusations of carnal sin, too. It has two [meanings]. Or otherwise [it means that] I will get a mistress sometime, myself, or that my wife will be spoken to sometime.[1] It means any of them. [It means] many different things. Yes!

That means many different things. Hm!

That's about all I seemed to have dreamt.

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[1] Here again the verb "to speak" connotes a sexual affair.

I BREAK MY DRUM

D125

A week ago Thursday, in the evening, I was pla–ying a drum. We were gathered together. The ensign-bearers, and so forth, were assembled.[1] I saw that I had bro–ken my drum. I broke it. I turned it over on the other side. The skin was still fine on the other side. I hi–t it again. Ooh, it ripped, too. It ripped, too. "Hell!" I said to myself now. "But what can I play?" I said to myself now. "Hell, but I've always played it. Why does it rip?" I said to myself. I saw that it was ripped. Hell! My drum was sla–ck. Yes!

Then I woke up. Then I saw that I was alone—no one else. Hm!

I had been asleep. Yes!

[What does it mean?] Who knows what it means.

[Is it bad?] Who knows. Probably not very [bad]. That doesn't mean very much. No![2]

---

[1] The ensign-bearers march to the tune of a flute and two drums.

[2] D125–128 were reported to me on 5 September 1963.

I DISCOVER SOME LITTLE CANDLES AND DESTROY THEM

D126

The next night I dreamt. It was bad indeed. A path runs along next to my house, by the back fence. It's the trail to the Institute field. Hm!

I was co–ming along there.

Sonofabitch, then I saw that there was a little bank with an overhang there by my back fence. It was at the end of my land. Hell, but there were big pi–les of little candles. There were little black, green, and red candles under the overhang. Yes!

There were ribbons. The ribbons were all cut into lengths, in lengths. There were blue ones and ribbons of many other colors.[1] "Hell, but what's this?" I said to myself. They were opposite my house. They just seemed to be on the other side of the path from my house. I called to my wife. "Bring a machete!" I said. She brought my machete.

Sonofabitch, those candles were lined up in big pi–les under the overhang. I cu–t them like this. I cu–t them like that. I cu–t them crosswise with the machete. I slashed at them with the machete. I slashed at them for good. Yes!

They were cut. I cut every one. They were ruined, too.

Sonofabitch, then I pissed on them, too. They were in rows. The candles were li–ned up. And wa–ddling along, I pissed on them. I soa–ked them with that piss of mine.

Sonofabitch, I pissed a good long distance! I pissed good and far. Yes!

After I pissed on them I came home. Then I woke up. They were gone. "Hell, could somebody be tormenting me?" I said to myself. Yes!

[What does it mean?] Who kno–ws what it means.

---

[1] Ribbons are not normally associated with witchcraft ceremonies. Ribbons festoon men's hats and are worn as necklaces by women. See note 1 to D219.

I ANGER A DITCHDIGGER

D127

The next night, too, I was coming u–p there below Old Pelis' house. You know where the maguey is? There is a maguey gro–wing there at the edge of the little gully. I was co–ming up by there. I was coming up there. It was Old Pelis' son. Do you know him? His name is Juan. Yes!

He was [working] down [the slope] of the gully, cleaning it. He cleaned the other gully. He began at the foo–t of the fence, like this. The guy was still clea–ning right into the gully itself, below his house, it seems, as we say. Yes!

But it wasn't with a hoe. It wasn't with anything for cleaning [ditches]. It was a broken piece of corrugated metal that's used sometimes for houses. The broken piece was this wide, and good and long, like this. He was pu–shing it this way. He was pu–shing it like this. He kept pu–shing [the weeds] away like this. "Hell, what's he doing? What's that guy doing?" I said to myself. "What's he doing?" I said to myself. I watched. I watched. He was just pu–shing them, just pushing them.

Hell, he lost this temper because I was watching him, too.

"Why are you staring at me?" he asked me, too. His knife was fastened to his belt. His knife was fastened to his belt.

"Hell, what if the fucker kills me now? He's mad that I'm watching him," I said to myself. I came back. I came home. Yes!

I woke up, too. Nothing, no trouble. Hm!

I WATCH A FIGHT, RESCUE A HOE, AM GIVEN A BIG BILL

D128

This morning, too, I dreamt again. I was going do–wn. I was going down [the trail]. Then it seemed that I met Maryan Kaču, there by Pelis' gate, too. I met him there. He was carrying his hoe on his shoulder. I was carrying my hoe on my shoulder, too. I didn't know where I was going—where the work was. I couldn't tell.

Sonofabitch, then [Kaču] met up with Palas ʔOk'il on the trail. He limps. Do you know him? That's who he met. [Palas] was dru–nk.

Sonofabitch, they hit each other there. He and Kaču hit each other there. Yes!

[Kaču] and that lame Palas ʔOk'il hit each other.

Sonofabitch, they hit each other—the bastards. There is a house there right next to the cross. That Kaču hung that hoe of his on the arm of the cross.[1] Yes!

He left it hanging on the arm of the cross. I was about to leave, myself. "Hell, if he goes himself . . . Hell, if his hoe disappears, but whose fault is it, since he saw that I was here, it seems? *It was you who took it!* he'll tell me," I said to myself. I took that hoe, I left it for safekeeping at the house. I left it for safekeeping at the house.

"Thank you for coming and leaving it. Take your pay!" he told me. Supposedly he gave me a bill. Ooh, the bill grew and grew. It got big. It was like a raincape now. It was a raincape now. It was a raincape now. I went to break it. I never saw how I came back. It seemed as if the late Old Erasto was still alive.[2] Yes!

"Won't you break this bill for me?" I said.[3]

"How much is it?" he asked.

"A hundred [pesos]." I said. Yes!

"Wait, we'll see, I guess," he told me. Now he was taking out his money. He was taking it out of a chest, like this one. He was looking at his money, now. I was waiting now, myself. He kept handing over the money now. Then I woke up. Then I woke up. It was broken off there. That was this morning. Yes!

[What could it mean?] Sonofabitch, I say, who knows! I saw a fist fight, it seems. That hoe, who knows what it means.

[Is it bad?] Who knows. Eh, it may be bad, if it's true. Who knows? I've never dreamt that before. That's the first time. That's the very first time. Yes!

That's all the dreams I had.

---

[1] For a Zinacantec it would seem a foolhardy sign of disrespect to the gods to hang one's hoe on the arm of a cross. In Zinacantán Center crosses stand at the major crossroads.

[2] "Old Erasto" was Erasto Urbina, a wealthy Ladino of San Cristóbal, who broke all precedents and became an energetic defender of the Indians during the 1940s and 1950s.

[3] I have chosen to give a literal translation of the verb, *vok'*, in the sense of "changing a bill," because the English idiom, "to break a bill," corresponds exactly to the literal Tzotzil.

MY PANTS FALL OFF AT A FIESTA

D131

I dreamt that I was by the church door. There were lo–ts of men, because it was a fiesta or something, or the fiesta of St. Lawrence, it seemed. My clothes had been fine, like these. They were fine for a minute. The next time I looked, my woolen tunic was gone. My hat was gone now. I only had my pants and my shirt now. Ooh, my pants dropped. My sash was gone now. Now my sash was gone. My pants dropped.

Sonofabitch, I clutched at them quickly. Hell, [I did it] in a hurry because they had fallen down, my pants had fallen down. Quickly I pulled them up, in a hurry. I fo–lded over [the top of my pants]. I tried to roll [the top] tight, bu–t it kept coming undone.[1] It kept coming undone. "Hell, but why?" I said to myself. "Hell, but why are they like this, but I'm terribly embarrassed!" I said to myself. "Sonofabitch, am I dreaming this?" I said to myself. "But it's still my dream, it isn't on the earth's surface! But where did my sash go?" I said to myself. I ro–lled [my pants] up. I ro–lled them up. I ti–ghtened them carefully.

Sonofabitch, I simply returned home now. I came back home. But I had been embarrassed. I had been embarrassed. I was terribly ashamed. I never arrived home. I woke up. Yes!

[What could it mean?] Who knows what it means. Who knows if I'll become very poor. That's what it means when our pants drop. Yes!

That's what it means, indeed. Who knows if my corn field could have been ruined by the sun. That's what it means. If so, I'll become poor. Yes! [2]

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[1] Traditional Zinacantec men's shorts have a lot of material at the top which is rolled over tightly before the sash is bound around the waist.

[2] D131–132, and D134 were reported to me on 12 September 1963.

I GET INTO A CAR, IT NEARLY CRASHES, I FIND SOME GOURDS

D132

I dreamt again. It was this morning. It was already pre–tty light. I got into a car again, here at the fork. There by the road to Chamula. It was there. But it was a little car. But it was a car of yours, of your countrymen, it seemed. Yes!

It wasn't a car of [the people] just here in San Cristóbal. It was a gringo's car, as we say. Yes!

It was a little car. There were many of our countrymen. Our countrymen were scra–mbling up now. They finished climbing up. They finished climbing up on the very top, right on the top. Not inside. They finished climbing up. There were some deep gourds. They were this big, like this, perched on the top.

Ooh, they fell off. Our countrymen . . . Hell, as for me, I was left standing there. Our countrymen were perched [on top]. But the car went backwards. It went in reverse. It was there below the fork. It went on the road to Chamula, well below the fork. The car, weighed down, cra–wled off. Ooh, I watched as two of its wheels fell off.

Hell, they fell off. It went backwards, "Sonofabitch, but that bastard's going to be wrecked," I said to myself. "Thank God I didn't get on myself!" I said to myself. Yes!

I tried to ca–rry those little deep gourds. They were too slippery to carry, too. I couldn't hold on to them. I tried to ca–rry them. "But these are theirs. They fe–ll off," I said to myself. Hell, I thought [the accident] would kill them. I thought it would harm them," I kept saying to myself. Yes!

They never fell. The car pu–lled itself back up, but its two rear wheels had fallen off. They had fallen down into the gully. Yes!

It was just about this deep here. It went down steeply. If [the car] had gone down a bit further it would have gone [for good]. It came back up. It returned. It returned. It came back. It still came back. It was going to go [over], but it just came back to where it was. It returned. It came back to where it had been. Yes!

Me, I was left standing there. "Where shall I go after this? But should I take the deep gourds back home?" I said to myself. They were the deep gourds for [storing] tortillas. Do you know them? Yes!

That's what they were! "But should I take them back? Should I go and give them to them?" I said to myself. "But should I go on foot? But maybe they'll pay me if I can get them back," I kept saying to myself. "Maybe they'll pay me if I can get them back," I said to myself. I woke up. I hadn't gone anywhere. No! Those other countrymen came here to San Cristóbal by car. Me, I was strolling along when I woke up. Yes!

I didn't dream anything else. That's all.

I AM COLLECTING MONEY

D134

I dreamt one more time. We were collecting money. We were collecting money—a pe–so apiece, it seemed—for Independence Day.[1] Who knows what I was putting the money in. It was taken from me. The money was ta–ken from me. I was already carrying a lot of money. It's always handy. On the earth's surface it's always handy. I was carrying the money in my dream. "Let's borrow some," I was told. "Give me some!" I was told. "Let's borrow some, I'll pay you back," said one of them. The others just took it. They were about to get mad. They were bawling me out now. They were hitting me now. They were taking the money, it seemed. Who knows, if I gave the money it could mean that

I won't have enough for my needs. Who knows. Or [the money's] soul will leave.[2] Who knows? Yes!

Who knows? That's right! I never gave it. I never gave it. I was scared. "What if they hit me now?" I said to myself. Yes!

They were all men, our countrymen, it seemed. Yes!

That's what I saw. But then I just woke up. There wasn't anymore. No–o!

Who knows if it means something. Who knows?

---

[1] Šun, as a member of the school board, would be collecting money from his townsmen for Independence Day, the national holiday that is celebrated with much fanfare in all the schools of Mexico.

[2] It is thought that money, like corn, has a soul (*č'ulel*) that can be lost through the owner's negligence or immoral behavior, so rendering him penniless.

I AM CHEATED BY A CHAMULAN MUSICIAN

D135

It seemed I was in bed, but who knows where. I never saw where. There seemed to be somebody—one of those that come this way from Mitziton. They are Chamulans. They have long pants. Their li–ttle woolen tunics reach to here. Their woolen tunics are tiny. I was in be–d. I heard him playing. He was just playing a harp. But he made up all [three]. It seemed as if he was playing a guitar and a fiddle [at the same time].[1]

He played two or three pieces. Then he came to talk to me.

"Now your musician is leaving," I was told. Yes!

"Why is he going? It's not time for him to go," I said to myself.

"I'm going now," he said.

"Why? It isn't time. Didn't I feed you yesterday and the day before? [2] I fed you. It seems that you only played a little while. I fed you a lot," I said. "Don't go yet!" I said.

"That's all, because I've played a lot already."

"How could you have played a lot? You played two or three pieces," I said. "Play now!" I said.

"But I'm going," he said.

"But why are you going?" I asked. "Play on, but you still can't go yet!" I said. "I won't let you go yet," I said. He had just played two or three pieces on his instrument, but I fed him. I began feeding the musician yesterday or the day before. But he had only one instrument, only one, only a harp. Yes!

Only a harp. "But why if you were supposed to bring your friends—why are you alone?" I kept saying. Lord, I kept bawling him out now because I was being scolded, too. "Why am I told, *Your musician is leaving right now?* But he isn't going. He's not supposed to go yet. He's supposed to play all day today," I said to myself. I was lying fa–ce up in my bed. I jumped up. I was sitting now. I was very scared when I landed upright, because I was being upbraided, too. Because I was upbraiding the musician as well. Yes!

Who knows what it means. I just woke up then. I had been watching him for a lo–ng time. I never let him go. I had been watching him a long time. Yes! [3]

---

[1] Although local Chamulans living in the valley of Zinacantán Center may occasionally be asked to substitute for a Zinacantec musician when none is available, it would be unthinkable for a Chamulan from Mitziton on the other side of San Cristóbal to fill that position.

[2] The customary trio of fiddle, guitar, and harp would be fed for their services, but only for a rich man's wake might a trio play for a three-day period.

[3] D135–139 were reported to me on 19 September 1963.

I SEE PEOPLE HOEING

D136

The next night I was strolling along opposite my house, there on the other side, it seemed—opposite the Institute's field, as we say. Yes!

There were apple trees growing there. There were two white sapotes growing there. Yes!

Ooh, they were hoe–ing and hoeing. But the people, the hoers—there were women, there were men, there were Chamulan women. There was every kind [of person]. But they didn't hoe the land properly. They simply finished digging lots of holes. The holes were this bi–g. The others were narrow, like graves. They were really making a me–ss of the ground. "Why are you doing that?" I asked.

"Because the land here has to be hoed. The ground has to be prepared," they said. It was Čep Hili-ʔat's land. Yes!

It's his land there next to my house. They were in the midst of hoeing it. There used to be loads of apple trees, but the apple trees were gone now. They had du–g them all up. Yes!

"Why would that be?" I said to myself. Hell, I was strolling along there. I was there when I woke up. When I looked, there was nothing. I was asleep in my bed. Nothing was there.

I AM ATTACKED BY A LADINA

D137

The next night, too, I saw . . . it was this morning. It seemed I was strolling along. I don't know where

I went. I think it was the trail to San Felipe. But I was returning now in this direction. It seemed to be over there by the San Felipe mountains. I crossed a gully. I crossed it, but I had been walking along minding my own business. I hadn't done anything wrong. Nothing. Ooh, the next time I looked, a Ladi–na was coming along, an old woman. She went cha–sing after me. Ooh, but I just got scared. I was paralyzed. I couldn't wa–lk anymore. My hands [had grown] bi–g. My head [had grown] heavy. I tried to walk. I was on all fours now. But I couldn't walk anymore. She caught up with me and grabbed me. We were hi–tting each other. We pu–shed each other down again and again, but she got on top of me, too. "Hell, but she is befuddling me by doing this!" I said to myself now.[1] She was si–tting on top of me. But she was an old Ladina. That was this morning. Yes!

She was si–tting on top of me.

Hell, but she did that to me a lot of times. It was probably four or five ti–mes. I would get free time and again. She would gra–b me. She would gra–b me time and again. That's the way it ended, too. I had wakened up.

---

[1] It is thought that women's sexual organs have a magical debilitating power over men. Should a woman step over a man or even over his clothes or tools he may well become "befuddled" and "stupid" (*bol*).

I See a Chamulan Hugging a Mare

D138

I fell asleep again. The next time there was a black mare asleep, ly–ing in the meadow. A Chamulan boy came along. He kept hugging it now. He went to hu–g it over and over. The black mare was twitching and twitching now. That mare was kicking its legs. "What good is that to you, Chamulan?" I said. "What good is it to you? Do you think the mare can be fucked?" I said. "If it kicks you, you'll die. Do you think you could survive if it kicked you?" I said, because it was thra–shing its legs about a lot. "Hell, if it kicks you, you'll die!"

"But I can do it. I'm used to giving it to the mare," said the Chamulan. He seemed to say it. He was a Chamulan boy. Yes!

"Quit it, you bastard!" I said. I went to gra–b his hand away. I pulled him off. That Chamulan gave it up. That black mare was left lying down. But it was very fa–t. It was very fat. It was a massive black mare. Yes!

"The bastard has grown used to it. That's what he was going to do to it, but if he is kicked, with me here now, it's me who will take the blame for him," I said to myself. I was scared, since it was already kicking. It was lying down, but its two hind legs were thra–shing about now. Yes!

He kept hugging its ass now. "Do you think you can do it?" "What good is it to you?" I said. Yes!

He gave it up. I pulled him off. Then he gave it up. I had gone to sleep again. I had wakened up like that. I went to sleep.

[What could it mean?] Who knows what it means.[1]

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[1] Stories of bestiality in Zinacantán are very uncommon.

I Find a Pit, I Clear Land, I Am Chased

D139

I just fell asleep again. I was there next to my house, in the woods above my house. I was stro–lling along in the woods. Ooh, I discovered a cave there. It was like an awful sinkhole. That's what it was like. It went down, this wi–de. Ooh, the pit went way down. Its opening was this wi–de. But just that wide it went down to the bottom. Ooh, it went way down. It went way down. There were bamboos growing there—the kind that grows in the temperate parts. I got a lo–ng one. I cut it, as I always have a knife with me. I cut it. I stu–ck it in. Ooh, it went way in. I pushed the long bamboo [pole] in. It went way down. "Sonofabitch, but [things] will grow well on this land!" I said to myself. "They would grow well if it were cleared. The gound is very fertile," I said to myself. Yes!

Ooh, I never saw where my friend came from. When I looked next I was in the midst of clearing the land. I had my axe and my billhook. I was clea–ring the land now, just cutting [the trees] now. Yes!

I worked my way upwards. My work went this way. Our country men were there. I was ju–st cutting [the trees] now. Yes!

I was just felling the trees now. I worked up [the slope]. I watched as my work we–nt upwards. "Why do you have to cut the trees?" I was asked. They came to scold me, too. They came to scold me, too.

"I'm cutting them, but they're mine, because I'm going to plant a corn field. Who's coming to scold me?" I said. I lo–st my temper, too. I think it was my eldest brother, Maryan, who came to scold me. Yes!

"I'm cutting them, but they're mine. Who's coming to scold me?" I said. I lost my temper, too.

Sonofabitch, he started to scold me now. He started to hit me, too. He had a machete. He was chasing me now. I fle–d, too. I never saw what [happened]

—if he got me or if he didn't get me. I woke up. I woke up. Yes!

I just woke up scared. Yes!

I never saw what happened. No!

It just ended when I woke up. Yes!

I was screaming when I was fleeing. I was wakened up. Yes!

Who knows what it means.

I Nearly Steal Some Firewood, I Am Offered Wood Grubs

D141

[It was] on Thursday evening, when I arrived after I had come here a week ago. Yes!

I saw myself walking in a deep forest, in a very deep forest. It was on Old Luis' land, on Old Luis' land.[1] I had brought my machete and my tumpline. I left my machete hidden in the woods. "I'll just be scolded. I'll just be seen by the forest guard," I said to myself. I hid my machete. "It will just be said that I have a machete. It will just be said that I am cutting trees," I said to myself. I had taken along my shoulder bag, because I was going to look for amanitas or fairy clubs or whatever I look for when I take a walk in the woods. Yes!

You see, I thought I wouldn't carry back any firewood. Then I found a stack of firewood, already cut. The wood had already been gathered. I found it stacked up. There was some le–vel ground down below. "Well, I'll tie this wood into bundles," I said to myself. "I'll tie it into bundles. The owner won't see. "Quickly I'll tie it into bundles in a hurry," I said to myself. I divi–ded it into the right amounts for tying up. I thre–w it down to that level ground. Now I had stacked up that firewood on the level ground. And then I saw the owner coming. He was a–mbling towards me. The owner, the forest guard, had his gun. He had his axe. It was Old Polin here on the back side of the mountain. He is a forest guard. He came along. He was stro–lling towards me. "The bastard will see me now!" I said to myself. I hi–d behind a tree trunk. I was hi–ding there, waiting for him to pass. In the end he never passed by. He simply stopped there. There was a stump, this big, there. The stump was this big. He leaned his gun against the foot of the tree. He hacked at that tree. He kept splitting and splitting it. Eh, he was just taking out its grubs, the rotten wood grubs, as we say.[2] The white ones, do you know them? He was just taking out the white ones. Then he was putting them, he was putting them, he was putting them on top of the stump. "Hell, what's the difference if he sees me, because he's not going to leave now!" I said to myself. I just let myself be seen. I went to talk to him. He didn't say anything to me. He didn't scold me. He didn't see that I was going to steal the wood. He didn't see me [doing it]. He didn't see. I had piled up that wood, of course, but he wasn't paying attention. He never looked either. "It probably wasn't his wood, that's why he never looked," I said to myself.

"Do you ever eat these?" he asked me.

"I do," I said. It was the wood grubs.

"Take two of them, then," he told me. He gave me two. I was squa–tting there a long time. I was chatting with hi–m now. I was happy now. He never saw me [stealing]. He never saw me. "What are you doing?" he asked.

"I'm just looking for edible mushrooms in the woods. I'm looking to see if there are any fairy clubs or anything else," I said. "I'm taking a walk," I said.

"Ah!" he said. "Don't cut down the trees! The owner scolds people who cut down the trees, because I've been given authority. I can kill whoever cuts down the trees, whoever chops them," he said.

"No, I don't have my machete," I said. Because I didn't have my machete, only my tumpline, but I had already stuck it in the bottom of my shoulder bag. "Sonofabitch!" I was saying now. "Thank God I wasn't tying up my wood in bundles!" I said to myself. "If I had been carrying my wood when he arrived, hell!" I kept saying. I was just holding those woods grubs. I woke up. I was holding them while I chatted with him. I woke up. After all I was asleep at home. Yes!

[What could it mean?] Who knows what it means, probably nothing. Nothing at all, just my soul's madness.[3]

My Sister-in-Law Offers To Bring Holy Water

D142

The next night, too, I was coming this way to this other side of town. I came across at Čiloʔ. Then I met Paškuʔ Čaro. There I met Paškuʔ Čaro and Old Maltil Hili-ʔat's daughter. Here at Puyal Voʔ. She used to be the wife of my elder brother, ʔAntun—my later elder brother, ʔAntun. She came along there. "How is your patient?" they asked me.

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[1] "Old Luis," was Luis Franco, a Ladino, who owned a ranch in the valley of Zinacantán Center. The heavily forested sacred mountain of Zinacantán, Muk'ta Vi¢, stood within his boundary lines. He hired a man to prevent poaching.

[2] The grubs of a large, long-horned beetle are roasted and eaten by Zinacantecs.

[3] D141–144 were reported to me on 26 September 1963.

"A little better. I think there will be a ceremony today. I don't know if there's anyone who wants to lend a hand, because I'm looking for a ritual assistant now," I said. Yes!

"Who are you going to ask?" she said.

"I really don't know, because I'm just looking for whoever will do [me] the favor. Because I thought that a few little candles would be offered for him," I said. But I was just lying. I didn't know who was sick. There wasn't anybody. No!

"Me, I can go bring the water," said that Paškuˀ Čaro.[1] "I'll go bring the water. It's probably just from three springs. It's just a medium-sized ceremony. It isn't the big ceremony. It's just a medium-sized ceremony. I'll just go and bring water from three springs," she said.

"Please do, then," I said. It seemed that I went home. I left. They stayed behind. They still didn't come, it seemed. No. I woke up at home. There wasn't anything. I was sleeping at home. But I had found my ritual assistant when I was asleep. It was that Paškuˀ Čaro. She was going to bring three gourds of water. She was going to draw [water] from Voˀ-č'oh Voˀ, Popol Ton, Ton Ȼ'ikin, just from three. It was just a medium-sized ceremony. Paškuˀ Čaro said it wasn't to be a very big ceremony when the candles were offered. That's what she told me. Who knows what it means. Who knows. It's probably nothing.

[Is there anyone sick in your family?] No, no, I haven't a patient. That's just my soul's madness. Yes!

It's just my soul's madness. I never saw if they went to my house. I just saw them when I met them on the path. We made a deal that she would go to my house. She was going to draw that water. That was the agreement, of course. It ended. I woke up. It ended there. Yes!

I never saw what happened. No!

It just ended there.

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[1] Women are never asked to draw the sacred water for a curing ceremony.

I AM TOLD TO FIX THE MULES' PACKS AND AM LEFT IN THE LOWLANDS

D143

I dreamt again. I dreamt again. Another time. It was probably when I went to bed drunk. But I wasn't very drunk. It was three days ago. Yes!

I went to drink with Čep Hili-ˀat. We decided to go to the lowlands. That's what we decided. The next time I looked, I was just about to arrive. Then I passed Kankreh. Kankreh it's called. That Kankreh belongs to the Bik'it Karmen property. I passed by now. There is a landing field there. The Bik'it Karmen plane always lands there. We were dri–ving the mules along. They were loaded. Sonofabitch, the mules' packs had all slipped to the side. "Fix my mules' packs for me! I'll be back. I'm going back [home] quickly," said that Old Čep Hili-ˀat. "Fix my mules' packs for me!"

"Sonofabitch, does he think he can come back in a minute? Since [he said] he was coming right back. *Wait just a minute for me!* he said. It seems to me he has already come a long way," I said to myself. "How could it be? Is he telling the truth?" I watched him go back.[1]

"I'll be back in a minute. I'm coming back," he said. But [we were] already in the lowlands.

"How could it be?" I said to myself. "Is he going mad? How come he said he was going back? But how could he arrive in a minute? *Wait for me a minute or so!* he said. Could he arrive home in a minute?" I said to myself. As for me, I was bewi–ldered. Hell, but the packs were falling. "How come? What happened to him? Is that guy a madman, then?" I kept saying to myself. "I'll wait for you, then," I said. I thought he was just fooling. Ooh, I watched him come back. He came back. He came back. He came back. I fixed those mules' packs for him. It was me. I fixed them for him. I kept going towards the lowlands. I was going to the lowlands. I was just about to arrive. I woke up again. I never saw if I arrived. I never saw if I arrived in the lowlands. No!

Who knows what it means. Who knows. That's about all I sa–w.

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[1] Sun's astonishment at being asked to wait "just a minute" for his companion to go home and come back down to the lowlands was entirely justified as it is a 21-hour round trip journey on foot!

THE ELDERS ASK ME A FAVOR

D144

I saw, it seems, but I can't remember it very well either. I saw that the elders and I were assembled, but you couldn't tell what we were doing. "Please do us the favor, be so kind," they said to me, indeed.

"But I can do it, if you are really telling the truth. If you respect me, I can do it," I said. But I didn't know what they were asking me. "What could it be?" I said to myself. I figured it out myself. "But I think they're probably asking me to go as a shaman," I said to myself. "Could it be to play music?" I said to myself. I tried to figure it out.

"Wait a bit, we'll tell you the whole story, because you will be so kind, you will do us the favor, son, elder brother, younger brother," they kept saying now.[1] But they didn't offer me anthing. Nothing. Nothing.[2] I didn't know what they were asking me.

"Could it be to play music later on? Could they be asking me to go as a shaman?" I said to myself. I was waiting there. They didn't tell me anything. I woke up again. That was an end to it. Nothing. I didn't see anything else now. No!

Nothing. That's all I dreamt. That's all. Hm!

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[1] The formal address, "son, elder brother, younger brother" (*kere, bankilal, ʔi¢'inal*) is used by an older man speaking to his junior.

[2] A formal request is always accompanied by a bottle of cane liquor, so Šun was rightly mystified.

Mal Heronimo

> Is *all* that we see or seem
> But a dream within a dream?
> —Edgar Allan Poe
> *A Dream within a Dream*

I have not met Šun Min's wife and know her only through the dreams her husband reported to me. According to local gossip Mal had to sit by while her younger sister's fiancé came to call. Finally, in a fit of jealousy, Mal eloped with Tonik Nibak's son, and so frightened her sister's fiancé that he demanded his own immediate marriage. But Mal's union lasted only a short time, whereupon she married a man who had adopted Ladino clothes. Together they went to the fincas where, it is said, Mal behaved very badly. After the birth of a child she fled from her husband in the fincas and returned to Zinacantán, sporting shoes and a dress. Since her marriage to Šun, Mal, barefoot, has faithfully obeyed her husband.

Šun remarked to me that his wife's soul must be stupid because she so seldom remembers her dreams, "but then she is stupid, too, on the earth's surface," Šun added with his horse laugh.

Mal's dreams, relayed to me by her husband, though few in number, demonstrate the variety of communication between man and wife that persists after sleep has come: Mal is rescued by her husband, but fears he will drop her (D118); she sees him come to beg pardon (D129); she is approached by a man and fears Šun's anger (D130); she and her husband are frightened alike by a flood (D140); Šun proves to be a stubborn, ornery husband (D119, D133). And after they awaken they compare their dreams to see if they both foresee the same dire events (D79). Their dreams illustrate not only their strains, but their togetherness.

My Boy Dies

D78

My wife dreamt twice, too. The first time . . . it was that little boy of mine. He is eight years old. Hm!

He is sick with the cough, too. She dreamt. She didn't see how, but it seemed he died. He was dea–d now, stre–tched out now. His soul had departed. They were going to the burial. Yes!

She said he was stretched out inside the house, but it wasn't our house. It was somebody else's house, she said. Yes!

He was just stretched out. He was dead. Me, I was crying and crying, she said. Yes!

I never saw how it turned out. It just ended like that, she said.

[Is it a bad dream?] Who knows. Eh, it's probably bad. It's probably bad.[1]

I Touch a Corpse When Digging Up Lime, I Am Given a Meal

D79

She dreamt again yesterday, as we say. Her mother was there, she said. My mother-in-law, as we say. Yes!

Her mother was there, she said. She was boiling her nixtamal.[1] There was a dead child stretched out there on the metate platform.[2] The dead child was this long. It's coffin was tiny. The lower end of the coffin was wide open. It seemed that that mother-in-law of mine was boiling her nixtamal. "Please go bring me—dig up a lump of lime for me," she said.[3] It was lime for the nixtamal so that the nixtamal would boil, so that it would soften, so that the skin of the kernels would soften. [My wife] went to pull it up.

"Where is your lime buried, mother?" she asked her.

"It's just buried at the foot of the body," she said. [My wife] went to look. She went to dig up the ground. She happened to touch the feet of that corpse, that dead child. Ooh, they were ve–ry rotten. That little corpse was mu–shy to the tou–ch. That little corpse was badly rotted. It stank horribly.

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[1] D78–79 were reported to me on 25 July 1963.

"Why is the body there? See! See where you put the body!" said [my wife].

"Could anything happen from that? Do you think anything could happen? Bathe yourself! Wash your hand well!" she was told. Yes!

They dug up that lime. Then my wife woke up. She woke up. When she woke up on the earth's surface, "What did I touch?" she said. She smelt that hand of hers. But she was awake now. She was awake now. There was nothing, nothing. No!

That's all. Yes!

That's all. The end.

[Could it mean your wife and her mother will die?] "Who knows if it could be that they'll die," she said every few minutes. She was frightened now. "Could it be that they'll die? My dream was terrible," she said. "I saw a dead child," she said. "But it wasn't in our house, it was at our mother's house," she said. Yes!

"A dead child," she said. But who knows if it could be that someone will die. I, [Šun], think it may be that someone will die, since I dreamt it, too. I was given a meal. I was given a meal. That's what I see when somebody dies. But when an adult dies—a man or a woman, whoever is already grown up—then a cow is slaughtered, just like we said before. A cow is slaughtered. It is cooked. We ea–t a great deal. But I see the meat I am eating. That time I never saw it. It was just that I was given a meal. I never saw whether I ate it. I never saw whether it was meat or greens or what it was that I ate. No! I just saw that my food was served out. I just woke up then. That's all. Who kno–ws. I think maybe it will come true. Maybe. Yes!

As for me, that's what I dreamt.

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[1] Nixtamal is corn that is boiled with lime to soften it and to remove the skins before it is ground into corn dough.

[2] The metate platform is a heavy slab of wood on which the grinding stone stands. A corpse would never be placed on it.

[3] Lime is kept fresh by burying it under the dirt floor of the house.

I Am Petitioned and Led Off by My Dead Father

D117

The other one was that dream of my wife, too. That time she was screaming and screaming. Hm!

She said it was because a man appeared. He came to petition her, she said. I wasn't there, she said. I wasn't there, she said. She was being petitioned. She didn't want to be petitioned, she said. She was ru–nning away, she said. But her children weren't there, she said. He came another time. She was petitioned again.

And no, now it was her father who appeared—her late father, it seems, as we say. It was her late father. He appeared. "Are you there?" she was asked.

"I'm here, father," she said.

"I've come to take you, then. Let's go! It's better if we go. It's better where I am. You are really suffering here," she was told. "You are suffering terribly," she was told.

"Let's go then," she said. She left. She went off with that father of hers. Yes!

You see, on the way [she turned around] and came back. "But why am I going there? Why?" she said. She came back. Yes!

She returned home. Who knows if she reached [home] or if she could have died. Who knows? Who knows? Who knows? [1]

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[1] The appearance of a ghost in one's dream is believed to cause sickness and death. D1117–119 were reported to me on 22 August 1963.

My Husband Carries Me Dangling as We Fly from a Spook

D118

That other time she was screaming, too, because who kno–ws what it was that seemed to come to our house. It was a Spoo–k or something she saw coming, she said. Yes!

Me, I ca–rried that wife of mine up [in the air]. She was da–ngling now [in my grasp]. I flew. I was gliding now. Yes!

Ooh, she was screaming now.

"What's happening to you?" I asked.

"I had a dream," she said. "I had a dream," she said. Ooh, she was te–rribly scared that I would drop her, she said. She was scared when I was ho–lding her suspended as I flew away with her. Yes!

I was flying away with her.

Beef on the Hoof

D119

The next night, too, it was probably just after I had come back, I think.

She said she was remo–ving the [outer layer] of a cow hoof on the fire.[1] It was cooked. "Will you eat?" she asked me.

"I don't want to," I said. "I don't want to eat it."

"How come, then, you told me, *Cook my meal, fix it!* [*I want to*] *eat*—and then you don't want it?" she asked me.

"No, I don't want it," I said. Then she woke up. We woke up. That's all. It was a week ago.

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[1] Beef hoofs do not ordinarily form a part of Zinacantec cuisine!

My Husband Leaves a Funeral To Beg My Forgiveness

D129

My wife dreamt, too. It was probably the day before yesterday. Yes, the day before yesterday. She said it seemed as if we had gotten divorced. She was alone except that my little boy was there, and my little girl. They were all there with her. They were at her mother's house. Yes!

It was when somebody had died in another house. I had gone to the burial. There were a lot of us. I was with some other men. We were burying [the person]. Yes!

You see, we simply abandoned that corpse lying stretched out there. We never went to bury it. I took those people in the funeral party—all the men who were there—to my mother-in-law's house. Then I went to ask forgiveness of that wife of mine.

"Why does it seem they are abandoning the corpse? Why does it seem they are abandoning it, lying stretched out? Why don't they bury it first? They have come in a group because they are going to ask forgiveness," [my wife] said [to her mother]. We were li–ned up as we went into the house. Yes!

I sat down immediately. Yes!

I hadn't spoken. I didn't say anything to her. No!

Right then she woke up. We were sitting there. Yes!

It just ended there, like that, when she woke up. Yes!

[What could it mean?] Who kno–ws what. She said indeed that she saw a corpse lying stretched out.

[Will somebody die?] Who knows what. There's no telling. That's what she dreamt the day before yesterday.[1]

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[1] D129–130 were reported to me on 5 September 1963.

I Am Hugged by an Old Man

D130

But this morning it seemed I wasn't at home. I wasn't there. [My wife] was at home of course. She was si–tting inside my house. It was Old Nišyo Končares who was stri–ding into my house. He arrived at my house, but [he came] right inside. He arrived and hu–gged her. Ooh, she picked up a stick for him. She picked up a stick for him. She picked up a stick for him. She hu–rried off to his house. She went to tell his wife.

"How would I know anything about the disgusting old man, doing things like that? Would I have told him to? Why didn't you whack him with a stick? You should have hit him with a stick. Would the disgusting old man still have a baby prick? How would I know what he's doing?" said Old Nišyo's wife. Yes!

"I'm going to report it at the courthouse," said [my wife]. She le–ft. My wife went off. She went to get a friend. So she went to tell my brother-in-law, Maryan's wife. "Please let's go report it at the courthouse, because this what old Nišyo did to me. It was like this!"

"Doesn't he know right from wrong? Would Šun like it if he knew?" said [my sister-in-law]. "Let's go report it at the courthouse! How can the old man keep doing such awful things? Would you like it? [Šun] will give you a beating. You'll be beaten for what he's doing. Šun will beat you. Would he like it?" [my wife] was asked. Yes!

Then she woke up. It was all gone. Yes!

My Husband Stubbornly Gets Some Wool for Me

D133

My wife dreamt once, too. She said we were at her house, at her mother's house. Yes!

We were happy. It seemed as if we had never quarreled with her mother. We were talking together happily. Yes!

That mother-in-law of mine told me, "Šun," she said to me.

"What?" I said.

"My Maruč is going to be given some wool. She is going to be given some wool. Old Karmen is going to give it to her," she said. Karmen is the name of Old Pelis' wife. Yes!

"Will you go get it for her?" she asked me.

"I don't know," I said. "Should I go and get your wool?" I asked.

"Forget it!" that wife of mine told me.

"But why forget it? It's worth it if I want to go and get it. It's worth it. It's a help to us if you make something with it," I said.

"Eh, forget it!" she told me again. Yes!

"I'm going to get it, then," I said. I stood up immediately, just me. "I'm going to get it," I said.

"Go get it, then!" she told me.

I went to see that Old Karmen, too. She is just close by. She and my mother-in-law live very close to each other. I went to look. "Her house is shut," I said to myself when I reached it. I reached it, too. She was gone. I found her house shut tight. I came back in a little while. I came back to look again. Then I found her. I arrived now with an armful of that wool. I arrived at the house of that mother-in-law of mine with that much wool in my arms. Yes!

"Ah, so you still went to get it even though I told you to forget it!" she said.

"I went to get it," I said. Yes!

Then that wife of mine woke up just then. Yes!

[What could it mean?] Who knows. It's probably nothing much. It's probably nothing much.[1]

---

[1] This dream was reported to me on 12 September 1963.

I Am in a Flood

D140

My wife dreamt, too, probably the day before yesterday. That's when I think it was. It seems as if it was the day before yesterday. It was raining during the night. Yes!

It rai–ned and rained, she said, but it wasn't at home. Who knows where the houses were. It seemed as if it was a town. But the town was floo–ded. We couldn't go anywhere anymore. There was just a little [dry land] left where that wife of mine was standing. I was there, too. It simply flooded. That water was simply sweeping along. The house sites tu–rned to mud. The houses, all of them, were si–t-ting in the water, on the mud. There were many houses. It was a town. Yes!

Ooh, there was a din now. All the house owners were cry–ing and crying now. "We're going to die now," they said. Yes!

She said they were crying and crying now. "But I'm going to die now, too," I said. I started to cry, too, she said. She crie–d. She cried to herself. She couldn't go anywhere now, because there was very little [dry land] left where she was standing. Because it was already flooded. The mud and water were simply sweeping along now. My wife was crying now, too. Then she woke up. Yes!

[She was scared?] She woke up terribly frightened because she kept saying, "Oh, My Lord!" That's what she said, indeed! That's what she said.

"What happened to you?" I asked.

"I had a dream," she said. "I had a dream," she said. "It seemed very real. It seemed as if I saw it on the earth's surface," she said. Yes!

Who knows what it means. Who knows. That's all I dreamt. Yes![1]

---

[1] This dream was reported to me on 19 September 1963.

Maltil Tulum

> To die: to sleep;
> To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub:
> For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
> When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
> Must give us pause: there's the respect
> That makes calamity of so long life;
>
> —William Shakespeare
> *Hamlet*
> Act III, Scene I

Maltil Tulum looked much older than the forty years he claimed to be. He was skinny, with spindly legs—not in the least bit handsome or prepossessing. With a very serious air and total conviction he would spin out his dreams. As he warmed to the subject, he lovingly stacked repetition on repetition, his voice rising to a shrill falsetto squeak with dire comic effects.

Maltil had once been a salt seller, but had given it up for corn farming. He had been a sacristan, a scribe, and Senior Steward of the Holy Sacrament. He was a respected shaman who participated in the communal offerings at the mountain shrines. In times of sickness it was to Maltil Tulum that Romin Teratol turned for aid.

It was also from Maltil Tulum that Romin, in his youth, learned many myths and legends while helping in the corn fields. Romin recalls that Maltil would be the spokesman for a group of Zinacantecs going to rent land. But, unlike most of his countrymen who would hurry back up to the highlands as soon as they could, Maltil would take along his first wife and stay for many weeks at a time. So pleased to have money in his pockets, he would hire himself out to all his friends while his own corn field would grow choked with weeds. Romin remarks that Maltil's harvest was only half as large as his own, which must be a record for crop failure! Maltil also did roadwork at four pesos a day until he became foreman at six a day.

Maltil, it seems, had a craving for cane liquor, as did his wife. Town gossip had it that if his wife passed out on the trail Maltil would sit down and wait for her to sober up; but if his wife was alone when she collapsed she was fair game for any man who passed by. These incidents supposedly led to much marital strife; Maltil's wife often seeking shelter for the night in a neighbor's house. Whenever she spent the night at Romin Teratol's mother's, she would urge Romin to marry their daughter, but he was too poor to take her offer.

About two years after Maltil recounted his dreams to me, he was officiating as shaman at a celebration of Holy Cross Day. Pork was served at the banquet. That, they say, was the cause of the diarrhea that ended only with his death.

Maltil's dreams show a man in constant communication with the denizens of the supernatural world, whether they be ghosts, devils, or deities. Maltil's conviction that dreams "always come true" was fortified with the following examples: (1) He dreamt of digging up big potatoes. Four months later his first wife died. (2) He dreamt that he lost his horse's lead rope. Three of his horses died. (3) He dreamt that he was chased by dogs. He fell ill. (4) He dreamt that he was invited by some Ladinos to dance, and he did. He fell ill. (5) He dreamt that he received a bowl of corn. He had a poor harvest. (6) He dreamt that he was stained with excrement. His wife was unfaithful. (7) He dreamt that a plane crashed at San-kištoval, burned the crosses, and hurled pieces of wreckage over his house and as far as Muk'ta Krus. He had sickness in his house all that year.

Maltil reveals a Bosch-like world of witches and devils. Several times he has dreamt of walking a tightrope while the witches stood below watching and shouting. He has taken to the air, with his wings under his arms like the Plumed Serpents of the fiesta of St. Sebastian, soaring to a safe haven in the mountains and then returning home; but not all his dreams are of torments. Just as often he is given the special protection of the gods. Indeed, when he was a sacristan, St. Lawrence showed him when the church floor was clean and well-swept. He also showed Maltil when the floor was smeared with shit, scolding him severely for his negligence. Through Maltil's dreams the deities are cast into view as jealous, but conscientious, defenders of the righteous.

I Search for My Patient in a Cave, and See What It's Like To Be Sold

D91

Well now, today, as we were saying, I went into a cave. I had a patient. I had a patient, but on the earth's surface. When we dream . . . I dreamt that I went into a cave. It had a ve–ry big entrance.

There was someone who [opens and] closes the door. "Have you come?" the person, the Ladino, it seemed, asked me.

"I've come," I said.

"Will you come in?" I was asked.

"I'll come in," I said.

"All right," he said.

I went in there. "Go on, then, go on!" I was told. I went. I went in. Ye–s!

There was somebody in the middle of the room. "Was it you who prayed?" I was asked.

"It was me!" I said.

"All right," he said. And, "Go look over there, then!" he told me. "She's in the kitchen, in the kitchen." The poor things. There were three of them there, three of them there, sold in the cave. Yes!

They were already sold. Yes!

So I reached the place where that kitchen was. There was a maid there. There was a maid there.

As for the maid, "Have you come?" said [the master].

"I've come," I said.

"Was it you who prayed?"

"It was me."

"Ah, fine!" And, "She won't leave now." And, "The person who has come won't leave now," he said. "Look at these ones!" he said. There were three of them. [They were sitting] with their feet da–ngling. They arrived there to wash the dishes. We die from that because we swell up. It can't be cured with medicine. It can't be cured.

"But the person will come—the one who came to deliver [the patient] will come back," he said. "She'll come. Wait just a minute. She'll come before long," he said. Yes!

I returned. There was ano–ther person there, too, there around the corner. "Well, have you returned?"

"I've returned," I said.

"Ah!" he said. "Was it you who prayed?" he asked.

"It was me," I said. Yes!

He said the same things to me. "But she won't leave now," he said. "They buried her yesterday," he said. "They've already buried her," he said. Yes!

"Wait, the boss will come," he said. Hm!

He didn't arrive right away. There was a Ladina there. She had [a pot of] hot water that was boiling. I don't know what she was cooking.

"Have you returned?" she asked me.

"I've returned," I said.

"Ah, fine!" she said. "Was it you who prayed?" she asked.

"It was me," I said.

"But she won't leave now," she said. "She won't leave now," she said. "They buried her yesterday," she said, too. She was saying just the same things. Yes!

"Wait a little while, the one who came to deliver her is coming back," she said. "Wait a minute!" she said. Hm!

Then the boss arrived. "Ah, she won't leave now," he said. "She won't leave now," he said. "She won't leave now," he said. "Wait a minute [the witch] is coming now!" he said. Hm!

The Ladina said, "When you think you're dying, it's with chills, and fever that you go there," she said. "It's the boiling water. It's the boiling water. That's when you come here with chills and fever," she said. Yes!

That's what she told me. "Aha!" I said.

"You see how it is, then," she said. Yes!

"Ooh, there are many, many who have come here already," she said. "Many have come already," she said. "Many have come already," she said.

I came out. The–n I met two women there next to the door. One was a young woman. The other, an older woman. She was the real teacher. Yes!

There were two of them. I grabbed them by the arms, like this. "Where are you going? What are you doing?" I asked. Yes!

"Ah, don't hold on to me!" she said. "Don't hold on to me! I'm going back, still," she said. "I'm going back still," she said. Yes!

"Of course I'm coming back here," she said. "Of course I'll come," she said, since they said they said they wanted to go [to the underworld] for two days, too. They were there now [in the underworld].

The two days are two years. Yes!

I didn't let them go easily. And I was going to hit them, but since there were Ladinos there, as we were saying, "They'll just scold me," I said to myself. Yes!

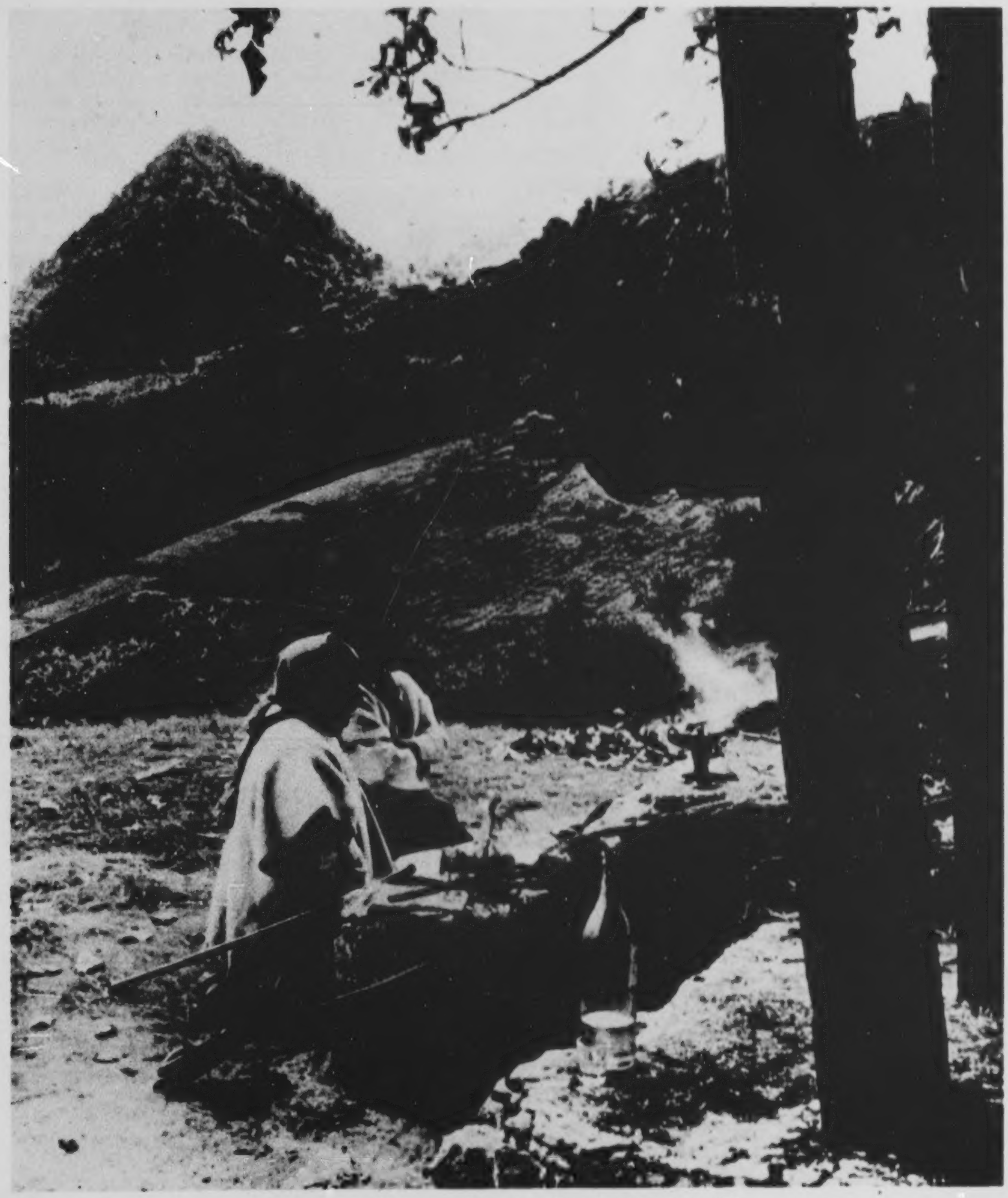

FIGURE 11.—Shaman praying at San-kištoval. (From Vogt, 1969)

I simply came out. They opened the door. Yes! They opened the door.

[Did you recognize them?] You couldn't tell who they were since they had changed their faces. They had changed their faces. [One was] still a girl, just a young woman.

I let them go. Yes!

I came out. "Have you returned?" the person, who closed the door, asked me.

"I've returned," I said.

"Are you leaving?" he said.

"I'm leaving," I said. He opened the door.

I left. I had a friend now. Probably it was Our Lord. Surely it was Our Lord.

That ended, of course. Another person came. He had a leather apron on, here. He had a leather a–pron that reached right to here, to here, like when we work at our work, whether it's weeding or whatever we are doing. Yes!

And, "Are you returning?" he asked me.

"I'm returning," I said.

"I thought you had come for good," he said.

"No!" I said. "Of course I'm returning," I said.

"God, how do you know how to return?" he said. "Me, I came a long time ago," he said. Yes!

He was a carpenter. He was doing carpentry. Yes!

"I'm coming back," I said.

"Eh as for here, we never rest for even a single day," he said. "Not even a minute," he said. "Not even on Sunday. There's work," he said. "You are buried. It's terrible when you are sold," he said. Yes!

"Oh, many of us have come already. Many of us have come now," he said. Hm!

"Ah!" I said. "But me, I'm returning of course," I said.

"Ah, I see!" he said. "Return then, since you know how!" he said. He left. He went back. He came to talk for just a minute because he was scared, since he had a boss. When we go to the caves it used to be very hard. We suffer so. We suffer so, since we are given a lot of work, since we have been sold. Yes!

We have been sold. That's the way it ended, like that. Yes!

I Am Buried

D92

Me, I dreamt. Ooh, it seemed as if I had died. It seemed that I had died.

Then I arrived at the graveyard. I was put in the ground now. They had a—what's it called?—a rake. They raked this way. It had teeth, here. Yes!

But well, maybe Our Lord doesn't want [me to die]. It seemed as if I woke up. Yes! Since I prayed to Our Lord. I prayed to Our Lord. I prayed to God. Yes!

The next thing I knew, ooh, I sat up immediately.

After I sat up, oh, I stood up. I never saw who it was who was burying me. I flai–led at them like this, at each one. Some fell to the ground, some didn't fall. No!

Some didn't fall. As for me, I came back. I came back. But they were about to bury me. Yes!

There is soul-loss.[1] Witches torment people, Witches. We are beset with envious people. Yes!

That's bad, that's bad. They torment people. Yes!

That's the way it is. But if we have gone for good, then it isn't the same at all. It isn't the same at all. But this time they had buried me. They had buried me. I was already dead. They were burying me now. They were burying me now. Yes!

All witches are like that. All witches are like that. Yes!

That's the end.

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[1] "Soul-loss" (*komel*) is usually caused by a sudden fright, but it seems that Maltil here is thinking of souls that are sold to the Earth Lord.

I Am Accosted in a Deep Forest

D93

I was in a deep forest. I don't know where I was. Ooh, it seemed that I was far away. That's what it seemed like. Hm!

They were tormenting our souls. But they kept ca–tching [us] now. They kept ca–tching [us]. "But God, where can I get past them? They had blocked our way. The people were held up on the path. They wouldn't let us get through. They wouldn't let us get by. They were crou–ching there, blocking the way, crou–ching there, blocking the way.

We pra–yed to Our Lord, too, [so that they would] mo–ve aside, move aside. Me, I had my machete. Yes, indeed, I took out my machete. They were scared by it. They were frightened by it. They left. Then I got through. Then I got through. Our Lord was ju–st appearing.[1] Now the sunbeams were streaming down. Yes!

The sunbeams were streaming down. Those [witches] trick us, too, of course! They trick us. Yes!

[Did you pray?—He misunderstood me to mean in his dream.] Yes, I prayed, because they trick us. Yes! That's how they trick us. That's how. That's all.

[When did you dream this?] It was probably two years ago. It was two years ago. Yes!

That's about all.

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[1] "Our Lord" (*kahvaltik*) is clearly the sun in this dream.

I AM OFFERED FLOWERS, PENCILS, GOURDS, A BOTTLE, AND A STAFF

D94

When I came out, it seems—when I obeyed the command [on the earth's surface], Our Lord arrived. He arrived. Our Lord arrived. "Well," he said, "Are you there?" he said.

"I'm here," I said.

"Fine!" he said. "Let's go! They say you are to learn your orders," he told me. Hm!

I arrived at the house of Our Holy Father, Esquipulas. I went in there. "Are you there?" I asked.

"Have you come?" they said to me.

"I've come, sir," I said. I bowed to them.[1] They looked like the elders with their red turbans. "Are you here, sir?" I bowed to them. "Sir!" I said.

"Well," [one of them] said, "Have you come then, son? As for you, you will serve," he told me. "You will serve," he said. "Here is your little present," he said. Thi-s many flowers—I was given flowers. Flowers. Yes!

They were beautiful, all easter lilies, and so forth. "Here, see!" he said. "Receive these, please!" he said. Yes!

"Here is another bunch," he said. This many little pencils, too. Just pencils, too. That's what they were. "With these you will walk!" he said. Yes!

"Walk with these!" he said. Hm!

[Later], when they went to escort me, [they gave me] two gourds, ceremonial gourds, as we say. For pinole, as we say.[2] They are held [wrapped] in a cloth. Yes!

Two gourds and a quart bottle of cane liquor.

Then there was a staff. And, "Here, take this with you!" they told me. Yes!

I took the staff with me. I took it with me. Yes!

[Was it the shaman's staff] It was probably the bamboo staff. Yes!

I arrived. I arrived at the courthouse, it seemed. But it wasn't the courthouse. It was Calvary. Yes!

That's what it was. I arrived.

"Well, have you come, son?" they said.

"I've come," I said.

"Ah! All right then, son, wait just a minute! Wait just a second!" they said. "Because you will pray in a minute," they said, since I hadn't prayed yet. I had never been installed [on the earth's surface].[3] You see, that's what they told me. I had already seen one or two [patients]. Yes!

Then their sickness passed. The sickness passed. They heard about it. I had never bowed [to the tutelary gods]. I had never prayed.

You see that's why they told me, "Wait a minute!" Yes!

"Wait a minute, you'll pray in a minute," they told me. Yes!

I was anxious there, because I might get a beating. I might get a beating. I simply prayed. I prayed [on the earth's surface]. I've been pretty well to this day, to this day, to this day. That's the way it is when I walk, where I walk. Yes! Wherever I walk, that's how Our Lord gave me [my power]. Yes!

That's why I dreamt that way when Our Lord installed me. That's the way it was, indeed! Yes!

[Was it long ago?] Eh, long ago, long ago. It was probably, eh, it was nearly twenty years ago. Eh, yes, yes! It was long ago. I was still just a boy. I was a boy! I was a boy! Yes!

[Why did you receive pencils?] I don't know what the pencils were for. I don't know if it could be that I became a scribe.[4] I became a scribe. Yes!

I was a scribe for two years, two years, three years or so I think. I became a member of the band committee. Yes!

Secretary of the band committee.[5] First I became a sacristan. Yes!

I did everything here. I did everything—sacristan, and scribe, then [a position] in the band committee. Yes!

But I think that's probably what the pencils were for, of course, since we draw up the records, or whatever, as we say. Yes! Yes!

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[1] It is customary in Zinacantán to bow to an older person upon greeting him, addressing him as *tottik*, "sir," or if a woman, *meʔtik*, "ma'am," and waiting to be "released" with a touch of the back of the hand.

[2] Pinole is a hot drink made of corn that is toasted and then ground and mixed with water, and sugar added. Pinole was always served at formal meals in ceremonial gourds, but it has been replaced by coffee served in enamel cups.

[3] A shaman begins his practice informally, treating family members and close neighbors. But if he falls ill or if social pressure builds up for him to declare himself and assume the public responsibilities required of shamans, he will seek out the senior shaman of his community, offer him a bottle of cane liquor, relate his pertinent dreams and ask permission to make his debut. Then he will secure a bamboo staff in the lowlands and return home to ask a veteran shaman to accompany him on the ceremonial circuit of the churches, sacred mountains, crosses, and waterholes in the Center. Together they will journey to "the holy heaven" praying to the tutelary gods, praying that this novitiate's prayers and offerings be accepted.

[4] The two scribes (*ʔiškirvanoetik*) are chosen by the elders to serve for a year. They must maintain a list of all adult males required to pay taxes for fiestas, maintain the list of petitions for future appointments to religious office, and write out the notifications of those appointments. Their term may be renewed as many as three times.

[5] The secretary of the band committee (*sekretario hunta*) serves for one year. He keeps a record of the expenses incurred when a

band is brought from San Lucas or elsewhere to play at a fiesta. He keeps track of the number of songs played so that the three "serenades" of eight songs apiece are played daily. He also sees to it that the musicians' needs are properly attended to and that they do not fall asleep on the job.

I SEE AN UNDERGROUND MASS

D95

That first [dream] we talked about, when we travel, it seems—when the illness is grave, our souls are tormented. They seize people, too. They seize us.

Soul-loss is just the same, too. There are saints inside the world. There are priests. And there is Mass. There is Mass. There is Mass. The saints are li–ned up, like this at the door of the church, like this. "Come in!" they tell us, since there are acolytes there, it seems, or something.

"Kneel down!" they tell us.

"I don't want to," I tell them.

"How come?"

"If I want to, I'll kneel. If I don't want to I won't kneel," I tell them. Me, I know it has to do with the earth. Yes!

"But how come you are so strong-hearted?" I am asked. "How come?" [one of them] says. Quickly, from behind, he tou–ched my prick. He touched it from behind me. "You bastard!" he said. "You bastard, you are still so strong!" he said to me. Yes!

"Well, I don't want to!" I said. "I don't want to!" I said. Yes!

"Eh, you bastard!" he said. It was during Mass. It was during Mass. There was an a–ltar like the one for Our Lords. It was exactly the same, exactly the same [as in the church], but it was underground, of course, underground, underground of course! That's when the Earth [Lord] wants to take people. Yes!

Since I didn't want to kneel, I survived it. I survived. I didn't obey their command. I survived it. Otherwise who knows if I wouldn't have died. Eh, I would have died. The earth still takes our souls. If you are already kneeling, then you are already theirs. Yes, already! Yes, already theirs. Yes, you are theirs. I didn't obey their command. I came out. It ended there. Yes!

[Was it recent?] Eh, yes, it was pretty recent. It was probably three years ago. Yes, indeed! It's when we discover severe illness. Yes!

When we discover severe illness, then they torment us. They torment us when they have made the patient enter the earth. We wrest him away. We wrest him away. So we [shamans] are tormented by them. Yes!

We take the blame, it seems. Yes!

I SEE DANCING BUZZARDS

D96

You see when a visitor goes [to the shrines], it seems, first Our Lord goes. First he goes.

Well, he goes to speak himself.

He goes. If Our Lord goes, then it's fine. The patient is cured right away, with just one trip [to the shrines]. Yes!

But if Our Lord doesn't go himself, if the person who is sick goes secretly, then, whoever goes and holds the ceremony for the illness will have to make two or three trips. Sometimes it passes. Sometimes it doesn't pass. Yes!

That's what happened once. It was some time ago. I came here to San Cristóbal [in my dream]. Yes!

Eh, it was probably five years ago. I think so. Yes!

I was coming to San Cristóbal. I had some salt that I'd come to sell. Yes!

I came. I was there by the door of Pedro's house, as we call it. Yes!

Ah, God, they wouldn't let us by—the awful buzzards. The buzzards were dancing. They had their instruments. The instruments were like bass viols.[1] They were strange. They weren't harps. Yes!

They were horrible, like bows and arrows. [The buzzards] were plucking away now. They were pla–ying a little drum. They were pla–ying their drum. They were dancing to it. Ooh, the buzzards were pu–ffing up their tails as they danced. But there were many, many musicians. They had crests. Their faces were hi–deous. Yes!

I came along. I was frightened when I was coming towards San Cristóbal [on the earth's surface]. "Could it be that something is going to happen to me?" I said to myself. Yes!

Then I saw . . . then I reached the place where the buzzards had been dancing [in my dream]—the witches, as we say. Ah, lots of blood was spilt there. It was probably [human] blood. I don't know if it could be that some people were hitting each other. Lo–ts of their blood had flowed. Could it be that somebody just cut himself there? I don't know. It was in the very middle of the road. So they do a dance on our blood. Ah, the bastards! They're some jokers, the witches! They're tricky! If you know what to do, then, if you have some salt, sprinkle it on the blood. The witches won't come in, of course. No!

The witches won't come in. They won't come in. But if you haven't done anything to it, then they'll go take our souls. So they grow strong on [our blood]. They take our strength, since blood is our strength. That's so! That's so! That's what happens.

That's so! That's so! Those witches do a dance on our blood. They stop people on the road. That's what they do, those jokers! Yes!

They don't let us by.

Those buzzards were witches. Witches, Witches. The musicians were witches. They had crests and hideous faces. [They had] those bass viols, not real harps. No! No!

They had their little drum, but they were thu–mp-ing away at it so they could dance.

[1] Bass viols are played by Ladino mariachi musicians, but not by Zinacantecs.

I Chase Off a Goat

D97

The tenȼun[1] is strange. It's just like a goat, but bigger, bi–gger. Eh, it seemed that it had gotten in my house. It entered my house. Yes!

It entered my house. Since it has its little horns, eh, it gores people, too. It gores us. But its beard [reached to] here. See! It has quite a beard. But the wool on its back and sides is very lo–ng, very lo–ng, very lo–ng.

I got up to look. I picked up my machete. Eh, who knows if it farted, the disgusting thing sta–nk terribly. It stank. Ooh, it left with a sudden leap when it saw the machete appear. Yes!

Then it left. It got out of the way. It left. It just went to hide. I ju–st looked for it. It was gone, gone.

As for me, I was simply tossing around when I woke up. I was scared. Yes!

I tossed around. Then I woke up. I didn't see where it went. I never saw where it went. It left. It left. It was scared off by the machete. It was scared off by the machete. Yes!

It was when it was coming into the house, too. Yes!

It was coming into the house. That sonofabitch was a witch, too. Of course it was a witch. Yes!

That's so. That's all there is. Yes!

[Was it long ago?] Eh, long ago, long ago. It never does that to me now. Not any more. It was pretty long ago. Long ago. I don't remember if it was maybe four years ago or so. Something like that. Yes!

I certainly don't [dream about it] anymore.

[1] The tenȼun is believed to be the animal transformation of a witch.

I See a Fallen Flesh

D98

It was there by the cross, there beyond my brother-in-law, Maryan Šantis' house. Yes!

I don't know where it was I seemed to be going. Yes!

It was ju–st about dusk, at dusk. I couldn't see very well anymore. I came back.

But you see I don't know if it was that Fallen Flesh or what.[1] It was ha–nging on the cross there. It had on clothes like these, but who knows if, who knows if they were its clothes. It was probably its flesh. Yes!

That's what it seemed to be. Ooh, I was scared now. "Eh, but I won't go past it," I said to myself. "I'll go bring a friend. I'll throw a stone at it, or a stick," I said to myself. Yes!

I threw a stone at it. It was hanging on the cross. Its arms were stretched out this way. Its arms were stretched out like this, stretched out. It was ha–ng-ing. Its head was droo–ping to the side, this way. "But I'll go bring one. I'll go bring a friend," I said to myself. I left. I came back. There were some friends of mine there above Old Savel's house. I met them there. "Man, who knows what it is. Let's go see," I said. "Let's go see right there on the cross," I said.

"Eh, who knows. That's a witch. I'm not going," they said.

"Let's go! Don't be afraid!" I said. Yes!

"Let's go, then!" they said. Three of us went. When I looked, it was gone now. It wasn't there. It wasn't there. It was hanging there on the cross, indeed! I saw it, but it probably was a witch. That's so, indeed! They buy us. They buy our souls. They buy our souls. They buy them. They buy them. We always hear that they buy our souls. I've only seen that once, of course. I saw that one time, of course. Yes!

[1] See D227 and note 1.

When Women Get in Bed with Us

D99

Women proposition us a lot [in our dreams]. They proposition us. It seems that they go meet us in our beds, or whatever. Yes!

As for us, we enjoy it too, because we are confused. We get confused. It seems as if we are still on the earth's surface. Just like when we speak to each other, on the earth's surface. But it isn't. It's when we are asleep.

If something happens—if we squeeze her hand, if we touch her pussy, as we say.

It certainly seems good. Ooh, sometimes her pussy seems very we–t. It gets very ere–ct. Yes!

If we touch it, it rises by itself. It rises by itself. Yes!

If our prick is standing up, sometimes we stick it in. Otherwise if we don't, we don't, we don't.

The next morning, sonofabitch, our hands, it seems, where we touched the pussy, hell!, they feel awful. They are left nu–mb, numb, numb. It's bad, because they grow cold. Cold indeed! We get sick. Our hands get sick from it. Sick. Sick for a day or two or whatever. Hm!

That's why we get sick. Yes!

It's bad. Yes!

It's bad. That's bad, because it isn't a real person. No!

It's a devil tormenting us, a devil, a devil, of course, who meets us in our beds. Everywhere. Yes!

That's right, indeed. That's right.[1]

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[1] It is said that when a man dreams of sleeping with a beautiful woman and wakes up in the middle of the night, if he gets up and lies down again with his feet where his head was, the woman will have the same dream.

I AM SCOLDED BY OUR LORD

D100

It was like this one time. Someone arrived to tell about [their] sickness. He arrived at my house. Yes!

There was a patient who was sick and I didn't do as he asked, because I had come to work here. Yes!

You see it's bad if we don't cooperate. [The tutelary gods] jail [our souls]. They jail us.

After we have been jailed—ooh, our eyes, the tears pou–r out, probably just at midnight, at midnight, at midnight. It was because I scorned the request. Yes!

It is probably just at midnight that the beating comes.

I still worked a little while. Maybe at ten o'clock or nine o'clock or so I came back home. Ooh, I had a hard time getting home, a hard time getting home, a hard time getting there.

It was hard getting there. My wi–fe wasn't there. She had gone to get firewood. Yes!

She was there with one of my boys. He is dead now. She was with him. He already had a wife. Yes!

First his wife arrived. His wife arrived.

"Have you come back?" she asked me.

"I've come back," I said.

"Why?" she asked.

"I'm dying," I said.[1] Yes!

When I arrived, myself, I prayed. I had prayed ju–st a little. Yes!

That wife of mine arrived. "Mother!" said [my daughter-in-law], "My father[-in-law] has come back. He says he's dying," she said.

"Why?"

"Who knows, it's probably a beating, but you scorned the request," they told me. "If you had cancelled [your trip] you would have been all right," she told me. Yes!

I didn't cancel it. I thought my work was a help. Yes!

Our Lord arrived there [in my dream]. "That's a fine thing," he said. Yes!

"That's a fine thing. Why are you doing such a thing?" he said. Yes!

They were going to jail me. I had already been put in jail here [in my dream]. Yes!

"Well there is still permission for you to do such a thing two times. The third time there is no permission," he told me. "Remember that!" he said. "Remember that! Bring it to mind, if you scorn the request!" he said. Yes!

That's what he told me. Then I was let go. I prayed. After I prayed I came to work the next day. The next morning I was all right. I was feeling be–tter now. I was feeling better now. Yes, indeed. It came true. Our Lord puts us in jail. He punishes us. Yes!

That's all there is.

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[1] "I'm dying" (*čičam*) can also be translated less drastically as "I feel terrible."

I AM TAKEN TO COURT AND AM TOLD TO SERVE OFFICE

D101

It seemed as if constables came [to my house]. "But what am I going for?" I asked. I was about to rebel again. I was about to rebel. "Eh, it's bad if I rebel," I said to myself. "I'll go," I said to myself.

I went. I don't know where it was I arrived. I don't know if it was at the foot of the cross [in front of the Church] of St. Lawrence or [the Chapel of] Esquipulas, or where. Yes!

Or if it was at the courthouse. There were many people, lots of people. Yes!

"You will serve here," they told me. "You will serve here," [one of them] said.

"I don't want to," I said. Yes!

"You will serve," he said. "Because you have to, because it's you who have been chosen," he told me. "It's you who are chosen," he told me.

"Ah!" I said. But I didn't seem to know what they were giving me. It didn't seem to be the sacristan's post. No!

"Eh, then I guess we'll think it over," I said.

"Well, all right, but you are coming for ce–rtain," they told me.

[The dream] ended. I don't remember if it was two days later, as we say, the real constables arrived, on the earth's surface. They arrived now, on the earth's surface. Ooh, the stewards came. The stewards—man!—but they simply paid no attention. They paid no attention—not even the magistrate or the elders. They compelled me [to accept]. Yes!

But first I dreamt it, first. They show us. Of course they show those of us who probably will serve. "It's you who will serve," they told me, indeed. Yes!

In our dreams. Yes!

"It's you who will serve, because it's you who have been chosen," he said. Yes!

"You will do the favor," he said.

"I guess we'll think it over," I said. It was no lie! I served for a long time. I served for maybe thirteen and a half years. Yes!

[How long ago was it?] Eh, it was long ago. I was still just a bo–y. I was just a boy. It was long ago. Yes!

I served for maybe thirteen and a half years. Yes!

For a long time I gave [my services], for a long time.

Then I left, of course. I was tired of it. Yes!

Because I got married, as we say. Yes!

I got married, on the earth's surface, now. There was nothing for my children to live on. I asked to leave. [I wanted] somebody else to come in, somebody else to enter, somebody else to enter.

I AM ASKED WHY I AM LEAVING OFFICE

D102

Then Our Lord told me, in my dream again. I dreamt it. Yes!

"Why are you giving up?" he asked.

"Well, but look here, father," I said. "Am I the only one? There are others," I said. Yes!

"They're not the same," he said. Yes!

"They aren't the same," he said. Yes!

"But there is somebody who can instruct him," I said. Yes!

"There is one left who has already learned from me." Yes!

"There is one," I said. "But it isn't as if I'm abandoning you," I said.

"Ah!" he said. "If you haven't abandoned me, fine!" he said. Yes!

It was in my dream. "If you haven't abandoned me, fine," he said.

"Not at all," I said. Yes!

I hadn't thought to abandon him. I became a steward. I was [Steward of] the Holy Sacrament. Yes!

On the earth's surface, now. On the earth's surface, now. Yes!

And Our Lord forgave me. I no longer dream that today. Not any more. Not any more. No!

I AM ASKED TO CURE A PATIENT

D103

When I was serving as a steward, a man came, a woman came. The sun seemed to be right there [noon]. Yes!

"Ma'am!" they said when they arrived.

"Come here!" she told them.

"Is Father Maltil here?"

"He's here," she said.

"Ah, are you there, sir?" they asked me.

"I'm here," I said. Ooh, he was still you–ng. Yes!

"Can I visit you?" he said.

"What do you have to say?" I asked.

"Nothing much," he said.

"Well, come in!" I said. A man and a woman. Yes!

"May there be a little pardon!" he said. Yes!

"May there be pardon!" he said to me.

"What is it? What's [the bottle of cane liquor] for?"

"It isn't for anything at all. There is sickness [at home]. Won't you be so kind as to go look at us, go see us?" he told me. Yes!

"Go look at us, go see us, because [it began] some days ago, it seems," he told me. Who knows, it was probably the day when I had come out [as a shaman]. Yes!

"It's been a number of days, it seems. Go look at us, go see us!" he told me. Yes!

"Eh, I don't know if I can," I said, myself.

"But can that be so? Why do you say that? Maybe you can," he said. Hm!

"Would you really abandon us, reject us?" he asked me. Yes!

"Don't abandon us! Don't reject us! It's your duty [to treat us] it seems," he told me.

"Yes, of course," I said.

"I'll probably go, then!" I said. "But not till tomorrow. I can't today," I said. Yes!

"Ah!" he said. "Ah, it's all the same, since I've come to tell you about it," he said. "May there be a little pardon for this!" And we dra–nk it. We drank it in my drea–m. Yes!

It was in my dream. It wasn't on the earth's surface. Hm!

And we drank it. After that, "All right, then, sir. All right, then, ma'am. Please go with Father Maltil," he started to say.

"How come even you, [my wife], are going?" I said to myself.[1] It seems I didn't realize it.

But it was Our Lord. Yes!

I began to realize it. I began to pray to Our Lord. Yes!

I offered—I went to offer my little candles at [the Church of] St. Lawrence. [On the earth's surface.] Yes!

"God, My Lord, was it you who spoke to me, My Father, My Lord?" I said. Yes!

Because I had already made plans. I was going to borrow some money. Yes!

I longed [to serve] beneath the feet of Our Lord.[2] Hm!

I was tired of wasting my time. Yes!

That was when I left the scribe's post. Yes!

It was when I was a scribe. "It doesn't seem the same as [being a steward]. It's just a waste of time. It would be better if I enjoyed myself beneath the feet of Our Lord," I said to myself. Yes!

I went [to church]. Yes!

I offered my candles, and so forth, flowers, and so on, just as always. Yes!

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[1] Maltil wonders why his wife should accompany him, for a shaman's duties are not shared by a wife.

[2] A religious official's wife is thought to share his office when he holds a religious post.

I AM TOLD NOT TO WORRY ABOUT RAISING MONEY

D104

Yes, indeed, [Our Lord] told me, too. "Don't be afraid!" he told me. Yes!

Because I, myself, asked him, "Where will the money come from?" I said to myself on the earth's surface. Yes!

You see, he told me in my dream. "What was it you said?" he asked me.

But you see, "Why do you worry?" he said. The coffer was already there in my house. Yes!

Because [the money] hadn't appeared at all. I didn't know where I would get it. "But are you the one who knows?" he said. "It isn't you who's supposed to know!" he said. "Go the rou–nds! I'll go there myself!" he said. "Go the rounds!" he said.

"Well, all right then, My Father, My Lord," I said. Yes!

That's what I dreamt. That was what I dreamt. Yes, indeed, Our Lord doesn't abandon us, but just so long as we remember him, too. Yes!

That's just the way it is, of course. Yes!

That's the end of the story. Yes!

I AM GIVEN TWO DRINKS

D105

Well, I dreamt once. There was a woman and a man.

"Well," [the man] said. I was going to work. He gave me a hoe. Yes!

"Well," they said to each other. The two of them talked to each other. Yes!

"How much are you going to give him?" they asked each other. Yes!

"Me, I'm going to give a large shot glass," said one.

"Me, I'm just giving a small one," said the other. "I'm giving a little one," she said—the woman said.

"Me, I'm giving a large one," he said. Yes!

"Well, serve it, then!" he said. She se–rved it.

I drank it. I drank it. I drank it. One large shot. One small shot. That was all.

Then I was holding my hoe. I went to work. I went to work, to my work. Yes!

Then something happened on the earth's surface. Yes!

Maybe I remembered the hour correctly. A little rabbit appeared, a little rabbit appeared, a little rabbit appeared, a small half-grown one. Yes!

"[There's a] rabbit!" I said to my son. Yes!

"Where did it co–me from?" I said to myself. And it just popped out of the ground by itself. Yes!

It was in the underbrush. I went and circled around it. Yes!

"Bring the gun!" I said. I dri–lled [the rabbit] right in the spine, here. Yes!

I drilled it through the spine, here.

There was only one, of course.

"Ah, but I was shown this!" I said to myself. Yes!

I went hunting [again]. Now it was probably around dusk. Yes!

I le–ft. I went on and on. I saw more rabbits. I saw them, but they didn't wait for me. No!

It was around, eh, it was late now, maybe just before midnight. I went back.

"I guess I'll forget it. There aren't any," I said to myself.

But you see, there was one there now on the trail. There was one there now on the path. Suddenly its eyes shone. Suddenly its eyes shone.

I went to take the batteries out of my flashlight.

I stu–ck [new ones] right back in. Yes!

It doubled back. It was gone now. I went and ci–rcled around like this. I circled around. The poor thing was flattened out there. It was lying flat. After all that, my gun didn't fire. My gun didn't fire. "Ah, hell!" I said to myself. It doubled back, but it was a present now. It was that shot glass. Yes!

But it was bi–g. It was really big. Yes!

"Get a rock!" I said. I flung a rock at it—a rock, now. I hit it with a rock now. I smashed it. It was very clo–se. This far! Yes!

"Eh, it's probably gone now," I said to myself.

But you see, the poor thing was stretched out now. It was stretched out now, the poor thing. Yes!

It didn't die right off. I grabbed it in my hands. Yes!

It still scratched me, too. Yes!

It scratched me. "But that's what I dreamt about," I said to myself. Yes!

That's what it was, of course. I went hunting in the woods. I went, as we say. That's how I got one, that little one. I got it in the daytime, of course, but that big one was at night. It was at night. I've only dreamt that once, only once like that. Yes!

Our Lord treated me with two. I think it probably was the Earth [Lord]. I don't know what it was. No!

That's how I was favored. I certainly was favored. That's the way it is when we go hunting in the woods—if we wa–nt to go hunting in the woods. That's what we dream. We dream about it. Yes!

[Was it long ago?] Eh, maybe it was three years ago. It was three years ago. That long ago. I don't hunt anymore. No more. No more. Sometimes I hunt now, but I don't hit anything. I don't hit anything. No!

Only if I get a bird, that's all. That's all, now. That's all, now. But bigger animals—no more, no more. No!

No more.

OUR CHICKENS ARE KILLED

D106

It seemed that the chickens were being killed. They are useful if there is sickness or something. Yes!

They were caught. They were slaughtered. I don't know if there were two or three. Yes!

But you see they didn't last long [on the earth's surface]. Their sickness ca–me. Eh, they were a–ll dumped in piles, all dumped in piles. All the chickens died. They all died, since their souls had left, as we say. Their souls had left. Their souls had left. Yes!

Besides if they seem to be lost, if we dream they are sto–len, if they are lost or something, they will die from it. They will die from it. It won't be long before it comes true. No!

[Are they taken by the Earth Lord?] Eh, its probably the Earth [Lord]. Eh, it's from the Earth. Their sickness comes from the Earth, from the Earth, of course! From the Earth. I dreamt that once. They go to a cave. They go to a cave. They go to a cave, of course. Ma–ny are shut up in pens, now. Many are shut up there. Hm!

They go to a cave. They go to a cave. Hm!

I ACCOMPANY MY DEAD FATHER WHEN HE PLAYS HIS FIDDLE

D107

My late father appeared. He appeared. His instrument wasn't lost. It was like on the earth's surface. It was like on the earth's surface. He had brou–ght his little instrument. Yes!

"Let's go, sonny!" he said. "Let's go! Let's go! Go watch over me!" he told me. Me, I was going to watch, myself, when he played. I was going to receive his liquor for him. He gets presents. He gets a little mea–l. I was going to receive them for him and bring them [home]. Yes!

Ooh, he arrived to play his fiddle, it seemed—like on the earth's surface. That's right.

He was sa–wing away at his little fiddle now. The players were there. Everything was there. Everything was there—the way it always is on the earth's surface. Yes!

His little fiddle was there. It wasn't lo–st. It wasn't lo–st—the way he got drunk, the way he arrived [back home]. Sometimes he shouted. It was exactly the same, completely the same. That's the way it was. That's what I have dreamt. I no longer dream that anymore. It was soon after, soon after, soon after his death. Yes!

It was soon after his death. That's why he came.

[Was it long ago?] Eh, it was long ago. I was little. I was little. It was long ago.

I SEE MY DEAD WIFE DRUNK

D108

In the same way I dreamt about my late wife, too. I dreamt about her, too. Yes!

Sometimes she drank a little cane liquor, of course. Yes!

141

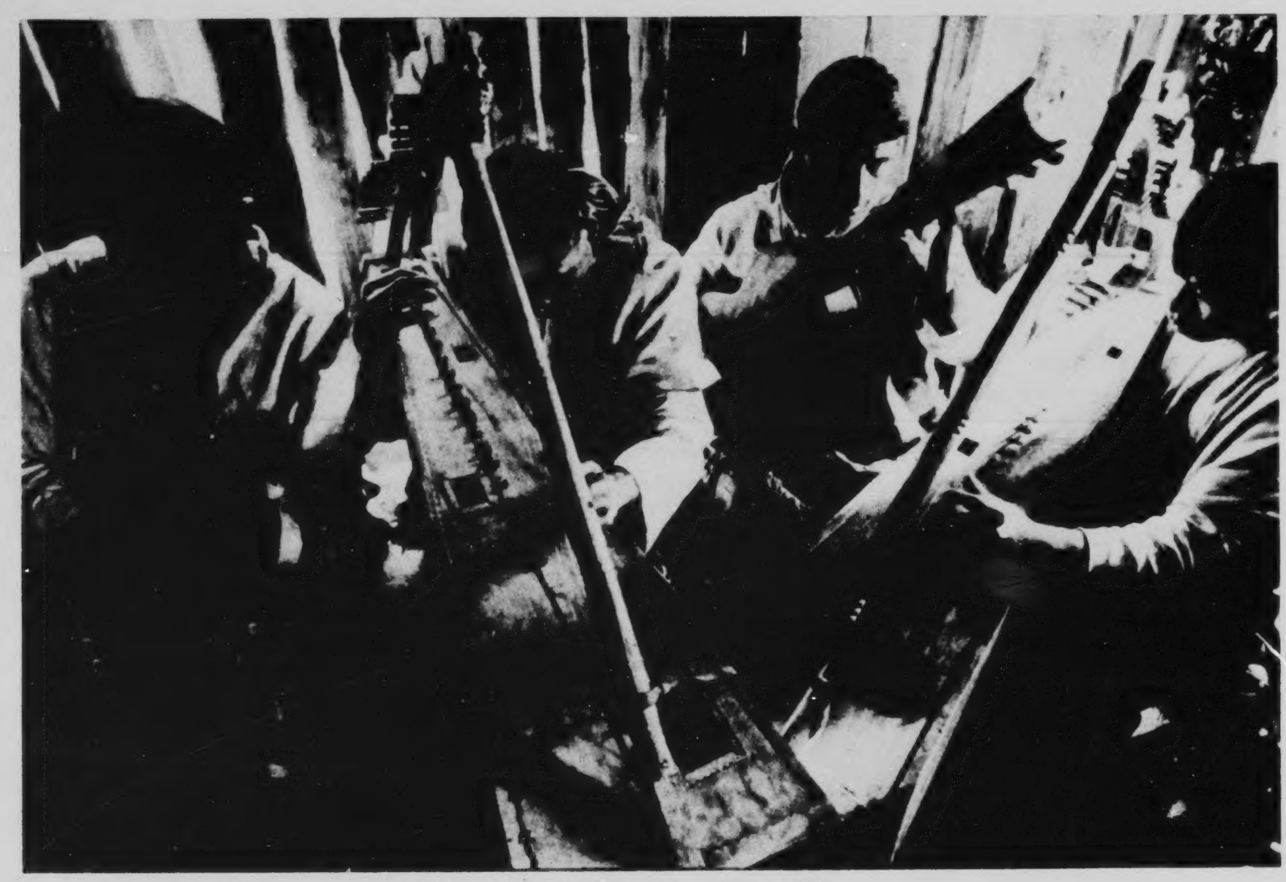

FIGURE 12.—Musicians. (From Vogt, 1969)

She drank a lot. She drank a lot of cane liquor.

I dreamt about her, indeed. She never spoke to me at all [in my dream]. I don't know why. No!

I just saw her exactly as she was, the way she walked. [She was wearing a shawl] like [the women's shawls] . . . the way they have basket-weave shawls. [She had] a basket-weave shawl, prettily checkered. That's what she had taken [with her] . . . . She had wrapped herself in that shawl, but she didn't speak to me. But her soul was drunk. Her soul was drunk, her soul was buying some cane liquor, too. That's what she was doing, it seemed, at a house. I don't know where the house was. She bought some cane liquor. She was drinking and dri–nking it. Our souls drink the same way.

I dreamt that she finished drinking. There was a little rise, a little path. As for me, I came along right behind her. But she never spoke to me. No. She was drunk. She was drunk. She was staggering about just like when she got drunk on the earth's surface. Like that! Like that!

[Was it her soul?] Who knows. "Could it be that she hasn't entered [the afterworld] yet?" I said to myself. Who knows what. That's the way I dreamt, but she never spoke to me. Ne–ver! She never spoke to me. No!

[Was it long after her death?] It was soon after my wife died. That's when it was. That's when that was. But I never see her now. No more! It's just when they have recently died that we dream about them. Yes!

But now I never see her. No!

I TASTE SOME CANE LIQUOR

D109

It seemed as if I was there, it seemed as if I was there [in the place I dreamt about].

Since we didn't know if it was a present or what.

I went, too. "I'm going with my boy. I'm going with my boy. Let's go look!" I said. We had some dynamite. Yes!

And percussion caps, and fuses, as we say. Yes!

"Let's fix it [before we] go!" I said. "I guess we ought to see if it will detonate," I said. Yes!

We left. Yes!

[Was it on the earth's surface?] It was on the earth's surface, but I dreamt about it first. It seemed I was the–re now. It seemed I was there [in my dream]. There was some cane liquor. I was there now. I was licking my hands where a little had spi–lled on them. It tasted very good.

Then, [on the earth's surface] I went to just the same place. It was there. There! I began working. I stuck the crowbar in this deep.

I blew it up.

And who knows where the bees went. The bees disappeared. They disappeared. The bees were gone now. They were gone. It was all alone. Just the honeycomb was left in a pile. Yes!

It yielded maybe one, almost one gallon. Yes!

There was a lot. Yes!

Loads!

It was a favor, of course. It seemed to be a favor. I certainly was told correctly. Yes!

Sometimes it comes true. Sometimes it comes true. Yes!

It came true, just like that. It was then that I discovered [the honey]. That's how I found it, of course. Yes!

We found a lot. Yes!

That's right!

I Watch Dogs Ferry People across a River

D110

It was when . . . but it didn't seem to be in Zinacantán Center . . . a dog spoke. "Well," it said, because people were crossing over. People were crossing over. The river was wide, the stream. Yes!

But [we were] high up, high up, on a hill. The dogs climbed down there. One dog was black, one was white, one was gray, and one was yellow.

They talked among themselves. "Well, who will be the first to go in [the water]?" they asked each other. "Who will be the first to enter?" they said. "Just who will it be?" they said. "You, you go in!" the awful black dog was told. "You, you go in first!" they said.

So the black one went in. Yes!

The people were cro–wded on the riverbank. Yes!

Right away the people were told, "Climb on!" They mounted them on the spot—the way we mount horses, just the way we mount horses. Ooh, [the black dog] swa–m off rapidly. He went to ferry them across. He ca–me to take another person. Yes!

"Well, help me!" he told the others, too. Yes!

The white one was no help at all. The awful gray one (helped) a little. The yellow one (helped) a little. The awful white one tired out on the way. It had a te–rrible time getting out. The black one never tired out. No!

It never tired, but it ferried ma–ny people across. Many! Since it was a ferryman. Those dogs were ferrymen, of course. They spoke, of course. They talked to each other, the way I said. Yes!

[My dream] was cut off there. I hadn't remembered it. There it is! That's what they were doing. That's just what they were doing.

[Did you dream this?] Of course it was in my dream![1] How could it be on the earth's surface? Who's ever heard of such a thing on the earth's surface? It was in my dream! Me, I was sta–nding there on high ground wa–tching [to see] if the dogs could do it. That's what happened. That's what happened. So the awful black one was strong. Ooh, he could do it, of course. He could do it. The awful black one ferried lo–ts across. He ferried lots across.

[What does it mean?] Well, it's probably their way of showing us what it's like, because they still say that there are ferrymen when we die. Yes!

They say there are ferrymen. There are always ferries at rivers, when our souls are tormented. Yes!

[Dogs] are the ferrymen, they say, indeed! Yes!

They are the ferrymen. That's why they carry us. [Our Lord] shows us, he shows us so we won't harm dogs. Yes!

So we won't harm them. They say we mustn't kill awful black dogs. We mustn't, they say. We mustn't kill them. No!

But the other ones can be killed occasionally, of course. That's what they say. Yes!

That's what I saw once, indeed. Hm! Yes!

[When did you have this dream?] Eh, it was at least a year ago. It was at least a year ago, a year ago. Yes!

One year ago. Hm!

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[1] Maltil's voice rose to an incredulous squeak to assure me that the events he had just described were in his dream. My question had been prompted by my knowledge that Zinacantecs envisioned the journey to the underworld in similar terms. The Zinacantec underworld with its canine ferrymen recalls the Huichol infernal landscape where the sinners are carried across the river on the back of a white-throated black dog. The Aztec sinners were ferried across by a yellow dog because, as Sahagún reported, the white dog refused, protesting, "I've just washed," and the black dog declined, too, saying, "I've just been stained with black" (Furst and Nahmad, 1972:59–60). In Panajachel dogs should be treated well as they are thought to be the underworld ferrymen (Tax, 1950:2515).

I Am Told To Take Care

D111

Me, I dreamt once. I had an older brother then. It was when he was getting married. Eh, no, he was entering [his bride's] house.[1]

"Please, let's go! Go cut some firewood for me," he told me. "I'm going, too," he said.

[On the earth's surface?] It was on the earth's surface.

He told me, as if it were today—"I'm going tomorrow."

I went to bed, it seems. I slept. It see–med that [someone] appeared. I don't know if it could have been Our Lord, or if it could have been a devil, but anyway it was a countryman. Yes!

"Well, are you going to that place where you were going?" he asked me.

"I'm going. I've already agreed to," I said.

"Ah!" he said. "Are you glad to go?" he asked. Yes!

"I think so," I said.

"Ah!" he said. "Eh, who knows," he said. "It will turn out badly for you. Take care of yourself!" he told me. Yes!

"But what could it be? Could something happen to me?" I said to myself. "But it isn't as if I were going far away. It's just nearby," I said.

"Ah!" he said. "I'm just letting you know that you should take care of yourself," he told me. "Take care of yourself!" he told me.

"All right, thank you for telling me," I said. I never took it to heart. I never took it to heart. No!

That was in my dream. The next morning my fire was whi–stling now, where we eat, it seems. It was whi–stling now. The sparks flew. They flew. They landed where I was [sitting]. "Eh, but what is going to happen to me? Could it be that I'm going to be killed?" I said to myself.

I still didn't take it to heart. I had been given a little cane liquor. I left. Go–d, it was no lie! Ooh, I never knew how the axe would go. It was probably just about noon or so. A lot of firewood had been cut already. I didn't feel it coming. I sli–ced open my whole foot. It landed here on my big toe. Bu–t I had a hard time getting home.

Yes, indeed, we surely dream about it. He goes to tell us about it. He goes to tell us about it. We dream about it. It came true. It was no lie! That happened on the earth's surface, now—on the earth's surface, now. But I was si–ck for a lo–ng time. It hu–rt like something! Holy [Mary!] I couldn't sleep. It simply a–ched. It wasn't just a little. It was badly hurt, badly hurt, badly hurt!

I Am Asked To Cure a Patient

D112

There was a flower change ceremony nearby. Yes! A steward was changing his flowers.[1] Yes!

I lay awake for a lo–ng time. I lay awake for a very long time. I couldn't ever get to sleep. They were playing mu–sic there. They were singing there —whatever they do.

I went to sleep for a little while.

[What time was it?] Eh, who knows what time it was. It was probably just before midnight. Yes!

[What night was it?] Last night, just last night when I came back. Yes!

I dreamt. It seemed that a young man arrived. I couldn't tell who it was. "Ma'am," he said when he arrived.

"Come here!" he was told.

"Is Father Maltil there?" he asked.

"He's here," she said. Eh, we had never quarreled. [We were on] very good terms. "He's here," she said. Yes!

"Ah, I don't know if I might vi–sit you," he said. Yes!

"I don't know," he was told.

"Are you there, sir?" he asked.

"I'm here," I said. Yes!

"Could I spea–k with you?" he said. Yes!

"What do you want?" I asked.

"I have something to ask you. I'll come to talk to you [more formally] in a little while," he told me.

"Ah!" I said. "What is it you want?" I said. "I won't be here because I'm going to San Cristóbal, because I'm going early [in the morning]," I said. I knew that I was coming here [to San Cristóbal to work with you]. Yes!

I was all set to tell him since I knew that I was coming here. Hm!

"Ah, all right. What you say is all right, but I'm leaving early," I said.

"All right, then, I'll speak to you in a little while," he told me.

"All right," I said.

He hadn't arrived at the right place [on the earth's surface]. I wasn't at home. I had come here to my wife's house, it seems.[2] Yes!

"Ma'am!" he said when he arrived—just the way, it seemed, when he arrived in my dream. It was this morning already. It was already light, on the earth's surface now.

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[1] As described in note 1 to D82 the house-entering ceremony precedes the wedding by several months.

"Come here!" she said.

"Is Father Maltil there?" he asked.

"He's here," he was told.

"Are you there, sir?" he said. Just like in my dream—just the same. Holy Mary, by God, Our Lord had known! Yes!

"Are you there, sir?" he asked.

"I'm here," I said.

"I don't know if I might talk to you," he said.

"Ah!" I said. "I don't know, because I'm going to San Cristóbal," I said.

"But I won't be long. I have something to tell you, just a word or two," he said. Yes!

And, "Come in quickly, then, because I'm busy. I really am going to San Cristóbal," I said. Just like in my dream. He said just the same things on the earth's surface. Just the same. Yes!

He arrived, bringing a pint bottle, a pint. "God, see here, Father Maltil, may there be a little pardon," he said.

"What's the reason? What's it for?" I asked.

"It's not for anything much. Won't you plea–se offer some candles for me, for this fiesta, so nothing will happen to me, so nothing will befall me?" he said to me. Yes!

"I would like to go to worship two of Our Lords, up there." Yes!

It was at Calvary, it seems, or whichever [shrine] he wanted.[3] Yes!

"I would like to go, if you would be so kind," he said.

"Eh, I don't know if I'll be free!" I said. "Who knows when it will be?" I said.

"Maybe on Monday evening," he said. Yes!

"Ooh! I really don't know," I said. "I still have some work to do," I said. Yes!

"Please do me the favor. I couldn't consider anyone else," he told me. "Only you, if you'd do me the favor," he said. Because I had decided on you," he said. Yes!

"Oh, I suppose so, then," I said. It was no lie. I saw it very clearly.

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[1] Every two weeks and before every major fiesta the stewards change the floral decorations on the altars in their homes. They dance and sing until the early hours of the morning.

[2] Maltil's first wife had died some years before and his second wife owned her own house.

[3] Both the stewards and the ensign-bearers, together with their principal assistants, pay visits to the mountain shrines before the fiestas in which they play a major role to request the protection and guidance of the tutelary gods.

Petuˀ Nibak

For hope is but the dream of those that wake.
—Matthew Pryor
Solomon on the Vanity of the World
Book 3.

When I first knew Petuˀ Nibak she was already considered a "leftover woman," but she was still pretty, lively, bold, with remarkable self-assurance and a throaty laugh that would give any man the shivers.

Petuˀ ran off with Mikel Ȼoȼil's brother-in-law, the truck driver; but after a month, disillusioned, she returned home. Her mother was so angry at the truck driver that, rather than take the truck to San Cristóbal, Tonik, carrying her market goods on her back, would walk half way to flag down a passing truck from Chamula.

Petuˀ's problems had only begun, for now, when a suitor came to ask for her, Tonik demanded that her daughter, even though scarcely a virgin, be married in style. Despite the constant flow of gifts from the suitor to her, Tonik would not relent. Though it is said that Petuˀ loved her fiancé she did not dare risk a second elopement, for if it were to end as abruptly as the first her mother's wrath would not subside. Petuˀ would be left homeless, with no one to turn to for shelter. Only after Tonik was brought to court did she give away her daughter. Convinced that if Petuˀ left her home and went to her husband's house in the neighboring hamlet Petuˀ would be murdered, Tonik insisted that the man come live with them so she could see how hard he beat her daughter. Petuˀ's husband endured his mother-in-law's company long enough to give her a grandchild and then sadly returned alone to his hamlet.

But the story is not quite so simple: When she was enaged, one of Petuˀ's neighbors fell in love with her, and she with him. Whenever he got tipsy he would come to spend the night, bringing beers for them all. Even Tonik was delighted and promised to give him her daughter, but she wouldn't let him sleep with Petuˀ before they were married. Considering Petuˀ's past history, the magistrate determined that her neighbor should be required to pay only a token bride price. This reasonable decision was rejected outright by Tonik, thus dashing her daughter's hopes for marital security. Still, today, her beauty lost, Petuˀ is living in her mother's home, alone.

Petuˀ's dreams reflect her preoccupation with her unmarried state; one courtship dream (D173), two wedding dreams (D176, D184), a dream where she rescues a former boyfriend (D175), and another where she drops an unwanted baby (D181). Again and again she watches fiestas, but there is always an ominous touch. Again and again she is the victim of unwarranted attacks. Unlike Maltil Tulum, she is seldom the subject of divine attention. Indeed, because she is so fastidious, Petuˀ's one gift is reclaimed by the gods (D185). But few dreams reveal such dramatic finesse as Petuˀ's playing the toreador (D174)!

I Gather Firewood, I See a Gourd

D171

[You mean] the one I told you, mother? Loša [my sister] and I were carrying firewood at Mušul Viȼ. Teleš's mother [Loša's mother-in-law] arrived. A lot of wood was pi–led up.

We were carrying it. "Carry that!" Teleš's mother said. Yes!

We were carrying the wood. Teleš's mother and little ˀAntun were co–ming to San Cristóbal. As for us, we stayed behind on the hill, by ourse–lves. Yes!

When we stayed behind by ourselves [the sun] was already lo–w. Then the sun se–t. I went to San Cristóbal. I woke up. [Oh, and I forgot], "Go and pick up the little gourd"—it was this big—he said. I didn't see who it was who said it. No!

"I'm going to pick it up," I said. The little gourd was this big. The little gourd was si–tting in the middle of the trail. I was going to pick it up from the middle of the trail. Yes!

I never went to pick it up. We came back from gathering firewood. We came back. That's all.

[When did you dream it?] I dreamt it, I dreamt it the day before yesterday, the day before yesterday. Yes!

[What could it mean?] Who knows what that means. Who knows what it means.

[Tonik adds her opinion]. That's someone's soul. Yes!

A person's soul. They say somebody will die, somebody will die. Indeed they say it's bad if we carry wood. Yes!

I Get into a Car

D172

I dreamt a [dream]. It seemed I was going in a car. "Let's go in a car!" said my friends.

I was going in a car. I got in the car. It was going westwards.

I stayed behind all alo–ne too. I was let off halfway along the trip. My friends went on. Yes!

As for me, I was left sta–nding on the highway. Yes!

When the car left, "Get in for another stretch in the car, we're going far, we're going a long ways," I was told. Yes!

I got in the car again.

[No], I came back in the middle of the trip. It was my friends who got in again. Yes!

As for my mother, she wasn't there anymore either. She wasn't there. I was all alone, too. Yes!

I was alone. There were lo–ts of Ladinos stuck in the car, too, because we were going. Who knows where we were going. It was here behind the Ventana, where Yaʔahvil is. Yes!

It was there. Yes!

I woke up. The car was gone now. Yes!

[When did you dream it?] It was pretty long ago, indeed. That was pretty long ago, indeed. "Who knows if I might die, mother. Why would I get in a car?" I said.

"Ah, maybe you'll get a fever, maybe you'll get sick," said my mother. Yes!

My Fiancé's Father Brings a Barrel of Cane Liquor, I Am Chased by Dogs, I Hide under the Blankets

D173

I was chased by dogs. They were going to bite my leg.

You see, they didn't bite my leg. I climbed a tree. There was a table. It was standing in a house, there in the house of Old Čep Hili-ʔat, as they call him. You know him. Yes!

It was there. A table was standing there, like this one.

I was sitting there.

But someone arrived looking for me. "Is Petuʔ here?" he asked.

"She isn't here," said the lady who was there.

"Because I wa–nt, I want to speak [to her]. I'm going to the courthouse. I'm going to see how their dispute is, how their quarrel is, whether my son will still marry her or not," he said. It seemed as if it was, it seemed as if it was Old Petul K'obyoš from Na Čih. Yes!

"Ah," I said.

The man arrived there. "Please be so kind as to receive this for me, because I am very angry. The quarrel can't drag on and on. Take this barrel of cane liquor for my sake," he said. It was stuck in [his] net.

"Are you going to take it, mother? As for me, I don't want to take the net, I don't want to take the barrel of cane liquor," I told my mother.[1]

"Ah, I don't know myself, talk to my daughter. It isn't my affair," said my mother. Yes!

"How can that be, but he told me, he spoke to me, the gentleman told me, *Please go and leave it at Mother Tonik's house*," said the man. Yes!

"As for me, I don't want it. I don't want to accept it. All right, I understand. Your son hasn't given me anything. I understand that if he's given me anything I'll return the money," I myself said. Yes!

After that, he left. He carried his barrel of cane liquor in a net to the cantina.

The men went to the cantina. Yes!

Me, I came back. I came back.

You see, loads of dogs came swarming towards [me] on the, on the trail by the Hili-ʔat's house. Yes!

The dogs were coming along there.

"What are those dogs doing? Where can I go since I'm all alone?" I said to myself. Yes!

"No, it's better if you join Šunkaʔ there, go on, go on home quickly!" my friend told me. Yes!

I we–nt home. I walked off. They were going to chase me again. Yes!

There was a house there. It was Maryan K'obyoš's house, there on the side of the trail. Maryan K'obyoš, Avocado I think they call him. Yes!

It's the marimba player. He comes and plays at our house, the son of Old Šun K'obyoš. Yes!

It was there that they hid me. There were lo–ts of blankets piled up there, sleeping places. The blankets were piled up. They hi–d me there.

Someone arrived looking for me. "Haven't you seen a woman?" he asked—the man who was cha–sing me. Yes!

"I never saw her," said the mistress of the house.

"But she came in here."

"No, come in and look!" she said.

He came in looking for me. As for me, I was ro–lled up in the blankets. "Ooh, if they have fleas, I'm scared, I'll get the fleas," I said to myself. Yes!

I looked at a–ll the blankets there. "Oh, never mind!" I said to myself. "Ooh, but I feel something wet. It feels as if water were spilt on it here," I said to myself. Yes!

I was hi–dden in the blankets. You think it's funny? Who knows why.

And after that, "Go on!" When he left, when nobody was there anymore, "The person looking for you has gone, go home now!" his wife told me, the wife of that Maryan K'obyoš. Yes!

I left. I went home. Ye–s!

I reached home. The trouble ended. There wasn't anything more. No!

[Did the dogs chase you?] It was the dogs that swarmed after [me]. The dogs went on, but they chased me. Yes!

It was scary. We get scared.

I reached home. It ended. I closed myself up in the house.

[Did you dream it long ago?] No, it was probably just a week ago, about then. Yes!

Who knows what it means. Maybe it's because Old Petul K'obyoš will come to witch us we told ourselves.

"What if he sends something, what if it drives you mad, what if something happens to you?" my younger sister, Loša, said to me. Yes!

"Something could happen to you. It's no good. What you dreamt is ugly. It's awful. Those dogs you dreamt about were sent from Totolapa," my younger sister told me.[2] Yes!

"Who knows! I said. "Never mind, I guess I'll see what turns out, but he won't send me witchcraft from Totolapa if I return the money," I said. Yes!

"But it could be that if you don't want to marry him he may send it," my younger sister told me. Yes!

"Ah, who knows, I'll see. Do dreams have few meanings? Do we dream of just a few things?" I said. Yes!

I Am Attacked by a Cow, I Play the Toreador

D174

I'll tell about that cow I dreamt about, too, that we'd been talking about this morning. It was [trying to] gore me. My mother had a shawl. As for me, I cli–mbed up a tree.

"The cow is going to gore you, she said. A cow, a big cow, it seemed.

It was about to gore me. I climbed up. It was on the trail to San Cristóbal, there on the trail to San Cristóbal where water comes up, where it's swampy. The cow was standing there in the middle of the path. It had a baby. The baby was sucking and sucking, bu–t [its mother was tossing] its head like this. It was just about to gore me.

My mother threw her shawl to me. I waved it at [the cow] so it wouldn't gore me. Yes!

I cli–mbed onto a little house. Yes!

I mou–nted the house. I was dancing with the cow. It was looking to see if it hadn't gored me, the way cows gore us. Tha–t's what I did.

You see, the house . . . the house was swa–ying back and forth. I was riding on top of the house. Yes!

"Your shawl, mother, where did your shawl go?" I asked my mother.

"Ah, take it. It fell to the foot of the little house. Dance on top of the little house," my mother told me.

I pi–cked up the shawl, I da–ngled it. I was holding up the little shawl like this, then I kept co–vering the cow's face with it. I was dancing on top of that little house. The cow couldn't gore me now since I blo–cked it with the little shawl. I perched on the little house. The little house was a palm that comes from the lowlands, palm. Yes!

It's the same as ramoš as they call it. Yes!

That's what it seemed to be. Yes!

It never gored me. And the cow was left standing there. As for me, I ca–me in through the fence. I fled. I climbed down off that house. I came in at the foot of the fence. It went off to Ravoltik. Yes!

That's how it ended.

[Did you dream it long ago?] No, not very long ago. I think it could be, I think it was probably just two or three days ago. Yes!

What could it mean? It's a witch, they say, the people say. Who knows if it's true. That person is a witch. "Who could have seen you yesterday? Who

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[1] Acceptance of cane liquor under such circumstances customarily implies acceptance of the suit. A gift of a whole barrel of cane liquor is unheard of "on the earth's surface."

[2] Totolapa is renowned for the power of its witches.

could have seen you at the mill yesterday?" asked my mother.[1]

"There was just the young spinster, Kavilan, Loša Kokoʔon. She was the only one who saw me. She was pulling along her little girl," I said. Yes!

"Ah, but that's who it probably was if she was angry and making fun of you at the mill," said my mother. Yes!

"Ah, I think so. She has a child, the little cow, then. Probably the little cow is the little girl. The cow is her mother," we said. That's so, in the middle of the path I met her. Yes!

In the middle of the path I met her. The same way the big cow went and stopped me on the trail to San Cristóbal. It had teats. Its teats were ha–nging down. The little calf was sti–cking on, su–cking. As for me, I'm right smart. I climbed up on the house, I mounted the house and [the cow] didn't get me. I kept using the shawl to co–ver its face so it wouldn't gore me. I was supposed to be playing the toreador, it seems.

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[1] The line of women and girls waiting to have their corn ground in the mill has become a focal point for gossip and back-bitting.

I Pull a Man out of a Pit

D175

It seemed there was a man in a pit.

As for me—"Grab onto his hand!" I was told. I was ho–lding onto his hand [pulling him] out of the pit. Me, I was up above. There was a house on top of the cliff. It couldn't be seen. I was pu–lling him out by his hand.

Someone was standing there. It seemed as if it was Old Čep Komis standing there, with his wife.

[Did you recognize the man in the pit?] I recognized the other one. It was the driver of the cooperative truck. That's who it was. Yes!

It was Maryan whom I was pulling out by the hand.[1] "But I wonder what my dream could mean," I said.

"Who knows. It probably means something," I was told when I was describing it, when it grew light. Yes!

"It's a good idea to talk about it, because something bad may happen," said my brothers and sisters. Yes!

"It may be alright, but I think it's bad. Ah, it could be that the truck will go off the road. So what? Let him die! That's what he deserves," I said, because we are sort of enemies. Yes!

A number of days went by after that. It was probably a week after I dreamt that. Then he and my younger brother [Maryan] quarreled. I hit my younger brother when he was fighting with him.

"I went and hit him myself when your brother was ba–dly beaten up," I was told [by my mother]. "I went and hit him."

"That's probably what my dream meant would happen," I said to myself. Yes!

[When did you dream it?] Recently. I think it was recently.

Ah, it was probably two weeks ago. Yes!

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[1] Maryan ʔOk'il had jilted Petuʔ some years before.

I Am Cooking a Wedding Banquet

D176

It seemed we were dancing, because there was a wedding.

But the wedding was in the woods. It was very far away. It was in a meadow.

There was a group of musicians. They were playing music. There were lo–ts of people. We were gathered together. The women were si–nging and singing at the dance. Me, I was fixing the meal inside the house.

"Hurry up with the meal! Is the food ready yet? The bride and groom are going to eat," said [the ritual tutor]. Yes!

"When the bride and groom have finished dancing, then the bride and groom will eat," I said. myself.

"They've finished," the people said. They came to tell me.

"All right!" I said. Hm!

"They've finished dancing. Dish out the food! Bring the bowls! Bring the other things!" they said. "Fine!" said the people when they came to ask for the food. Yes!

We se–rved the meal. It was fi–ne now. We handed it out. The music was being played. The fiesta was boisterous now. Oh, there was lots of laughing. They were dancing. After they danced, they ate. When they finished eating, the fiesta ended. Yes!

[When did you dream this?] I think it was yesterday or the day before. Yes! Yes!

[What could it mean?] Who knows what it could mean. Who knows if maybe we'll die, we said. Yes.[1]

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[1] The wedding celebration here is entirely unconventional. Weddings are never celebrated in the woods or the fields. The bride and groom customarily sit at the table with the guests, but do not partake of the banquet. The dance follows, but the bride and groom sit inside inconspicuously while the dance continues in the front yard for as long as the participants can remain on their feet.

I Gathering Firewood and Am Shot by a Chamulan

D177

I dreamt that [I was] there by the blue gum tree. I dreamt [I was] there by the blue gum. We were gathering firewood. I think I was there with my older sister. We were getting firewood.

You see, a Chamulan arri–ved. He arrived ca–rrying his gun over his shoulder.

It seemed that he killed me. The smoke rea–ched my chest here.

I was terribly sca–red. "I'm dying now!" I said. "But the bullet went in. The bullet went in, but I didn't die," I said. Yes!

"Oh, aren't you dying?" my elder sister asked.

"I won't die! It feels as if it went in, but it doesn't hurt," I said. Then I fe–lt my stomach. Yes!

It ended. The Chamulan left. Then we saw it [on the earth's surface]. It seems I told my brother and sisters about it—when it grew light. I told them. "Agh, it probably means something! Take it to heart, so nothing will happen to you when you go gathering firewood! Take it to heart! Your dream might come true," said my mother. Yes!

My dream did come true after all. It happened. The Chamulan arrived when we went to gather firewood. He arrived. He passed by ca–rrying his gun over his shoulder. Only he didn't fire it. He was watching and watching us with his ho–rrible eyes. It looked as if he longed to kill us. "What if he says that we are carrying his firewood—that it was he who felled these trees? What if the woods are his?" we said to ourselves, me and my elder sister. Yes!

"Who knows, it's possible. Hurry up! Have you gotten your wood? As for me, I'm going now!" I told my companions. It seemed as if there were lots of us, but there were only three of us. Yes!

The–n the Chamulan was standing in the middle of the path. He we–nt like this towards the hill. The Chamulan climbed up the hill, but he never fired his gun; but in my dream he fired it. The bullet seemed to go in. Its smoke—the smoke was bi–llowing out. Yes!

But the only thing is, I didn't die. No!

[When did you dream it?] It was probably two weeks ago. Probably so! Yes!

My Mother Is Shot Dead

D178

It seemed that there was a murder at home. It may come true, because I dreamt I was at home. It was when I said that you were shot [mother!], in Old Pinto's yard, Old Sarate's. Yes!

She was shot.

I went to the spring. It was Maryan Čobtik, my elder sister's husband who arrived. He commi–tted the murder. He le–ft her [dead]. "My mother's dead! My mother's dead!" I told my elder brother.

"She's dead? She's dead?" he said. "Oh, are you telling the truth? Agh, you're lying! Our mother won't die," my elder brother said. The man left her there. She was lying fa–ce down on the path to our spring—there [in the spot] where the elderberry bush is growing on the side of the path. She was lying fa–ce down there. But it was in Old Pinto Sarate's yard. That witch as we call him. Yes!

Next to our house. Yes!

Yes! She was there.

"What could it mean, mother? Why did I dream that? What if Maryan Čobtik comes to kill us another time?" I said. Yes!

[Oh, I forgot]—It seemed that my elder brother too–k his gun. He went to see if my mother was dead. He went to look for Maryan Čobtik. Yes!

Maryan Čobtik was gone now. My mother had disappeared. I seemed to be all by myself. It was dark. Who knows what it means—if a murderer will come, or something else. Who knows what it means —if he could be coming, if he's planned to murder us. Who knows. Yes!

Who knows.

[When did you dream it?] It could have been . . . it was probably a week ago. Yes!

I Have Maggots in My Legs, I Roast Them

D179

I had a dream. It seemed I dreamt that I was si–tting alone in the meadow, there by the Tontob's houses, by Mikel Ruis's house, as they call him. Yes!

I was there. My legs were stre–tched out in front of me.

But you see—"Look at your legs!" said Old ʔAntun K'obyoš's wife. Yes!

"What's the matter with my legs?" I asked.

"Loo–k! I see some maggots wriggling about. But it's because of your dispute [with your fiancé]. There's so much quarreling. If you don't settle your dispute—if you won't settle it, if your dispute just keeps dragging on and on—then it may turn out that your legs won't get well," she told me. Yes!

"If you carry the baby . . . . Carry the baby, so it will turn out well, so that it is settled, so you won't get sick, so [the maggots] will leave," she said.

I carried the baby. Yes!

My mother gave me a little basket.

You see, I scraped off the maggots. I put them in the basket. "Where are we going? Where did my mother go?" I asked.

"Ah, she's gone. She went to work at Lol Rinko's [the author's] house, as they call him," I was told. Yes!

"Ah!" I said. "Agh, it's better if I go to San Cristóbal. Give me the baby. I'll carry it with me," I said. I left. I stored those maggots. I carried them off in the basket.

You see, I roa–sted them on the griddle.[1] Yes!

When that was over, I left, carrying them in the basket. I came looking for you in San Cristóbal. "What's happened? Where's my mother. They say she's working. But it's be–tter if I go and show them to my mother," I said to myself. Yes!

[When did you dream it?] I think it was long ago. I think it was probably three weeks ago or so. Yes!

[What could it mean?] Probably it's because of the dispute. Probably it's all the quarrelling, so much arguing, so many people who are causing sickness, because there's so much quarrelling. They torment us to see if we are strong, to see if we can win out. Yes!

I Am Dancing Drunkenly, I See Soldiers

D180

It seemed as if I was dancing, because I was getting drunk.

You see, some people arrived. They came to scold me. Agh, ooh, after I had finished dancing, I went inside right away—when I was ju–st staggering about. Yes!

They arrived. Some people arrived. Then I stopped. I stopped dancing. I feel aslee–p.

I slept. Yes!

Then a group of young soldiers appeared. Lo–ts of soldiers appeared.

They a–ll had guns. Ooh, they were on the trail to Chamula, there on the hill on the way to Chamula. There were lots of them there. Many of them had guns and everything, because a war was breaking out there. Yes!

Who knows what it could mean? "What could my dream mean? Is a war going to break out sometime?" I said. Yes!

"Who knows," said my mother. Yes!

[When did you dream it?] I think it was long ago. I think it was probably a month ago or so. Yes!

I Drop a Baby

D181

I seemed I was carrying a baby. "Carry this baby!" If you don't carry it, you'll see for yourself if you won't die from it—if you can't carry it. Carry this baby! Change it!" I was told, it seemed, indeed.

I carried the baby. I changed it. It seemed as if it was my child now. "But why do I have a child? I don't have a child," I said to myself. Yes!

I was giving it the breast. I was nursing it.

"I wonder why I would be nursing it?" I said.

"Who knows why?" my brothers and sisters said. Yes!

"Agh, never mind, I guess I'll carry the baby. Never mind, I guess I'll go for a walk. I'll carry it with me."

"Amuse this baby! I don't want you to drop this baby," I was told.

You see, the baby fe–ll off my back. It cried. I gave it the breast. Yes!

But it had no mother. It seemed to be my adopted child. Yes!

[What could it mean?] They say it's "wind."[1] It causes sickness. Sickness grows in our breasts. They say that. Who knows if it's so. Yes!

[When did you dream it?] It was pretty long ago. It was probably a month or so ago, too. Yes!

I See a Corpse

D182

Somebody fell in the river. He was pulled out. His clothes were removed. Yes!

He seemed to be dead already. His friends stood him up. Yes!

He was taken away. There was a coffin. He was taken home. Yes!

Then a car appeared. He was put into the car. Yes!

He went to the graveyard. They went to bury him. The grave was dug. Yes!

The hole was pretty deep. [The coffin] was lowered on ropes. I wonder what it could mean? Yes![1]

[When did you dream it?] Yesterday or the day before I think, the day before yesterday.

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[1] Although Zinacantecs roast and eat wood grubs, the thought of doing the same to maggots would be as unappealing to them as it is to us!

[1] "Wind," or pain, in the breasts is believed to be the result of nursing a baby in one's dream.

[1] Curiously, in Rabinal to dream of a corpse indicates the arrival of a letter (Teletor, 1955:128).

I SEE A CLOWN

D183

It seemed as if he was a clown.[1] His clothes had a yellow stripe, a red stripe, and a black stripe.

You see, his belly was ballooning out. He was da–ncing. "What could that mean? Could he be a witch or what?" I said. "Could he have come out from somewhere? What could he be? Where is he from? Why is he dancing? Could it have something to do with murder? Why is he like that?" I said. Yes!

"Who knows. It's for a fiesta. It's because they're celebrating. There is a fiesta. There is a fiesta here in the agricultural station," said the person whom I was telling.[2] I didn't recognize his fa–ce. He was just a Chamulan or something.

"Ah!" I said.

You see, the awful clown got on an old cart. He got on an old cart. He went off, falling on his bu–tt. He left on the automobile road. Yes!

That's all I have to say. Yes!

[When did you dream it?] It was probably pretty long ago. It was probably two weeks ago. Time passes quickly. I don't remember anymore.

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[1] Boys dressed as clowns with loose clothes and cone-shaped hats run around at the fiesta of St. Sebastian.

[2] It would be extremely unlikely for a fiesta to be held at the National Indian Institute's agricultural station.

I AM GETTING MARRIED, I RUN AWAY

D184

It seemed I was getting married. I was going now. We were having a fiesta.

But it turned out badly. A net fu–ll of fruit was carried along. They arrived to leave it at my house. In the end we didn't accept the fruit properly inside the house. It was sitting there inside the house when I woke up. Yes!

Somebody else arrived, too, with a net of corn, a little net of beans. Yes!

He arrived at my house. Yes!

They were being offered to us. Yes!

"The corn will stay here, the beans, the fruit, because you are supposed to go. You are going to the wedding," I was told.[1] Yes!

"Ah!" I said, "When could the wedding be?" I asked.

"It's on the fiesta that's coming up, on the fiesta when the Christ Child is born, when there are dudes," they said.[2]

"Ah, agh, but me, I don't want to get married. Why do I need to get married? I'm better off alone," I said. Yes!

"Ah, but the clothes are ready, because you are getting married now," they said. Yes!

"Ah, but me, I don't want to be married," I said. I didn't take the nets. I left them lying inside, like here where we are chatting. They were left lying inside the house. Me, I left. I fled. Yes!

[Did you recognize the groom?] Ah, the man was just a boy. I didn't recognize him by his face. His house, where he came from, was far away. Yes!

Then I was here in San Cristóbal. Me, I was working happily. I was fixing mea–ls now. I was doing something here in San Cristóbal. Yes!

My mother arrived. "What's this, aren't you going home? Why did you come like this? Why are you working here like this? It's not right that you be working here. It's better if we go home," my mother started saying. Yes!

"Why would she say such a thing to me?" I said to myself.

"Take the little net. That's better," my mother told me. Yes!

"Agh, I don't want to. I don't want to. I don't want the net—because as soon as I take the net I'll have to get married," I said. Yes!

I didn't take the net. No!

[Is that the end?] That's the end. Yes!

[When did you dream it?] I think it was pretty long ago. Yes!

Could it be a year ago? It was probably around a year ago. Yes!

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[1] Corn and beans are not usually given to the prospective bride.

[2] The dudes (*mamaletik*) are stewards who act out a boisterous Christmas season pantomime that involves a great deal of sexual horseplay.

I AM GIVEN A CHICKEN, BUT IT IS TAKEN AWAY

D185

There was a little chicken.

"Take this home!" they said. The little chicken was this big. There just seemed to be a ma–n and a woman.[1]

You see, the chicken came out of a rock.

But the chicken had dirtied itself. It's little rear end was co–vered with shit.

"Why has it dirtied itself so much? I don't want this one," I said. I left it.

"But this is the one we are giving to you," they said.

"No, I want the yellowish one, because it's pretty. It's little head is crested," I said. Yes!

"When you reach [home], stick it in a chest! When you arrive, put it in a chest! Burn incense for it!" I was told.

"Ah!" I said.

I took the little chicken.

But you see, it was taken away from me on the way. The chicken came out of a cleft in the rock. It came out of the rock and they gave it to me. It was on the trail to Vo?-bi¢. Yes!

"I wonder why it was taken away from me on the way," I said to the owner.

"Agh, it's because you didn't ask me for the one I gave you first. That's why it was taken away from you on the way," I was told. It was a little pullet. "See for yourself, you didn't want it anymore! See for yourself! Why didn't you want the one I was giving you? So you wanted the yellowish one. That's why it was taken from you," I was told. Yes!

[When did you dream this?] I think I dreamt that pretty long ago, pretty long ago. Eh, there hadn't been any sickness. There hadn't been any chicken disease, mother. It was then that they died. I dreamt it. Then my chickens died. They were dying in large numbers. "Why would my chickens be dying, mother?" I asked.

"Eh, it's probably because there are so many of their droppings under their roost," we said. Yes!

"Ah!" I said.

I Wash My Clothes, Gather Watercress, and Watch a Fiesta in Chamula

D186

I was washing my clothes. I was washing my clothes in Chamula—there by Ni-o? in Chamula.[1]

I finished washing. I went into the clinic. It seemed to be there now. I was fixing meals there, too. Yes!

I finished washing my clothes. I picked them up and folded them. [I put them] in a basket. Yes!

I left. I finished folding them and [putting them] in a basket, too. I we–nt back again to where I had been washing. I went to get some watercress, too. I pu–t the watercress in the basket. Yes!

I came back again. Now it looked like a lake. There was a la–ke there now. There were lots of people on the edge of the lake, too. Yes!

Do you know that place? There is a little pond there. There were ma–ny people there in Chamula. Yes!

There was lo–ts of singing and everything. Clothes and things were spread out. The clothes and so on were spread out there on the edge of the lake—just Chamulans' clothing.

I came out.

"What clothes could they be?" I asked. I had a friend with me.

"Ah, those are the saint's clothes. The saint's clothes are being removed, because of the fiesta," she said.[2] The saint ca–me out. They were holding their banners aloft. They came out to have fun in the market, because it was Sunday. There were lo–ts of people. Yes!

My House Collapses in an Earthquake

D187

You see, when there was an earthquake our houses colla–psed. "Why would there be an earthquake?" I asked.

"Ah, it's because your sins are so great. You can die now," said the magistrate now. "We can die now. We can perish now, because our sins are so great now," he said. That's why there was an earthquake," I was told in my dream. Yes!

"Ah!" I said.

"It's a good idea to pray to God, to pray to Our Lord, have confession, take communion," said the magistrate. Yes!

"Eh, but what help is that now? My house has collapsed," I said. Yes!

My house had collapsed. I was all by myself. My mother was gone. I was walking along by myself. Yes!

[Then you woke up?] Then I woke up, because it was already light when I dreamt that.

[What could it mean?] Sometimes there are earthquakes. There are earthquakes. That's when it happened. Sometimes there are earthquakes during the night. Yes!

I Try Crossing a River

D188

It seemed I was crossing a river. The river was very wi–de. It was on the trail to the lowlands.

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[1] The man and the woman are probably St. Lawrence and Our Lady of the Rosary who is the saint in the Church of Vo?-bi¢.

[1] A Zinacantec woman would never wash her clothes in Chamula.

[2] When a saints' day is celebrated in Zinacantán and Chamula the clothing that is placed on the image is removed and laundered.

FIGURE 13.—House compound in Zinacantán Center, 1961. (From Vogt, 1969)

There were some people there. They were na–ked. They were on the o–ther side of the river. I was trying to cro–ss the river, but I couldn't cross it. I was being swe–pt away by the river. The river was very ye–llow. Yes!

Bu–t the river was flowing very slo–wly now. Yes!

"Come on, come on!" said the people on the other side of the river.

"Eh, can I cro–ss over?" I said to myself. I was cro–ssing over already. I had already gone half way across, bu–t [the other side] was fa–r away. It was very far away. It looked very strange. There were clouds now where [I was going]. It was a long distance away.

And I had reached midstream now. Then I woke up. Yes!

I never crossed over. I was left in midstream. "Come on, come on!" they were telling me. "Come on, come on, cross on over! Come here, come here!" the people said. They were naked, they just had their skimpy underpants on. They just seemed to be Chamulans, you couldn't tell. I was crossing over, because we were go–ing far away, to Acala or somewhere. But I was all by myself. Yes!

"Come on!" I was crossing the river. When I was about to cro–ss it—when I rea–ched midstream—then I woke up. Yes!

It's the fear. We are scared by it. It seems as if we are being swept away in the flood and so on. Yes!

We are chilled. We get sick. We are chilled if we go in a river. Yes!

[Did you dream it long ago?] It was probably yesterday or the day before. Yes!

I SELL TORTILLAS IN CHAMULA, I AM ATTACKED BY A WOMAN

D189

It seemed I was selling there in Chamula. I was se–lling tortillas. You see, some Chamulans ca–me along.

"Have you any tortillas? Will you sell any of your tortillas?"

"I'll sell some," I said.

"How much are they?" they asked.

"Four for twenty," I said.[1]

"Ah!" said the Chamulans. They ca–me over. They came over to buy from me.

You see, an enemy of mine was there. It was Maria Čila, as they call her. She came over. She came over to hi–t me. She came over to give me a beating, because the things I was selling were being bought up. She came over to give me a beating. "Ah, why are you hitting me now?" I asked. "Well, when we're lucky, [our things] are bought up. When we aren't, that's no reason to hi–t each other," I said.

I jumped over a gully. She was on the far side of the gully, because I had gone to the other side.

Then the Chamulans le–ft. All the Chamulans [were wearing] bla–ck clothes.[2] Yes!

They left. I came back. "Don't be scared! Why are you scared? Why are you running away to the gully? That's stupid of you to be scared because she is offended by your selling things," I was told. Yes!

The Chamulans left. Then I woke up, myself. I woke up when I was strolling about in the market. Yes!

[When did you dream it?] It was when I was in Chamula, of course. I think it was probably a year ago. Yes!

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[1] The standard price at that time was five tortillas for twenty centavos.

[2] Chamulan women wear black clothes, the men usually wear white tunics but they also wear black tunics.

I Find a Spring, Am Chased by a Buzzard or a Spook

D190

There was a Spook there in your compadre, Maryan K'obyoš's, yard.[1] A rock was sta–nding there. There was a rock there. There was a spring there. The water was very clea–r.

"Why would there be a spring there? Why would there be a spring?" I said.

"Ah, of course we can't go there! The Spook's house is there," I was told by whoever was speaking to me.

"Ah," I said. Me, I went to pee–k at it.

You see, there was a horrible big buzzard there. It came flapping towards me. It went chasing after me.

But now it didn't seem to be a buzzard anymore. It was a horribly big person, but he was bla–ck all over. He went chasing after me. I ra–n away. I we–nt home. I came ru–nning back. Yes!

"What could it mean?" I asked.

"Ah, it could be harrassment—or you might die—since you were going to the west," my mother told me. Yes!

"That place is probably dangerous," I said myself. Yes!

"It's probably dangerous," I said. Indeed, I saw it up above the maguey. That horrible buzzard went back. Yes!

And it had been big when it went chasing after me. When it reached the spring it was little. It was the size of a buzzard. It had been big. It used to be a person. Yes!

It was entirely black. It grew small. Eh, it went back now. Then it reached the foot of the rock. It went in. It went in the cleft of the rock. Yes!

That spring was there. I was going to draw water myself at the foot of the rock, there in the yard that Maryan K'obyoš had bought. Yes!

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[1] See note 1 to D33.

I Am Told To Make a Sash for St. Anthony

D191

It seemed I was bowing to the gods. I was li–ning up to bow to the gods inside the church.[1] "Why would it be raining so much?" I asked, inside the church.

"Of course there's no reason for it raining so much. It's because Our Holy Father, St. Anthony here needs a sash cord," I was told.

"What kind does he want?" I asked.

"He wants it to be striped just like your sash cords," he said.

"Ah, I understand."

"It's because his leg came loose. It came loose here in the earthquake," they said. Yes!

"Is that so?" I said. I went to bo–w to Our Holy Father, in my dream. I didn't go to bow to him on the earth's surface. I went to bo–w to him in my dream. I went to see if it had come loose.

It hadn't come loose. It was fine. Our Holy Father, St. Anthony wanted a sash.

"What kind of sash does he want?"

"He wants it striped like this, like our sash cords. That's how he wants it. And you will make it for him," I was told. Yes!

"Ah!" I said. When that was over—after I heard what was being said—I lined up to bow to Our Lords. Yes!

I came out. Me, I came back home. Yes!

[What could it mean?] When you have some money He wants to be given something. Ye–s!

He probably wants to be given something. That's it. Yes!

I haven't any money. No!

[When did you dream it?] It was probably around a year ago, around a year ago. Yes!

It was when it was rai–ning all the time. Yes!

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[1] *Rioš* means both "god" and "saint," but I have used the literal translation because the saints are considered to be gods in the Tzotzil pantheon. It is customary when paying a visit to the church to pray to each and every image.

Tonik Nibak

> ¿En qúe dia? ¿En qúe luna? ¿En qúe año sucede lo que aqui se cuenta? Como en los sueños, como en las pesadillas, todo es simultáneo, todo está presente, todo existe hoy.
>
> —Rosario Castellanos
> *Ciudad Real*

She hoisted a huge bundle of daisies onto the truck and set herself down complacently on the bench, giving the Ladinas a bright smile and a cheery "Buenos días." All the bumpy way to San Cristóbal she added her worldly wisdom to the Ladinas' excited accounts of all the ghosts and buried treasures they had known of in their short lives.

She may be 62 years old now, but that is only a guess because Tonik's confident calculations of her age at the time of personal crises and historical events simply do not agree. Her early childhood was spent in Zinacantán Center with her mother and her younger sister. Her father was deceased. When she was seven her mother died, too, and she was adopted for two years into a Ladino household in San Cristóbal, paying her board and keep by the performance of small chores. She returned to the Center where she learned to weave. She attended school for three years with Romin Teratol's late stepmother and three or four other Zinacantec girls. Tonik recited to me from memory the verses she had had to deliver at her graduation from third grade, and even the lines that one of her classmates had declaimed. She alone learned to read and write. "And what do they know now? Ha! How many tales have *they* told you?" During this period she became a regular helper and protégée of the resident priest. Engaged to be married, Tonik rebelled and willfully rejected her suitor—an act that obliged her to return to San Cristóbal to work as a maid to earn the money needed to repay her suitor's courtship expenses. Tonik's younger sister then jilted her fiancé and skipped town, "forcing" Tonik to return to take the marriage vows in her stead. During their 28 years of marriage she bore her husband ten children, only five of whom survived into adulthood. Restless at home, Tonik became an agent of the National Indian Institute. According to women's gossip she wrapped her belly in a straw mat so she would look more pleasantly plump. Her husband finally grew tired of all the rumors that were bound to stick to a woman who would leave her husband to earn a wage, consorting with Indian schoolboys and teachers from many towns. He accused her of carrying on with two men, grabbed her pigtails, and hit her about her shoulders with a firebrand. Not one to submit in silence, Tonik evicted her husband and marched off to complain to the director of the National Indian Institute in San Cristóbal, then to the director of the Department of Indian Affairs, and finally to Don Erasto Urbina, local defender of the Indians. She explained that if she didn't work, her family would be dressed in rags, for her husband offered no support, that half her earnings she gave to her husband, "And since when has a wife been obliged to do that?" She had been married in the Church, had respected and obeyed her husband as she should. After listening to Tonik's tale of woe, Don Erasto summoned her husband to San Cristóbal. Old "Black Joe," as he was known, was ordered to provide ten pesos a week to support his children. But since then, says Tonik, he has provided "not ten cents a week."

In recent years Tonik has carried on an adventurous flower trade, selling her products in far-off Tuxtla, the state capital. In her spare time she has taught weaving to a number of Americans when they stayed at Na Bolom, and has been commissioned to weave exceptionally fine blankets.

Despite a never-ending series of squabbles with her children's fiancés, husbands, and wives who never seemed to live up to her high standards or even to respectable community standards, she has managed to live so free of sickness that people ask her, "Are you a pillar of the world?"

No one denies she is a "strong-hearted" woman. Her sharp wit, whether expressed in faultless colloquial Spanish or in Tzotzil, is both feared and relished by the men whom she engages in lively banter. Intensely righteous, pretentiously Catholic, vicious in gossip, her gaiety still commands affection, and her nimble mind earns grudging admiration from the men of the town.

Tonik's gift of the gab, lively wit, and forceful personality are evident in all her dreams. Even the tutelary gods take offense at her forwardness, reminding her that she is just "an ignorant person," and should not presume to pester them at the mountain shrines. Tonik's religious awareness, combining orthodox Catholic practices with indigenous beliefs, is apparent. Her frequent contact with the Ladino world, particularly as a merchant, dominates many of her dreams. Nevertheless her firm belief that "dreams always come true," and her recollection of dreams that were experienced as many as 38 years before reveal a woman solidly embedded in her own culture. The standard Tzotzil motifs are simply put into action with greater attention to detail and with more elaborate dialogue. In her dream (D158), Tonik's powerful self-defense when summoned to court on false charges gives witness to the strength of character of the lady named Tonik.

ST. LAWRENCE ASKS TO HAVE HIS FACE UNCOVERED

D148

I dreamt, because there has been so much rain. It is because our Holy Father, Saint Lawrence is unhappy when his face is covered.

He summoned three prefects, three prefects.[1]

"What is it? What is wrong, son?" said the authorities when they arrived.

"There is nothing wrong at all. I am very upset that you have covered my face;" he said.

"Ah, why?" they asked.

"Because I really don't want my face covered," he said. "I've told you all along that I don't want a glass [front to the casement]," he said. "I've told you all along that I don't want to be covered by anything. I want my face to be in the open," he said.

"Why, son? But that's the way it should be because there is so much dust. Your face will get covered with dust," he was told by the elders, by the prefects.[2] Ye–s!

"Because I don't like it," he said.

"Why don't you like it? That's the way it should be," they said.

"It isn't your responsibility. I know how to look after myself. My face won't get covered with dust. I know to dust it off. I'm not asking you to dust it. I'll dust it myse–lf. I have a neckerchief." His neckerchief was beau–tiful. It was pure silk. Hm!

It was square. It was this big, like this. He took it. "This is how I dust it, of course. This is for dusting my face," he said. The down was this lo–ng, of velvet, as we say, but it was bright whi–te. He du–sted his face with it. He du–sted his face like this. He dusted it. "See here, there's no dirt left on my face," he said.

"Ah, but your face is supposed to be covered. [The altar] needs whitewashing. It needs to be looked after."

"No, I don't want that," he said. "If you will, leave my face in the open. I certainly don't want my face covered, because I am unhappy that I can't see what they're doing here in my home," he said. Yes!

"But when I have seen [what's happening], then I give orders. Then I detain the workers' hands [if they work poorly]. It's awful your covering my face. I can't see how they're doing whatever they're doing," said [St. Lawrence]. Hm!

Eh, when the elders were told that—"Wait then, the magistrate will come. Let him settle it. But as for me, I don't know," said [one of them]. Two constables left. It seemed they went to the courthouse. They went to bring the magistrate. The magistrate arrived. Then, "What is it, sir?" he said.

"It's nothing, son. I'm very upset. I'm tired of having my face covered like this. It makes me sad. I really don't like it," he said.

"Why?" he was asked.

"Ah, because I don't like it. I don't like having you cover my face. Please be so kind [as to remove it]."

"Ah, they'll have to be notified then. The Maryans will have to be summoned," he said.[3] Hm!

It was the Maryans who had covered his face. They were summoned. Then (my dream) was cut short. I woke up. Yes! [4]

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[1] It is curious that St. Lawrence would seek help from the prefects rather than from the grand alcalde or the sacristans.

[2] Apparently the prefects are, in fact, the tutelary gods and therefore address St. Lawrence as "son" (*kere*), intimating that he is younger.

[3] Three of the four sacristans at that time happened to have Maryan as their first names.

[4] ?Anselmo Peres believes that this dream indicates the saint's actual displeasure. In San Pedro la Laguna a religious official reportedly dreamt that his saint image should be repainted. After he had complied, he dreamt a second dream in which the saint told the official that he had been hurt. One week later, convinced that he was being punished, the unfortunate man sickened and died (Rosales, 1945:842).

My Son-in-Law Promises To Repay His Debt

D149

[In my dream] he took all his things. He filled it up—he filled his bag and left. He had his wool tunic, his pants, his shirt, his hat. His hat was bra–nd new. His neckerchief was new. He stuck them in his bag.

[Who was it?] It was this one's stepfather. Hm! The husband of that daughter of mine—who hurt her and left.

"I'm going, mother. I'll see you a year from now, because I'm going to the fincas.[1] I'm going. I'm going to get [money to pay back] my little debt. Don't scold me because of it! Don't have me jailed because of it! When you see that I have come back, I will leave it in safekeeping. I'll ask a favor of [your son] Maryan. He will give it to you. I'll speak to him in San Cristóbal. As for my coming back here, I'm not coming back anymore. As soon as I come you would have me jailed, because I still owe your adopted child twenty pesos," he told me.

"Ah, that's not my affair. You can give it to that girl yourself. But as for my money, it can't be lost. Don't you see, I'm poor. I have a hard time getting any money, it seems. I have to suffer to get some money, it seems. If you hadn't deceived me, there wouldn't be anything wrong with my house. If it hadn't been for that, my house would probably be fine now. Its thatch would have been changed. But as it is, it's your fault. The daub has fallen off my house. There is nothing I can do about my house now. There is too much rain now, it seems. What can you do, coming to see me? Why would you care about my house after you have gone?" I knew that he had left [my daughter, on the earth's surface]. Hm!

"Would you come now to look after my house for me? Would you come now to see my house for me? You'll simply come to give me my money. Give it to me! I'll pay somebody [to fix my house] with it. I had planned, if I had had the money, to build a tile-roofed house. If I had the money, I wouldn't just be gabbing about it. But I am poor. I've never received my money," I said.

"Don't worry at all, mother! I'm going to go to the fincas to get it. That's why I'm getting my things together," he said. He gathered up his things [and put them in] a big sa–ck. He tied it. He carried it. He we–nt this way to Muk'ta Krus. Hm!

He left. "Go on! Please send me [the money]!"

"Don't worry at all. I'm going by way of Mahob Pepen. I'll go by way of T'aht'ah Betik," he said. I don't know what trail he went on. He didn't go by the path to his house. He was going in the direction of Ixtapa or Salinas.

He left. "I'll send it," he said. [My dream] was cut short there. Yes!

[What could it mean?] I thi–nk it could be that he'll die somewhere. Or could it be that something will happen to him? Could it be that he'll fall into a ravine somewhere? Or could it be something else? Who knows. Who knows. God himself will punish him. Don't you see, he didn't tell me anything about his wife when he tried to murder her. Thanks to Our Lord she wasn't hurt badly. Her cut was this long, here in her chest. Ye–s!

[How long ago was it?] It was probably three or four months ago. That's about when it was, indeed! Hm!

Ah, she was taken to be treated here at the Health Service or whatever it's called, here by Santa Lucia. Yes!

She went there to be looked at.

"No, she'll recover. It's just a scratch, a pretty long one," they said at the doctor's. She was looked at. [The case] was taken—it was taken to the district attorney. Then they sent—what's the name of the paper? Because they were going to seize him and jail him. Hm!

The paper was sent. It arrived at the courthouse. They seized him. They jailed him.

[Was it a warrant?] Ah, yes, that's it, a warrant. Hm!

A warrant to seize [a person] anywhere, if the crime is serious. Ye–s! That's it!

It was sent. The town clerk showed it to me—that he was to be seized. Hm!

The trouble was, nobody spoke well [in my daughter's defense]. He was pleased that I said nothing.

Well, don't you see, if I were to say anything, if it was me gabbing away, I would be looking for trouble each time. If she remarried him the way she's doing now, I would feel badly, it seems, badly. Hm!

That's the way it was left. He went. He went towards that graveyard. Hm!

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[1] Although the coffee fincas on the coast of Chiapas recruit many Chamulans and Tzeltal-speakers, few Zinacantecs have resorted to migrant labor.

I Find a Pile of Money

D150

I went. It seemed I came to San Cristóbal.

Then I went back. There is a stone that fell [from the sky] there where our path is.

By the stone there was thi–s much money piled up. "Oh, My Lord, I say there is money here! I guess I'll pick it up," I said to myself. So I took this shawl of mine. I picked up [the money]. I scoo–ped it up like this. As soon as I scoo–ped it up, I stu–ck it in [my shawl]. I had a hard time getting home with the money. As for the money—"Look here, daughter!" I said to my daughter when I arrived home. After I finished scooping up my money I arrived.

"Ah where did you find it, mother?" she asked me.

"I found it piled up at the foot of the gully where our path is," I said. Hm!

"I picked up the money. I arrived clu–tching it."

"Ah, but that's not right, mother. It isn't right if you put it in our chest. It isn't good. It will corrode," my daughter told me.

"Ah, why?" I asked. I asked [her].

"It isn't right. It's no good," she told me.

"No, I'll put it in the chest," I said. "No, it's better if I get my little baskets—your little basket that I brought today." They were fi–lled to the top. They were filled with money. "Never mind, cover them! Tie the tops well! Store them away!" I said. She stored them away. She put them there inside my house. There is a little table inside my house. Hm!

It was co–vered. The next day [still in my dream] I went to look. "Is the money there, mother, or has it gone?" she asked me. It was probably a good nine o'clock when I woke up the next morning.

"Eh, I'll see what it is. It may be some kind of snake there. It isn't money. Or it's "wind" or something.[1] I don't believe it's money," I said to myself. I was delighted now. The money was all in coins. There wasn't a single bill, just coins. Rou–nd pesos, round twenty cent pieces, round fifty cent pieces.

"Ah, I haven't anything to worry about now. I've found money for my corn. Now with this I won't suffer looking for money. It seems I have some money. There is a lot here. I'll be able to live on it for a long time," I said to myself, because of the mo–ney I had found. Hm!

As for me, I was delighted now. We stored it away. "Store it away, daughter! Put it away! Just get it when I go to buy our corn."

The next morning the money was gone. It was just a trick. It was just a dream. Hm!

My money was gone. Hm!

[When did you dream it?] It was probably a week ago. Hm!

The rain hadn't started yet when I dreamt that I had lots of money, a basketful. What more could I want? I had a basket of money, a basketful. It was gone.

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[1] It is believed that copper coins seen in a dream will cause "wind" or arthritic pain. In Agua Escondida and in Panajachel to dream of money indicates poverty (Redfield, 1945a:217; Tax, 1950:732), while in Atla it portends both poverty and death (Montoya Briones, 1964:177).

I Attend a Requiem Mass for My Mother

D151

Long ago I dreamt. A priest arrived. It seemed that the father was still alive, Father Lusiano Martines.

"Daughters, hear the Mass!" he told me when I met him on the path, by my gate.

"Ah!" I said. "Where could you be holding Mass?"

"A Mass will be celebrated. A Mass will be celebrated for your late mother. Don't you see, she used to be my maid. I'm giving a Mass for her," he told me.

"Fine!" I said. "Fine, I'll go then. All right, I'll go. Ring [the bell] for Mass a bit early," I said.

"Early of course, don't worry! I'll direct the sacristans to ring [the bell]," he told me.

"All right," I said. They rang [the bell] for Mass. "Change your clothes, girls! Let's go to Mass!" I said.

But you see, the church wasn't St. Lawrence's church. I don't know where the church was. It was a little gray one like the table here.

And the church was gray, but its friezes . . . there is no [saint] who has a church like that. It seemed to be far away. I've never seen a church like it. The cathedral wasn't like it, nor St. Francis, nor St. Nicholas. St. Dominic wasn't like it, either. The church's friezes were completely di–fferent. They were different.

The Mass was underway. There wasn't just one priest. There were three altars. There were three priests celebrating Mass. One was celebrating Mass here, another was celebrating Mass there, the other was celebrating Mass over there, [making the shape of a] cross. The Mass was underway. "But why would it be like that? It's probably the Mass for my mother," I said to myself. I was absolutely deli–ghted now that a Mass was still being celebrated for my mother. I missed her. Don't you see she was my mother, it seems. "Ah, perhaps Our Lord wants a Mass to be celebrated for my mother. It may help her soul to be freed, My Lord!" I said to myself.

God, Jesus Christ,
Spirit,
Finality,

Extinction,
Now the priest whose tortillas you prepared,
Whose tortillas you made,
Is celebrating a Mass for you.
Now he remembers your soul, your spirit.
Kneel before Thy Lord,
Ask him,
What were your sins,
What was your evil that you should have died.
When you died, you weren't old.
When you died, you were still a girl.
You did not suffer long before you died.
You did not see three sunsets before you died, Mother.
Ask Our Lord,
Now that your Mass is underway!
Pray to Our Lord!
What were your sins?
What poor person's hatred consumed you?

I said to my mother.

God, Jesus Christ, My Lord,
Heavenly woman,

I said. I bowed to the Virgin.

Heavenly woman,
Heavenly lady,
Free her soul for me,
Let her spirit go,
My mother,
My sainted mother.
She is suffering,
She is downcast,
Since she did not speak to me,
She did not talk to me,
When she died,
When she expired.
She suffered.
She grew mute when she died.
I did not talk to her, it seems.
What did my mother say?
What did my sainted mother say?
How was her little plot of land to be left?
It seems she never told me, My Lord.
Go ask for me.
Then you will show me in my dream,
In my spirit,

I said. Hm! That was all. I prayed. Then the Mass ended. First, the Mass there to the east ended. Then the one ended on the other side, by the cross at the church door. First, the other one ended, then I tu–rned around in this direction. I faced the other side. I crossed myself.

God, Jesus Christ, My Lord,
Spirit,
Finality,
Extinction,

I said. I tu–rned to the other side. There was no Mass anymore. It was over. Hm!

The Mass was over. "Let's go, girls! Cross yourselves! Let's go home!" I told my daughters. I left. I went home. We came out the church door.

But the entrance was all brick. One part was all tile. Cars were sta–nding now on the road. "Where am I now, My Lord? I know this isn't my home," I said to myself.

I was scared that it wasn't my home. I rou–sed myself. I woke up.

But I was lying down at home. Yes!

Who knows about the dream. It was very strange. I seemed to be far away. Who knows where. I didn't recognize what place it was.

"Where could my soul have been traveling, daughter?" I woke my daughter up.

"How come?"

"Because I dreamt that I was far away, listening to Mass. Because we went to Mass."

"Huh, it's because you ate a lot before you went to bed," my daughters told me. "Your beans have a lot to say, since you ate some beans before you went to bed!" they told me.

"No, I ate a little bit of jerked meat," I said.

Eh, it was probably around eleven o'clock at night, or midnight. Something like that. It was still nighttime.

"Ah, go to sleep! Stop gabbing!" they told me. I slept. Hm!

[Was it long ago?] No! It was certainly a month ago. It was a month ago, a month ago. But I'm not so preoccupied by it that I talk about it when I go to Tuxtla or wherever I go.

I'm not so preoccupied by it that I talk about it. Hm!

A Cow Is Slaughtered, I Serve a Feast, I Am Given Food

D152

It was three months ago I dreamt that they assembled to slaughter a cow.

They divided the cow up into rather big pieces. They kept hanging up the little pieces of meat.

After they finished hanging up the meat, then the ritual tutor distributed it.[1] Who knows if it was at the gathering place [Calvary] or where.

The meat was cut up. Each piece was this bi–g, it seemed, because the people were to eat one chunk apiece.

Then [the ritual tutor] distributed the portions. He directed who was to eat. "Please cook it for me!" the cook was told. The cook was Maruč Komis, Romin [Teratol's stepmother]. Hm!

She was with Mal Teratol [Romin's grandmother], my comadre. Yes!

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Old Teleš ₵o¢il is her son-in-law, as we say. Yes!

"Please, ma'am, be so kind as to cook the children's food for me because they are going to eat," he said. "This is the children's food here." The pot was this bi–g. "This here is the adult men's food," he said. The meat was cut into chunks, each a handspan long. But the chunks were this thi–ck. Hm!

Every piece! There was a basket of dried meat, dried.

It was cooked. It was boiled.

But you see, for the table there was no table, simply straw mats, like this one, spread out at once. They were straw mats like these. The mats were li–ned up, maybe this, eh, maybe this long, like the length of your room—like one [room]. They were lined up in two rows. One side of the table was the way [it is when] the cantors eat. Yes!

One side of the table was just for the children and the other side of the table was just for the men and women. Ye–s![2]

Their food was lined up for them. The baskets with the tortillas were this bi–g. [The tortillas] were stacked this hi–gh. The tortillas were in two rows—lined up in two rows. When the food was cooked, there were bowls, great bowls this big. The broth was dipped out with them. It was poured and poured and poured into the bowls.

"Take your salt, sons!"[3] said the older men, whoever was old now.

"Okay!" they said. The children don't know how to take their salt.

All the men put salt, put salt in their food. "Eat, sonny! Eat my baby!" said the lady. There was a lady there, but she is called a candle-bearer in Holy Week.[4] She was in charge of the babies. She cared for them.

She fed them.

"Eat my babies, eat up! Ask for more tortillas!" they were told by her.

"Okay!" they said. They ate. They drank.

"Drink up your broth, sonny! More is coming now," the children were told.

"Okay!" said the children.

"Would you like more broth now, son?" the men were asked.

"That's enough for me!" said one.

"Okay," said [the server]. "It's your turn now," he said.

"Give me a little!" said [another].

"Lord, so you drink a little broth!"

"Ah, I drink it, because that's what it's for, it seems!" said the other. Yes!

So, "Tortillas are coming now," he said. They came. The tortillas came, one after another. They arrived.

They were pu–lling at the food now, [pulling the meat with their teeth]. They were eating.

A cup came for each person. Who knows if it was coffee. Who knows what it was. I didn't see if it was coffee. It came. The cups were li–ned up, too. They ate. They drank their coffee.

It ended.

After they finished eating— "Collect your bowls for me!" he said. The bowls were in two tie–rs. Each one was this high. Or maybe there were four stacks of bowls—four stacks for the children, four stacks for the adults.

"Bring the ceremonial gourds," he said. The awful ceremonial bowls were this big. The children rinsed out their mouths with [the water]. After they rinsed their mouths, then they washed [their hands] in a great gourd, this big. They washed their hands out of the same [gourd]. After they washed, the meal was over.

They picked up the mats and folded them up at once. The mats were in sta–cks, like this. They went to stack them on higher ground or at the foot of a fence. I couldn't see. Hm!

They went to stack up the mats.

"Pick up the mats there! Go take them home!" said the lady.

"Okay!" they said.

"Otherwise they'll just be lost, we won't see who picks them up," said that lady. Hm!

It seemed to be the late lady, Mal Ruis, Matal Ruis. Women of long ago. Hm!

One of the ladies seemed to be Matal Ruis, all right, but the other one I didn't know well. I think her home is in Pasteʔ. Hm!

"Take them!" she said. "See, here are the baskets with the bowls, of course," she said. The bowls were sta–cked in baskets. They finished rinsing them. They finished looking after them.

Now it didn't seem to be in a meadow.[5] It was in a house.

There was a shelf in the house. They sta–cked the bowls, they sta–cked the cups. Hm!

They were all real cups, not enamel cups. Hm!

They stacked them.

"Shut the door tight to the little house where our things are. Lock it up tight! Did you stack the straw mats under the table?" she asked. There was a little table, a little unfinished table.

They shoved the mats under it.

They locked the house. It was gone now. I was standing now on a path. Yes!

"Ah, were the things left behind?" I asked.

"Ah, of course they were locked up, comadre. Come along, comadre!" said my comadre, Mal.

"Let's go! Shall we go, Mother Tonik?" said Romin's [stepmother].

"Let's go!" I said.

"Ah, did you bring your share along? I've brought mine," she said.

"Ah, as for me, I was never given my meal. I never ate," I said. I had nothing at all. I was never given my meal. I was just standing amusing myself. I was standing under a white sapote tree. Hm!

"Ah, do you want to taste my little share, then, since you never went yourself?" she asked me.

"I certainly never did go," I said.

"No, indeed! Taste it! It's delicious. The meat was cut in strips a long time ago," she told me. It was cut in thi–ck strips. Each chunk of meat was a good handspan long. She gave me two pieces. "Ah, eat it! Try it!" she said. She had wrapped it for me in those tortillas.

And when I woke up— "Thank you very much, comadre," I said. I had wrapped it up in my tortillas, like this. [My hand] was pressed against my chest like this when I woke up.

I woke up. "Petu?!" I said.

"What did you dream about?" she asked me.

"I had a dream," I said.

"What was it?"

"My comadre, Mal, wrapped up [some food] for me in my tortillas," I said.

"Where are your tortillas? Hand them over! I'll eat them!" My chest was pressed against [my hand].

Where was my present? I was empty-handed. It was laughable.

"I'll divide up the meat. I have a present of meat. I have it wrapped in a tortilla," I said.

"Ah, portion it out! I'll eat some," she said. I woke up. It was gone. I was only hu–gging my arm like this early in the morning. Yes!

It's probably because I have my shawl with me wherever I take a stroll. Yes!

Ah, that's all. Ye–s!

[When did you dream that?] It was probably, eh, it was surely four months ago. That was long ago, indeed, long ago.

[What could it mean?] I think it's because the young and the old are being fed. That had to do with tutelary gods. Hm!

Since they and that lady were giving the orders. The cook was Romin's [stepmother]. Since who knows what Romin's stepmother is, at the meeting place.[6]

As she is barren, that's why she has something to do with the tutelary gods. Hm! She is barren. If she had children, then it wouldn't be anything special, but she can't have children. That's why she is an embracer, a bearer. That's what everyone says. That's what our custom is, it seems. They say there are embracers. They say there are bearers. Yes!

That lady must have some work there. Yes!

She gave me my meal. "You're right you didn't go. Taste my present," she told me. Hm!

I acce–pted my present, too. That's what I was clutching like this. When I woke up it was gone. Hm!

I GATHER FIREWOOD AND AM REBUKED FOR PRAYING AT A SHRINE

D153

I went to gather some firewood [on the earth's surface].

You see, I passed by to cross myself [in front of] the cross.

God, Jesus Christ,
  My Lord,
Cross of My Father,
  Cross of My Lord,
My Holy Father of Sakil C̆'en,
  My Holy Lord of Sakil C̆'en.
May Thou not hurl me away,
  May Thou not toss me out,
My Lord,

I said now, and me, just an ignorant person, too.[1] How would I know that it wasn't right?

That night I had a dream.

"See here, young lady, don't cross yourself all of a sudden. Don't kneel all of a sudden at the door to our house. Something may happen to you. You may get a beating. You may get a scolding. Only the elders, only the shamans, only they can cross themselves there. As for you, you are a little puppy. You are a little piglet. Don't cross yourself in vain. Only your heart knows. Pass on! Don't bow and pray like that! It's not right. You think you are showing me respect. But who knows? Don't you see, we aren't all of us sitting there every day watching who passes by. It may be that you will come upon a strong-hearted person there, you see. Then you will get a beating. It's better if you forget it and pass right by, minding your own business. Just say, *God My Lord*, as you pass by. But the way you crossed yourself is not proper. It's not right. You'll just get a beating. While you are walking about carrying your firewood, you may fa–ll somewhere. Your foot may slip somewhere. Or if not, you may come upon [one of] our little servants, [the snakes] too. Because our servants come out on a Tuesday, [no], on every Thursday, every Sunday. They relax there by the door to our house," he told me.

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[1] The ritual tutor (*totil me?il*) is a man who has passed through two offices and has been chosen to direct the activities.

[2] Although the cantors (*paŝyonetik*) serve many meals during the five days preceding Ash Wednesday, they do not serve meals on straw mats. It is the stewards entering office who, after they serve all the men at tables and benches, serve their female assistants and children on mats stretched out in front of the house. The children sit next to their mothers, not on the other side of the mat.

[3] Salt is considered to be the blessing of the meal and so is served ceremoniously and is sprinkled by every person on his food before the meal begins.

[4] During Holy Week six ancient ladies serve the elders as candle-bearers (*hhap-kantelaetik*) accompanying the elders in church.

[5] Ceremonial meals are never served in a meadow "on the earth's surface."

[6] The "meeting place" is Calvary where the embracers (*hpetometik*) and bearers (*hkuc̆ometik*) come to receive directions from the tutelary gods. It is they who feed the companion animal spirits in the corral inside Muk'ta Viȼ.

"Ah!" I said. "Ah, I just crossed myself like a poor little dog, a poor little pig, sir!" The gentleman had a whi–te beard. His beard was this long. He was sitting like this [leaning back]. He was sitting.[2] Ye–s!

"See here, young lady, I'm just telling you. Don't you see, it isn't me who will be watching you now, it seems. It will be other young people, other old people watching. That's why you are right, indeed, that you should respect me, but don't pray at length like that," he told me. Ah, after I crossed myself I just continued on, it seems, since I passed by with my firewood. That's why I prayed when I passed by. Because I thought I could.

"Probably nothing will happen!" I said to myself.

But my friend told me [on the earth's surface], "You shouldn't cross yourself. Who knows what the Earth's heart is like," my friend told me.

"I'm just exceeding my authority crossing myself, you hear," I said to myself.

"No, young lady, don't cross yourself. You'll just get a beating or persecution or something. It isn't me who is watching over you at dusk and at dawn. Sometimes I'm not here. Sometimes I've gone to visit my other friends. If I'm not here, you see, you may get a beating. Don't pray in vain as you go by. Forget it! Since you always carry your firewood here, it's better if you don't pray when you pass by. Continue on, minding your own business! Why do you have to talk to me? How would you know how to pray, speaking as you do? It seems to be other young and old people who know how to pray. As for you, you still don't know how. You don't know how to pray like those who come to pray here," he told me.

"All right, then, sir. Thank you for respecting me, for letting me know, because I had thought it was all right. I had thought it was possible for me to pray, as I say. It was just that I passed right by the door to your house, it seems.

May I pass before Thy beauteous face,
  Thy beauteous eyes,
My Lord,

I said as I passed," I told the gentleman.

"No young lady, no, don't worry! Go on, right now! Carry the firewood, of course! If you are anxious about carrying the firewood, there is wood. Carry it!" he told me. I carried my firewood. I went home. It was the very same night I dreamt that. Yes!

That I couldn't pray [there]. I had never gone there. That's why I thought I would go cross myself.

God, Jesus Christ,
  My Lord,
May I pass before Thy beauteous face,
  Thy beauteous eyes,

I said as I pa–ssed by. How would I know that he would be displeased? Hm!

That's all there was. It was cut short there. Yes!

[When did you dream it?] Eh, it was more than a year, more than a year ago, more than a year. Hm!

[What could it mean?] I think it's probably because I'm not a shaman. I've never been a shaman, it seems. But the shamans know what to do. They know how to pray. But don't you see, I'm just a little woodgatherer. I went to gather wood with my friends. There were three of us. Hm!

The thing was, I was satisfied that the awful wood was good and dry. Many pines had fallen. Many trees had fallen.

So I kept passing by there. It seems I went to cross myself. "God, Jesus Christ," that was what I said. They say it isn't proper, that we will get a beating or something. Yes!

It is proper if it is a shaman, it seems, then, since they know how to pray. Yes!

But me, I'm not a shaman. I don't know what to say. I just cross myself the way we cross ourselves before Our Lord [in church]. Because I don't know the proper way, it seems. But the shamans know what to pray. They know how to talk. But me, I'm just an ignorant person. That's why my soul saw it clearly. It's probably because my soul is clever. Who knows. I know he told me. I don't cross myself anymore. I pass by like a fool. But, "Never mind," I tell myself. [I was] in front of the cross, a cross like this one.

I pass by, this way, because there is a little trail there. Ah, I pass by. I carry my firewood. I return with my firewood. That's all. No fuss. I don't say anything anymore. I don't cross myself anymore.

"Never mind," I say to myself, because they probably don't want me to—[what] if I were to make a mistake?

"Did you remember the cane liquor for them, you stupid loafer?" my neighbor said to me when I told her. She was still alive, our late mother whose name was ʔAkuš. I talked about it to her.

"Mother ʔAkuš, I don't know what my dream means," I said.

"What?"

"It was like thus and so. I crossed myself. I went to Sak-č'en like this," I said.

"Ah, it doesn't want to be visited. Forget it. You don't have to pass by in front of the cross."

"It was because there was a tree that had fallen there. I like to have the dead ones, I say. I went to bring it," I said.

"Ah, do you think firewood is so scarce, you stupid loafer? Do you think it's good to go looking for . . . . Do you mean you want to break your leg or one of your arms?" she said to me. I gave it up for a long time. For a long time I didn't go to gather firewood. Yes!

I went to gather firewood, but not there anymore. I went to other places now, other places now. I never carried my firewood from there anymore. No!

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[1] "Ignorant person" (*sonso kriščano*) is one without shamanic vision.

[2] The white-bearded gentleman is one of the tutelary gods.

MY BABY IS SICK, I DROP IT

D154

Long ago, when my little boy had already grown big, I was told [in my dream], "Feed the children!" [My husband] said it. I was given a basket and a little gourd. I changed the baby. I washed its skirt. I gave [the children] their meal. I fed them. You see, when I carried [the baby] and held it, it seems . . . . After I changed it and carried it, I went to do what [I had] to do. It didn't matter to me whether I was carrying it or holding it or whatever I was doing. It didn't matter to me, it seems. It made no difference to me when the children were eating. The time came and the baby got sick [in my dream]. God, My Lord, washing the baby's skirt, washing the baby's skirt was what I was doing in my dream. I was washing and washing the baby's skirt. "See here, the baby isn't well now. Who knows how it will be in the morning. It looks very sick to me." You see, I seemed to say that to my daughter before I went to bed.

"Is it very sick? Oh, My Lord!" she said to me.

I put the baby on my back. I carried it. I pu–t it on my back.

You see, when I was carrying the baby, I was trying to co–ver it like this, with its carrying cloth.

But you see, it fe–ll from my back. The baby landed with a thud on the ground.

[In my dream] I woke up the next morning. "Oh, My Lord!" I said to myself, I was going to pick up the baby right away. I tried to get the baby behind me.

I was going to pick up the baby in a hurry. God, I laid it down. What could I do for the baby now?

You see it was very sick now. It wasn't at all well now.

But you see the baby died the next day. Hm!

And the next morning when I woke up after dreaming that, "Daughter, why would it be? I had a terrible dream. Go and ask if Mother Pašku?'s child is still alive," I said. Teleš was the name of that baby boy.

I said to my daughter, "I don't know, daughter, if you should go ask about little Teleš at the other house. Because I had a really terrible dream. I dreamt that I was carrying [a child]."

"I guess you should go ask how the baby is this morning," I told my daughter. She went to ask.

But you see, "They say its soul departed just at dawn this morning," my daughter told me. The baby boy died. Teleš was that baby's name. It died. They went to get a co–ffin for it. They went to bury the little boy. He died. Yes!

That's why I believed my dream when I dreamt about that child.

[Do dreams come true?] They come true. They come true. But now I don't dream about that anymore. Who knows why. Hm!

It just seems that I get so upset over the constant quarrels, the constant fights I have with people. Because I get so hurt when I am told any little thing. It seems I really don't like it. Hm!

The baby died. They asked to have a coffin made for it. We went to see, since I dreamt that it fell from my back, because I was carrying it. Yes!

"So it probably meant that you are a bearer [of souls] when you carry babies," my daughters told me. Yes!

Who knows, I don't dream that anymore. Not anymore. That was long ago, long ago.

I FEED MY GRANDDAUGHTER

D155

"Mal!" —I called my daughter out when I went to her house [in my dream].

"What?" she said to me.

"How are you?" I asked.

"I'm the same as always," she said.

"Give me your little girl! I'll take her along home. I'll go give her a good time," I said.

"Take her along, Mother Tonik! Take her along! Just so long as you can take her by the hand. Go slowly! Won't she get in your way when you walk?" she said to me.

"Probably not," I said.

I took her along home. I had some little potatoes that I was cooking in a pot. I ate with her. I fed the little girl. "Eat, darling! Do you want another tortilla?" I said to the little girl.

She ate. And the little girl ate a lot. I think it was probably a week or two after she ate [in my dream] that she got sick. She felt as if she were burning up, her parents said, when I heard about it afterwards. Yes!

She was just burning up. The little girl died. Ah, she was already big. Yes!

She was probably two, two years old or starting on three or so. The little girl was already big. She died. Just once I fed her. I never fed her again. Because she was already sick when I went to bring her [home] to feed her, it seems. She was still eating.

I talked to her parents, it seems. God, and that child of theirs was already sick. Maybe a week or two passed before she died. When I heard about it, she had already been buried. Yes!

That's all. Who kno–ws what happened to the poor child's little soul. Could it be that there was no one to feed her? Or is it that there was just one [of the tutelary gods' assistants] responsible for feeding her? Is that why the baby died?

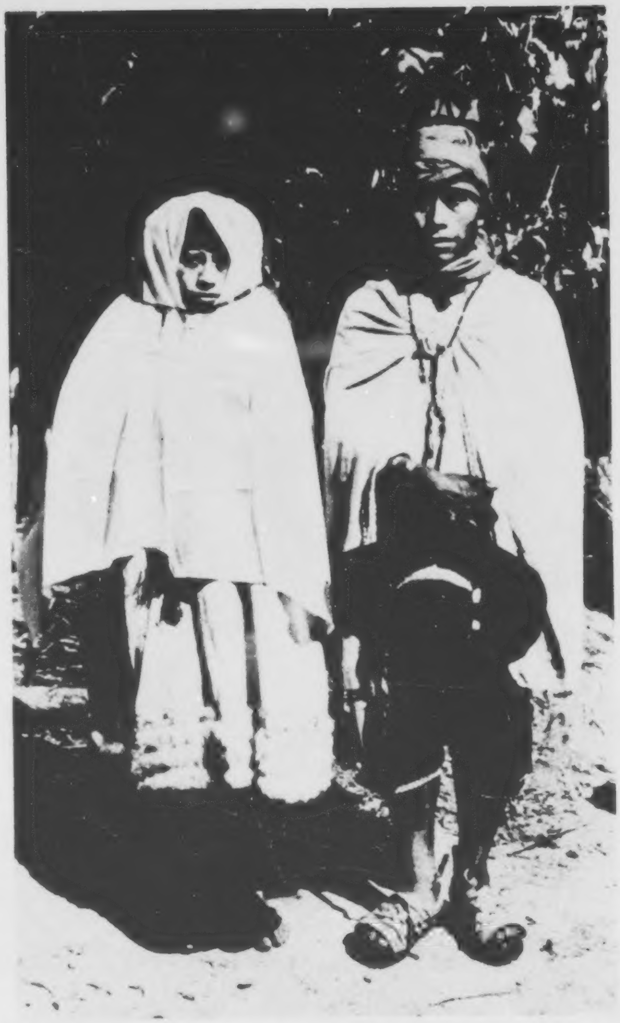

FIGURE 14.—Bride and groom. (From Vogt, 1969)

I Am Getting Married and Leave Him on the Trail: First Account

D156

You've seen Maryan Čikuʔ's yard, where he is living now, there where we went around [the block].

There used to be a path that crossed through the middle there. I was standing there in the middle of the path. Another path comes this way. The path comes like this. I was standing in the middle.

You see, I didn't recognize who the man was that I was supposed to marry. I had a fi–ne feathered robe.[1] My feathered robe was ne–w. My shawl—it was the shawl that I was to be married in, of course. My shawl, my skirts . . . . Don't you see, the skirt [I wore] on the inside was faded. The one on the outside was dark.[2] "But why is it? Oh, My Lord, if the hem of my skirt turns up, people will see that the inside one is faded, the outside one, new. This isn't good at all, My Lord!" I said to myself. I was embarrassed that my inner skirt was old. "But what can I do? What if I'm seen. It's better if I don't walk. Stop!" I told the man. But I didn't recognize the man I was supposed to marry—just that I was getting married. I was getting married. "But where is my house that it seems I'm going to? Why am I standing here on the path, My Lord?" I said to myself when I was getting married. "Why am I standing here on the path? But this isn't right the way I'm standing on the path. I'd better go home," I said to myself. I abandoned my husband, standing in the middle of the path. I we–nt home. Yes!

I was dragging [my robe] along. I hoi–sted up my robe. And, "This is not right. Why is it?" I said to myself as I hoisted up my robe. I went home. I arrived home. My mother wasn't there. I was alone. How could I imagine that my mother would be there, since she was already dead? "Mother ʔAkuš, Mother ʔAkuš, please come here and unbind my hair for me. My head is terribly tired now, being bound up like this," I said to my neighbor.[3] Šun [Ran's] mother was there next to my house.

"Why is your hair bound like this, then? Why is it bound this way? How come you bound your hair? Who are you marrying? Where is your husband? Isn't Čep here, then?" she asked me.

"Ah, he's here. I just don't know why I have to marry another man," I said. "Ah, I don't know why I have to look for another man. I'm just so disgusting!"

"That awful man is just skin [and bones], daughter, skin [and bones]. Do you think you're still a baby? Is your nose still as pink [as a baby's] that you are looking for another husband? [And you with] two children! Where are the children?" she asked me. I was worried about the children. I had put the children to bed in the place where I was getting married. In the end, it wasn't on the earth's surface. It was in my dream.

I unbraided my hair. I took my skirt off. I took my robe off. I folded it and wrapped it up. The headdress was big, this big. I wrapped my headdress up in a cloth. I folded up my robe. I wrapped up my skirt in a white cloth. "Ah, your skirt is faded. Never mind, leave it on, just take off the top one!" my neighbor told me. My husband[-to-be] was left standing in the middle of the path.

You see that's how we got divorced [on the earth's surface]. I was told that that's what that means. That's what it means. They say it's no good if we dream that we are getting married. Hm![4]

"Ah, after that, who knows what will happen to you," my neighbor told me. I discussed it with her long ago. She was still alive, of course. "Why do you dream such awful things? Who knows if you won't get divorced, sometime." It was no lie. See here, I thought I wouldn't get divorced. Don't you see, my children are big now. How could I know that the man would slowly get jealous. If I were chatting the way I'm chatting now, Holy Mary, I couldn't do it! I couldn't. The old man is very wrong-headed. Hm!

So you see . . . .

[When did you dream it?] Ooh, God, it was probably thirty-two years ago. It was thirty-two years ago I dreamt that. Thirty-two, because I had two children already. And I was alone now. My mother wasn't there anymore. Eh, no, I was going to have her take off my robe. Yes!

I was just sleeping with my children. I woke up my children because I was alone. That husband of mine wasn't here. He had gone to the lowlands. I was sleeping alo–ne with my children. But I was getting married to another man! Yes!

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[1] The Zinacantec bride's wedding robe (*huipil*) is decorated with white chicken feathers.

[2] A bride wears two new skirts under her *huipil*.

[3] A bride's tresses are braided with long woolen strips that are wrapped around the top of her head.

[4] In Mitla, Sayula, and Rabinal to dream of being wed portends one's death (Parsons, 1936:320; Clark, 1968:105; Teletor, 1955:124).

I Am Getting Married and Leave Him on the Trail: Second Account

D254

The [dream] about my getting a husband—there was a man there who was my husband. But his name is Maryan Yemel. He was my husband. I was getting married . . . my husband . . . . "But why would I marry another man?" I said to myself. But I was already wearing my skirt. I was wearing my blouse. The man I was marrying was wearing his pants, his shirt, his black hat, his shawl. "Why would I be getting married like this, it seems? But I have a husband. But I really don't know how to behave, it seems, marrying another man! How many men do I want, it seems, My Lord?" I said to myself when I saw myself standing with the man. Yes!

But on the path, like the street here. Do you know Maryan Čikuʔ's house? It just used to be a path there. There didn't used to be a house. There used to be a path through what is now his awful yard. There next to where the pear tree is, that's where I was standing.

"Why would I have a husband now like this, it seems? But I have a husband. As for my husband, is it because he has gone to the lowlands that I'm looking for another husband? Oh, Holy Mary! I've probably gone mad!" I said to myself. "Ach, what difference does it make to me? I'm certainly going home," I said to myself, when I was standing with that man. "Move aside, Maryan! What are you coming to get from me? I never asked for a husband. Stand aside!" I said. I shoved him back like this. As for me, I went home. But I was wearing my [wedding] robe. I was wearing a fine skirt, a fine blouse. Ooh, I reached home in a rush, it seemed. "Ah, what is my shawl for? My Lord, Jesus Christ!" I took off my robe. I took off my blouse. I took off my skirt. Two skirts. Two skirts [and] two blouses. They came off. "What do I need that man for? I never asked for a husband. I never looked for another man," I said to myself.

I took off my skirt, I took off my blouse. He was just left in the road like that. I never saw, I never saw myself marrying the man. The man left, of course! He went to the west, where his house is, it seems. As for me, I just went like this to my home. But none of my family has died yet. Could it be that we got divorced [because of it]? I don't know. I don't know. None of my family has died recently.

[Who did you dream was your fiancé?] [It was] Maryan Yemel. Yes! Yes!

[The one who is still alive?] Yes, the one who is still alive. Old Maryan, the father of Palas Yemel. That's whom I was marrying.

"Ah, I had a bad dream. I'll probably go mad," I said to my children.

"Ach, so you wanted another husband!" they told me.

"Ach, go on, get out!" I said. Yes![1]

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[1] To check Tonik's consistency I waited eight years and then asked her to retell a number of her dreams. This is her second account.

I Go Selling and Am Left Behind

D157

I went to San Andrés. I went to buy beans. I went to buy chayote roots because I was going to take them along. I was going to sell them in Tuxtla. Yes!

You see, I finished buying all my beans there. My bag of beans was ready now. I had a basket of chayote roots and a crate of passion fruit. Yes!

I had brought a crate with me. I never found a tru–ck. There weren't any. The driver of the truck wanted to charge for [making] a special trip. "But I know you. It isn't the first time you've taken me," I told the truck driver.

"That may be, ma'am, but [only] if you pay fifty pesos for the trip. That's how much it costs."

"But even I don't make any profit [if I pay] fifty pesos—if you want me to pay you fifty pesos," I said. Yes!

"Ah, forget it then! It's better if you don't take me now. It's not worth it," I said. "I'll go tomorrow if you'll take me when you go," I said. I got up early, early. I spent the night by the courthouse door. My things were sta–cked there by the courthouse door.

You see, do you know Old Manuel? He's very fat. His face has a few black spots here. He arrived. Yes!

"What are you doing, Tonita?" he asked me.

"I'm not doing anything, don Manuel. I'm waiting for the truck. Do you think it will leave early tomorrow?" I said.

"Early! It leaves at four-thirty," he said.

"Ah!" I said. "Please wake me up then, if you hear it coming," I said.

"All right. Don't worry!" he told me.

I spent the night there. It seemed that I made a pillow of . . . . I set down my beans. I made a pillow of my beans. I stacked my passion fruit on top of my chayote roots.

I slept. I didn't, I didn't ever sleep for long. Then I heard the hum of the truck coming. It came along.

I got up quickly. I didn't have my straw mat. I was rolled up in my blanket. I didn't have my mat where I slept.

"Please take me!" I said.

Oh, "All right, hand up your things!" he told me. My things went up. I climbed up. I came along.

When I was coming along— "How much will you take me for?"

Fifty cents for your things, a peso for you," he told me.

"Ah, let's go, then!" I said. "Please!"

"Where are you getting off?" he asked me.

"As for me, I'm getting off, I'm getting off at the market in San Cristóbal," I said.

"Ah!" he said. "Aren't you getting off here at the fork?" he asked me.

"No, I'm not getting off at the fork. Don't you see, I'm going to Tuxtla," I said. "Don Ramiro is there [in San Cristóbal]. He will take me there [to Tuxtla]," I said.

"Ah, well, we'll see then!" he told me. We le–ft.

But you see, instead of letting me off in San Cristóbal, it was in Chamula. "But how could Chamula be my home? Didn't I tell you to take me to San Cristóbal, then?" I said.

"Ah!" he said. "So then you'll have to pay six pesos more," he told me.

"All right. I'll pay it," I said, since he was going to bring me to San Cristóbal. I was going to pay the other three pesos.

I arrived in San Cristóbal. I got off there at the edge of Mersel market. They left my things piled up there.

My box and my bags and so on were in a pile there now. Then that old car of Old Margarito came along. "Well, don Margarito are you going to take me to Tuxtla?" I asked.

"All right!" he said. "Hand up your things!" he said. My things went up. They were stacked up.

You see, as for me, I was left behind, standing by myself. My things went. I, myself, was left behind. Yes!

"Ah, why is that?" I said to myself. "My Lo–rd, my money, my chayote roots, my beans, my passion fruit! I've lost a lo–t of money this way, My Lord!" What can I buy now to take with me? How do I know where he has gone to leave them? Ah, but never mind, it's Old Margarito. They won't be lost. They'll arrive at his house. My passion fruit will rot. My chayote roots will rot," I said to myself. "But nothing will happen to my beans," I said to myself. Yes!

And I left. I went in the second-class bus. I left at noon. I left.

I arrived in Chiapa. I got off. I went to Old Margarito's house. "Don't worry, Tonita, here are your things. Don't be upset. Yes, Margarito, unloaded them here, since I saw you weren't coming. And he told me to bring your things. So I told him to unload them here," said Old Margarito's wife. Ah, I was delighted now.

"Tomorrow, then, you'll take me in the truck," I said.

Where was the truck? It was my dream!

And where were my beans, too? Yes!

They were gone. There wasn't anything. Nothing. My dream was probably that way because I worry when I get my load, wherever I go. Yes!

I didn't even have my money. The money was gone. Who knows where I'd find the money. Where would it appear? It was my dream! Yes!

[What could it mean?] Who kno–ws. It's probably because I'm wo–rried. "I say, if I had some money I'd go buy beans [to sell]. [I'd see] if they bought the runner beans or not. Sometimes they buy the kinds of beans that [grow] in San Andrés. They are being harvested now," I say to myself. Yes!

"It won't be long [before they appear here] since I dreamt about them," I said to myself. Yes!

[When did you dream it?] Eh, it probably was eight months ago. It certainly was eight months ago! Yes!

I AM FALSELY ACCUSED IN COURT AND AM FINALLY VINDICATED

D158

I dreamt that I was put in jail, but it was because I was falsely accused. They said I was stealing corn, stealing chickens, stealing beans.

You see I was strong-hearted, because I had no stolen goods.

"You are going to the women's jail, then. You are going to enter the house of darkness," I was told in my dream.

So you see, "Let me go in," I said.

"Ah, see here, the house is very dark. You won't see daylight!"

"Never mind," I said. I knew I had no stolen goods.

"But why do you have to steal corn, and beans, and chickens?" they asked me.

"I never steal corn and beans. I never steal chickens. Why do I need chickens? I have my own chickens. Even if there is just one, but I have my own chicken," I said.

"Ah, but I say, if you won't let the chickens be seen! I say, if you won't let the corn be seen!"

"Ah, go on, wherever your hearts desire. Go on! Go report it! As for me, I'm not afraid, since I know I never stole anything, since I know I never took anything," I said.

"Are you telling the truth?"

"I'm telling the truth," I said.

"Ah, I'm going to tell the magistrate."

"Go on! The magistrate is [like a] father to me. That's where I gained my understanding," I said. He went. He went to report it to the magistrate.

You see, two constables arrived at my house. "Ma'am!" the constables said to me when they arrived. "You are supposed to go hear what the command is, says the magistrate," they told me.

"Ah!" I said. "What might he say? Is someone there?" I asked.

"Nobody's there at all. Old Nišyo Konȼares is there, because he says you stole his chickens, you stole his corn. You went to steal his beans."

"I'm not like his sons who steal!" you see, I replied. Yes!

"That's right, ma'am. You have nothing to be afraid of, nothing to be ashamed of if you haven't stolen anything, it seems—if you haven't carried away stolen goods. But if you had carried off stolen goods, then, of course, you'd be afraid, you'd be ashamed!" the awful principals told me.[1]

"All right," I said.

"But I will go along with you," [one of] the principals told me.

"Let's go!" I said. "Go on ahead, I'll come along right behind," I said. The principals walked on ahead. They went on.

But you see, I didn't arrive at the courthouse. It seemed to be a house. There were only prefects. The magistrate wasn't there. No!

The grand alcalde seemed to be the magistrate.[2] Yes!

"Sir!" I said. "We've come to visit you, sir," I said.

"Fine, young lady."

"Sir, I've come to visit you, sir," I said. There was a row of hands to be met [in greeting]. Six were standing there, sitting there. "What do they say is my crime, sir? What do they say is my evil, sir? You summoned me. What is your command?" I said.

"There is no command, young lady. There is no command. It's because they say you broke into Old Nišyo's house. He says you took his corn and his beans," [the magistrate] said.

"So now that my hair has grown white, I am touching houses! Now that my hair has grown white, I go opening houses! I never touched a house when I was a girl. I never opened a house when I was a girl. Hm!"

"You can laugh if there is a witness, if somebody saw me."

"Ah, what better witness is there, ma'am? That corn of his is your witness. Those beans of his are your witness, since you took them!"

"Have them go look in my house!" I said. "Look in my house! Have them go look! If they are found there, then, yes, indeed, they can come say such things about me," I said.

"Let them go! I'm going. Go show them your house! Go open up your house!" [the magistrate] told me.

"All right," I said. "Let me have one or two of your constables and one of your justices of the peace. Have them go see what I've stolen!" I said.

"He says you have covered up that chicken in a basket," [the magistrate] told me.

"As for me," I said, "God, My Lord, Jesus Christ, Saint Lawrence, but I have never stolen anything. I'm not yet a pauper, a beggar to be coming to steal from my father or my mother," I said, you see.[3]

"Let them go! Have them go look! Old Nišyo-o, come here! Go along with the lady. Have her hand over that corn of yours and those beans of yours. Because of course it's true. Of course they're there," he said.

"Ah, that's right. Go bring them, if they're there. Have her carry them ba–ck here!" said that gentleman, Nišyo Konc̸ares.

"But compadre, do you realize what you are saying about me—that I steal your corn and your beans? Is this the first time I say, *my compadre?* Is this the first time I say, *my holy companion, my holy compadre?*—that he comes and accuses me falsely of robbery, that I steal his corn and his beans?" I said.

"Of course not, comadre! Of course not! Even though you probably haven't stolen anything, just so long as they go take a look in your house, go look at the things you took out of my house. Because I found my house open," he said. That time he made a slip!

They went. I went with them. In front were those principals, that justice of the peace, then right behind, that owner of the corn and beans. They reached my house. But they didn't find anything in my house, not the least thing, not even a needle. "Is this yours?" he was asked about my corn.

"My corn isn't like that," he said.

"Are the beans yours?"

"My beans aren't like these. These are San Cristóbal beans," he told them.

"What are your beans like, then?" he was asked.

"My beans are round beans," he said. Hm!

"As for the corn, my corn is round-kernelled corn," he said. "That's not my corn. That's all from the lowlands, of course! And besides, this corn is white corn, but my corn is yellow," he said.

"Ah, is this your chicken?" he was asked. I had a speckled hen. It has died now. Yes!

"That isn't it!" he said.

"Ah, what do you want then? So what you want is a beating!" he was told. "What you want is a [good] jailing! If you haven't gotten a beating, have the lady give you a few clouts. She had to take the trouble to come here for nothing," he was told.

"What if my heart were the same as yours, coming to shame me, coming to mortify me? Your hair is whi–te, you stupid old man. You are good for no–thing. It's only your meanness. You have nothing to say. You have no right coming to accuse me falsely of robbery. Sha–me on you, you red-whiskered old man, coming with your white thighs to accuse me falsely of robbery! Shame on you! Your face is like your old woman's ass," I kept sa–ying. I qua–rrelled with the awful old man. "Shame on you, you stupid old man. You're acting like a baby, you're acting like a child. You are just a pimp for your daughter, just a panderer for your daughter. And you coming like thi–s to accuse me falsely of robbery. I don't steal things. I don't do anything [bad]. If I find [what I need to live on] I find it. But if I don't find it, if I die of starvation, then I die of starvation, ra–ther than go stealing from my father or my mother," I said.[4] Yes!

"Ah, no, *That's where your corn went. That's where your beans went,* Old Čep K'o told me when he looked at the [divining] basket." [That's what] he told me [said Old Nišyo].

"Ah, of course you asked your basket! Ah, you looked at your basket.[5] As for me, only God knows. As for me, only Our Lord knows. As for me, I don't look at baskets. Our Lord alone has seen if my things are lost. My chickens disappear, too. My turkeys disappear, too. I lose my things, too, but I've never picked fights. I've never accused another person falsely," I kept saying. "Ah, you've lost your senses over this, you stupid old man. You've lost your senses over this, you old fool. Your old woman has made you lose your wits," I said. Yes!

It was cut short there.

"Ah, forget it, ma'am, forget it. Forget it, young lady. Don't lose your temper. It's not worth it. He just maligned you. Sti–ck him in jail!" said the magistrate]. That Old Nišyo was put in jail. Ah, he was put in jail, [so he wouldn't] get in the habit.

"Please put him in jail for me or he will get in the habit of coming to lie about my crimes. I've never touched anything. I've never lifted anything. I want him to have a week of punishment. Have him clean the ditches by Our Lord's house. The ditch next to [the Chapel of] Esquipulas always needs cleaning," I said, myself.

"All right, of course, ma'am. All right, don't worry," said the magistrate. He was put in jail. As for me, I came back laughing. I went home.

But it was in my dream. Yes!

[When did you dream it?] It was certainly five months ago, five months ago. Yes!

[What could it mean?] Who knows what it is—if it means that I'll be blamed for stealing, or if it could be because my son [Maryan] is getting into so many fights now. I don't know. Because Maryan ʔOk'il says bad things [about him]. Yes!

Because he quarrels with my boy. Yes!

Could it be that I dreamt that about stealing because my boy got beaten up recently, it seems? Or it could be that ugly things were said about him. I don't know if that could be what it means. It was long ago, pretty long ago, indeed. I think it was several months ago. Yes!

I Go Selling, I Am Asked for Food

D159

I went to Ixtapa. I got some peaches to take along. I carried them with me.

You see, I carried a basket of my peaches. I paid someone to leave a crate for me in Na Čih. There were just peaches in that crate. As for that basket—I never carried anything in it. I carried it [by the handle] when I we–nt, by truck.

You see, I got off at the fork, since the truck wasn't going down there to Ixtapa. So I waited for the cooperative bus that goes to Bochil and goes to Soyaló, and so on. I arrived there [at the fork]. I reached there. I was left sitting there by myself at the fork. I was sitting there alo–ne.

I got scared. In my heart I was saying, "If highwaymen come, they'll kill me," I said to myself. "I'm all alone. There is nobody to keep me company. If they appear, what can I do? I'll just be killed here. Who can I shout to, like this? My Lord, I'm on the road. There isn't anyone to keep me company," I said to myself. "Ah what's wrong with my head that I didn't think to bring along my little boy, too? I'm used to having him keep me company," I said to myself. It was the little child.

I was all alone.

You see, then the bus came.

I flagged it down.

"Is this all your baggage here?" the driver asked me.

"That's all!" I said.

"Ah, it won't go inside," he told me. [He put it up on the top.] I went on. He unloaded it there in Ixtapa. He passed by the courthouse to drop me off.

I got off. I carried my things. I went to sell them underneath a tree.

You see, it was Friday. On Saturday the pot sellers arrived. I exchanged my peaches for pots.[1] I bought three pots. I sold the others, of course.

Ah, and there was a foodseller there under the tree. I bought my mea–l. I ate. "Maybe I'll eat a little. My Lord, what good does it do me seeing people come to Ixtapa? Would it be a good idea for me to have those people take my things [for me]?" I said to myself. "No, Old Šun Komis always comes. He comes carrying his salt. So I'll ask him to carry them for me," I said to myself.

Šun Komis never came, so I just stopped the cooperative bus again, the one that was returning from Soyaló, it seems. It came along.

"It's better if I go take the roundabout way to Chiapa," I said to myself. "There, of course, there are buses that come by there," I said to myself. I got off by the cantina door in Chiapa.

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[1] Normally a person would be summoned to court by the constables, not by the principals, representatives of the hamlets.

[2] That the grand alcalde is acting as the magistrate indicates that he is really a tutelary god, and that Tonik has been brought before the celestial court.

[3] "My father, my mother" (*htot hmeʔ*) in this context means any man, any woman.

[4] Denunciatory speech at the courthouse, as in the above and following passages, is heavily laden with formal couplets, many improvised on the spot to fit the occasion. Because Tonik slips in and out of couplets with great alacrity I have let the punctuation and the parallel phrasing indicate the couplets.

[5] This is a divining basket made of oak branches that is suspended upside down from a scissor blade inserted in its bottom. Questions are directed at it. When the correct suggestion is made the basket falls. Divining baskets are rarely resorted to as a means for discovering the location of a lost object. For a person like Tonik, who prides herself on her enlightened orthodox Catholicism, it is natural that she would consider this practice humbug at best and at worst a work of the devil.

There I stopped Old Margarito's truck. I came along in the dark. When I arrived here in San Cristóbal, it was around seven o'clock—when I arrived here.

"Oh My Lord, where are my pots?" I said to myself when I woke up. They were gone. I wasn't selling anything. I wasn't doing anything. I just dreamt this. You think I'm just gabbing away. Yes!

[In my dream] I arrived. I was waiting for Maryan ʔOk'il's truck. I was go–ing home with him.

Juanita's house [restaurant] hadn't opened. I was hungry now. "Where can I go [get a bite to] eat here?" I said to myself.

"Did you go to Tuxtla, ma'am?" the late Lol Peres' daughter asked me. Yes!

"I did," I said.

"Ah, didn't you bring anything to ea–t? Didn't you bring any bananas? Didn't you bring any fruit? Didn't you bring anything?" she asked.

"I didn't bring anything, chi–ld. Because there wasn't anything at all. There wasn't anything to buy," I said, myself.

"Ah!" she said to me. "Ah, please get some bananas for us to ea–t. Get whatever fruit can be eaten when you go."

"But I didn't buy anything. I just bought my three little pots," I said. Just pots. "How could I eat pots?" I said. I was emba–rrassed now. I was bending lo–w when I was a–sked if I hadn't bought anything.

But it was my dream. It was probably because I kept sa–ying that I would go to Ixtapa if I had anything to sell. I was going to visit the Virgin.[2] I never could go. "It was the fault of that awful murderer, [my former son-in-law], the way he wounded my daughter. So I never went to visit the Virgin in Ixtapa," I said to myself. That's probably why I dreamt that. That's what I think. Yes!

[When did you dream it?] I dreamt that right after the fiesta, of course, right after the fiesta. Yes!

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[1] Occasionally peaches are exchanged for pots.

[2] Our Lady of the Ascension is the patron saint of Ixtapa.

MY CHILD'S CARRYING CLOTH IS COVERED WITH CATERPILLARS: FIRST ACCOUNT

D160

I went to the stream.

I spread out my wash.

I came back from the stream, it seemed. I finished spreading out my wash. I arrived home.

But you see, it was my child's carrying cloth. I was going to spread it out. I didn't spread it out by the door to my house, but at my neighbor's gate.

You see, my child's cloth was a–ll covered with caterpillars. "Oh My Lord, how can I carry my child in this, all covered with caterpillars? If some of them have died would they leave behind just a few of their [poisonous] spines? I can't carry my child. How am I to carry it?" I said to myself. "I can't carry it in my shawl, my child will fall," I said. "Eh, I'll go bring my cotton shawl. I guess I'll carry my child in it," I said to myself.

But my shawl, too, was a–ll covered with horrible lice. "How can I carry my child in this, My Lord? Why are my shawl and my child's cloth covered with caterpillars and lice and everything, it seems? What can I do about my child's cloth? How can I carry my child? It will cry when it wakes up now. My child is sleeping now," I said now.

"I guess I'll simply get my worn-out blanket." I used to have a worn-out gray blanket—gray like this. I ripped my blanket in two, because one cloth was covered with caterpillars and the other cloth was covered with lice. [Otherwise] I would be covered with the awful lice. They would just multiply on my clothes.

I ripped my old blanket. My child woke up. I took it. I held it. I changed it.

I carried it. I was carrying my child in the little old torn bla–nket. I carried my child. "Forget it, I guess I'll go cook my cabbage. I'll boil my cabbage. My husband will come back. He'll come back to eat," I said to myself. I cooked my cabbage. My beans were ready. I added the salt and leeks. I ground the chili for my beans. After that, he came. My husband arrived from gathering firewood. I gave him his meal.

"Why have you been carrying your child like that, wife? How come? Don't you have your child's cloth anymore? It looks as if you're carrying it in an old Chamulan woman's blanket," my husband told me.

"Oh be quiet, its cloth is all covered with caterpillars. I haven't anything to carry my child in. So how do you think I'm to carry my child if my child hasn't a good cloth? That's why I ripped up your blanket," I said. I was carrying that child of mine in a little gray blanket.

"Ah, never mind, then, since they're covered with stinging caterpillars and lice. Boil some water! Scald those lice or our bugs will multiply. They'll surely say [we live like] beggars," my husband said, it seems.

"Okay," I said.

I boiled some water. I scalded them. I looked, but the awful stinging caterpillars wouldn't come off.

"What can I do about this? What can I think of? They've simply ruined it. Since my shawl is alright, I'll spread it out. I'll carry my child with that. Besides, I'll weave a replacement for [the carrying-cloth]," I said to myself. "The trouble is I haven't the money to pay for the thread," I said.

"Never mind, I'll earn it by working," I was told [by my husband].

I put my child's cloth away. I hung it up. I simply carried my child in the little old blanket and in my shawl. [That's how] I raised it.

I woke up. "God, My Lord, why would I have a dream like that? Could it mean that one of us will die, or could my dream mean something else, My Lord?" I said to myself early in the morning. I left. I went to cry in [the Church of] St. Lawrence. "Saint Lawrence, Saint Dominic, what could my soul, my spirit be saying? Could it mean that my child will die? Could it mean that my offspring will die, dreaming like this?" I said as I left. With a five cent candle I went to cry to Our Holy Father, Christ. Hm!

"Don't be anxious, foolish one!" he told me in my dream that evening. "Don't be anxious, foolish one. It's because he is tormenting you. The gentleman above the spring is tormenting you," he said. I knew who it was [above] the spring. It was cut short there. Yes!

[When did you dream it?] It was long ago. It was probably, eh, it was more than twenty years ago that [I dreamt] that. Yes!

It was long ago. The mother of my little boy here [my grandchild] was little then. Yes!

That's the way he answered me. Yes!

The gentleman above the spring was tormenting me. I know who is above the spring! That's all there is. Yes![1]

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[1] To dream of dropping one's carrying cloth in Panajachel portends sickness (Tax, 1950:2433).

MY CHILD'S CARRYING CLOTH IS COVERED WITH CATERPILLARS: SECOND ACCOUNT

D253

When I dreamt it, my little boy was well. I think my little boy was probably eight months old. Eight months.

When he was eight months old, I went to gather firewood. I returned from gathering firewood. I nursed him at the door.

I sat down quickly to unload my firewood. After I had untied my firewood, I hung up my tumpline. After I hung up my tumpline, I carried him in my arms to the door. I sat down. I brought over my chair and sat down.

After he had nursed, Lord, his milk landed far off. [He spat up.] "What could be the matter with my child?" I said to myself.

I dreamt in the evening after I had gone to gather firewood. Ooh, my child's carrying cloth I had put on top of the baskets. The baskets for my wool were lined up there. I put my child's carrying cloth there. I picked it up. "My Lo–rd, why is the baby's cloth like this, daughter? Ah, don't you know how to take care of it?" I said to my Maruč. I took the baby cloth. It was bla–ck now with awful caterpillars. "Holy Mary, but this can't be, daughter! Am I supposed to carry the baby in this, the way it is, daughter? What's the matter with you that you don't know how to look after it, pick it up, hang it on a rope? See here, the baby's cloth is co–vered with caterpillars! What are you going to do about them? Are you going to get rid of them in the stream?" I said.

Ooh, "No, certainly not! I don't want to get rid of them in the stream. Catch them one by one, mother! Flick them off!"

"The cloth will get stained. Lord, it's better if you go get rid of them in the stream," I said, myself. My daughter didn't want to do as I said. "Take the baby! Hold the baby!" I told my child. I left. I carried off the cloth, ho–lding it [gingerly] like this. I went to the stream. I too–k it like this. I spread it out in the water. All the caterpillars were swe–pt away in the stream. Bu–t the caterpillars went off in the stream. Lots of them went. "Oh, their spines are still here," I said to myself. I was looking at my child's cloth [to see] if it was bla–ck with caterpillar spines like this here—if it had them. No! It was fine. I washed it carefully. After I washed it, I spread it out. In the morning I told my daughter. "Ah, could the child's carrying cloth be stained with something? Where did you put it before going to bed, since you carried the little boy before bedtime?" I said. My little boy's name was Šun.

"How come?" she said.

"Because I had a horrible dream," I said.

"What was it like?" she said.

"The baby cloth was co–vered with caterpillars."

"Ach! You're probably going mad! What's the matter, isn't it lying there on the basket?" she said to me.

"Ah," I said. I went to look. The baby cloth was there, carefully folded up, washed. Yes!

"Ah, I thought the crazy dream was telling the truth, then. I had a horrible dream. There were caterpillars all over it when I came back from washing [the laundry]."

"It's probably because you washed it and folded it up before going to bed," they told me.

"Ah, no, indeed, I dreamt it very clearly. I saw it very clearly. There hadn't been anything wrong with it at all. I saw clearly that I went to wash it, went to look at it. I spread it out. We thought it was probably spread out on a wire. Since I spread it out on a wire. I came back from the stream. I spread it out. There was nothing wrong. You stayed behind to hold the baby," I told my daughter.

"Ach! Oh, so that's when I hold the baby, you dummy!" she said. "You dream about everything! [Why do] you pay any attention to them?" she said. Haha! So you don't pay any attention to it! Two months went by. Just two months later. Ah, I went. I went to San Cristóbal. I came here to San Cristóbal. I took him along to drink some corn gruel. My little boy drank his little corn gruel. After he drank his little corn gruel, he ate his little bread. I carried him on my back. I left. We used to go on foot. There didn't used to be trucks. I took him along. I went. I had bought a little orange for him. I was ca–rrying it for him. He woke up there at Ȼahal Yemeltik, as we call it—there next to Tihera.

"Fruit!" he said. "Fruit!" he said. "Fruit!" he said.

"Wait, we'll peel it, my baby!" I said. I peeled his orange for him. I handed it to him. He had a little hat. I gave him his hat to put on. He was holding his little fruit. He ate it.

We arrived. Just then he spi–t it up. He exha–led hot air. But the fever, Lord, you'd die of it.

"What happened to my child, My Lord?"

"He probably met up with [evil] eye. See who will sweep it away!" said my husband.[1]

"But who will sweep it away? I'll ask Mother ʔAkuš to do the favor," I said. I used to have a neighbor there. She was an old woman—like I am. I asked her to do the favor.

"Ah, is it just [evil] eye that baby has, or could it be something else the way it's gasping so much, you hear!" my neighbor told me.

"I don't know," I said. "It's just that I went to San Cristóbal."

"Oh, My Lord. Give him to me!" she said. She rubbed him. It did no good. I sent for a shaman. He said he had been given a [supernatural] beating.[2] A beating. A beating, but without any pity! He didn't last three sunsets. On the third day it was.

"Ow, ow," he said. He nursed—[he spit it up] on the ground. He nursed—[he spit it up] on the ground. "Aah, aah, aah," he said. He nursed. He nursed rapidly. The baby didn't want anything. He died. That shows that dreams come true.

[How many years ago did that baby die?] Ah, that baby? Nine months. [Nine months old, yes!, but how many years ago did you see it?] How many years since his death? Ehh, eh, it was twenty-two years ago. Twenty-two years since my little boy died. That's so. It's been twenty-two years, indeed, because, don't you see, it, eh, longer ago, not twenty-two. My boy there is twenty-two years old. Twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five years. [Ah, long ago!] Long ago. Twenty-five years, indeed, Yes!

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[1] It is believed that a person, by staring at a baby, can unwittingly cause it to have stomach upsets. The remedy for this ailment includes "sweeping" or brushing the baby's body with elderberry branches and chicken eggs to absorb the sickness.

[2] A supernatural beating (*mahbenal*) can be sent by ghosts, witches, the sun, or by the tutelary gods, but the latter is the most frequent origin of "beating."

I Try Crossing a River, Am Covered with Lime, Am Given Food, I Fall

D161

There was a river. I was crossing the river. We were going. "Let's go to San Cristóbal!" she told me.

But it seems there was a river on the trail to San Cristóbal.

I couldn't get across. "Eh, I'll just die here, mother, I can't cross over. I don't know how to swim in the river, it seems. I'll surely die here, because the only thing that will happen to me is that I'll go and die. I'll never get across this," I said.[1]

But you see, the porter there on the riverbank told me, "Cross over! cross over! I'll lead you."

It seemed I was crossing over, but I only reached the middle of the river. I came ba–ck. I didn't cross the river.

But you see, when I got out the river mud didn't look like mud. It was horrible li–me. My legs were simply left bright whi–te.

You see, when I was going across like that, I was going to San Cristóbal. I never went to San Cristóbal. I turned around and came back. Then I went into a house. That house was there. I went up. It seemed I went up to the first floor. Nothing was said to me. On the second floor, nothing was said to me. Then on the third floor of the house,[2] "Let's go! Come in here! Sit down!" I was told.

"Would you like to eat?" a woman asked me.

"No I'm not hungry," I said.

[Was she a Ladina?] A Ladina. Yes!

"I won't eat. I didn't come because I was hungry. I was just coming to sell my chicken eggs. That's why I came. But I met an old man on the trail. He told me, *Come on!* After I crossed the river—I got half way across the river—look how my legs are from it!

Both my legs are simply [covered with] lime now, from when [I tried to] cross over," I told that Ladina.

"Hm! But it's because you were foolish. It's because you went into the river. You shouldn't have gone in. You should have grabbed the old man and pushed him down. You shouldn't have done what the old man said," the Ladina told me.

"But you see, I lost my head. I should have picked up a stick and whacked him with the stick. He scarcely was my father, coming to order me about, coming to toss me [into the river]. He forced me to cross the river. Now it is his fault. I washed my legs with water. Now it wouldn't come off my legs. They are simply bright whi–te from the lime. My legs are going to split open from this. They will bleed," I said.

"Don't be afraid! They won't bleed. Here is some medicine for it," she told me. She gave me this much in a bottle. It was clear like water. "Rub it on! You'll see tomorrow. Your legs won't be white anymore like the lime that is covering them now," she told me.

"All right," I said.

The Ladina gave me medicine for it.

I sat down. "Don't go yet! Stay here! I'll take your chicken eggs," she told me. I sold her fifteen chicken eggs. She bought my eggs, fifteen chicken eggs. She said [she'd give] six pesos for fifteen.[3] "No, I'll pay you a new price. The cost of your meal will be deducted," she told me.

"Why should I pay for my meal? If you give it to me, then give it to me! But as for paying for it with my chicken eggs, no! I still have to buy corn with them," I told the Ladina.

"No, you'll see when I give you some tortillas. For two or three days you'll be eating the tortillas I give you," she told me.

"Ah, I won't be satisfied with the tortillas you give me. I won't get full on them," I said.

You see, I ate, it seemed. I ate, it seemed. My stomach was full. I ate her [food]. I took some food with me, wrapped up in a tortilla cloth. I took it home with me. When it reached home, it seems . . . when I arrived to warm them up, I saw that there weren't just tortillas. She had given me some meat to take along. She had given me some sausages to take along. Lots of things. That's what I was supposed to live on for a long time. She told me there was no reason for me to come to San Cristóbal.

You see, when I took my food and everything, I opened [a hatch] in the loft [and fell] into the earth.[4] But I realized it now. I tried to open my eyes. How did I land? My legs were dou–bled under me like this. I landed sitting down. "Eh, but I'll break my leg," I said to myself. "Eh, who knows what I can ever do about this, My Lord," I said to myself.

It didn't feel as if I had fallen. I just realized that I was standing inside the earth. Yes!

You see, I loo–ked. [I was] wa–y down. "How am I going to climb out of here. How . . . and my children will suffer indeed, My Lord!" I said. I prayed to Our Lord. I was stuck inside the earth.

There was a rope there. So I held on to it and climbed up. I climbed up with it. Yes!

I went and took the trail on which I had come. I got out. "Huh! The disgusting, reeking cunt, horrible stinking ass of a Ladina! You never wipe your ass! That's why you are tormenting me like this. Why are you doing this to me—coming to torment me, tossing me down like this? [Do you think] I have any u–se for your tortillas? Here, eat them! I have no use for them," I said. I went out. I left. I just went over to pick up my tortilla gourd. I went over to pick up my shawl. I left. Yes!

I was gabbing there when I woke up. I awoke. "What's happening to you, mother? Wake up!" my son, ʔAntun, told me.

"I was dreaming that I was being thrown down inside a great big house," I said.

"Oh, wake up!" he said. He was in another bed. I was sleeping [as far away] as your books are from here. Like that. I woke up. He woke me up. It was already late [at night] when he got up to waken me.

"Oh, oh, oh!" I said when I was talking [in my sleep]. Yes!

It was probably when I was being thrown down.

It ended like that. I didn't dream anything else. I woke up. I discussed it with my boy. "My dream was like thus and so."

"Who did you see earlier today? Who did you meet on the trail? She certainly hates you!" he said.

You see, as for me, I think there was a fiesta yesterday. I don't remember now what fiesta it was.

And so I changed my clothes. I put on a good—a pretty good skirt, it seems. Because I don't have many skirts. It was one like this. This one is patched. The other one was still new. I had a new skirt, a new blouse, and a new shawl. Of course people probably resent it.

Throwing me into a cave like that! Yes!

It wasn't a cave. It was inside that house. Yes!

"It's because they hate you for some reason," my boy told me.

"It's probably because the disgusting [people resent] my not asking them for anything. Never mind!" I said. It was cut short like that. Yes!

[Was it a witch?] No, not a witch. It's because people feel differently there. They resent it if you eat. They resent it if you have money. They resent it if you own a house. They want you to be naked. They don't want you to have anything. It displeases them. They want to be the only ones who can eat. Yes!

They want to be the only ones who can eat!

My Hair Falls Out, I Gather Firewood, I Fly: First Account

D162

I went to wash my hair.

You see, when I came back from washing, I combed my hair. It all came out.

"Why would my hair fall out like that? That's fine! It always has so many lice in it. Never mind, I'll cover myself with an old blanket," I said to myself. I picked up an old rag. I wrapped it around [my head]. Then I covered myself with my shawl. I left.

You see, when I came back, we went to gather firewood. I returned from gathering firewood.

"Why is your head bald?" my neighbor asked me.

"Because [my hair] fell ou–t," I said.

"Oh, get out of my way, stupid loafer. Go to bed!"

"Of course I'll go to bed! The sun's set," I said.

I ate. I went to bed [still in my dream].

You see, after I went to bed, [I dreamt] I came to gather wood, there at Bik'it Mušul Viȼ. At Bik'it Mušul Viȼ I found a pine stump there. I du–g up all the pine's roots. I stripped off all its roots. I took off the rotten parts, it seemed. Just the red part was left. I bound up my wood. I carried it. Then I came back. I left. I climbed over the fence.

You see, it was there by the live oak tree. I sat down there. I set my pine down. I left my pine lying there.

You see, I flew. I fle–w off. I landed, perching, over there where the two live oaks are on the side of Mušul Viȼ. "Why in the world are you flying?" I was asked. "Toni–k, why are you flying? Come here! Why did you leave your pine in a heap?" I was asked.

Since my pine had been left behind in a heap, I was going back to get it, of course. I had already gone a lo–ng ways, it seemed, when I flew off. I landed there, perched in a tree.

"Ah, why am I flying, My Lo–rd? How come?" I said.

I went ba–ck to get my pine. Then I woke up [still in my dream]. I went to get my pine. I carried my pine back. I didn't seem to be flying anymore. It seemed as if it was already light, because I was going home now. I was ca–rrying my pine.

It seemed as if it was on the earth's surface. It didn't seem as if it were in my dream. My pine arrived safely. I sat down at home with my load. I made a tiny corral of my pine. I stacked it [foursquare]. I looked at it.

I woke up.

"Oh, I don't know what my dream means," I told my ʔAntun.

"What was it, mother?"

"Now that you'll say I flew a little in my dream, which one of you will die?" I asked my children.

"Oh, it's probably me who'll die, since I'm sick," my son told me. He had just come back from the lowlands. My son was sick then. That's what I dreamt. He was carried up by his father.

"Oh, I don't know, son. I'm upset about you, being sick like this," I told my child.

"Don't worry, mother. Our Lord probably doesn't want me to die," my son told me.

It was the first day that he ate well. He drank a little corn gruel. He ate his little tortillas. He couldn't eat any beans. He couldn't eat anything else, only his little corn gruel, a little chicken broth, but no fat, because he was just recovering from the sickness. He had gotten intestinal flu, indeed! It was when there used to be a boarding school in our town. "It won't be long, if I have to die," my son told me. Hm!

[Was it long ago?] It was long ago. It was probably eighteen years ago, indeed. Yes!

Long ago.

My Hair Falls Out, I Gather Firewood: Second Account

D252

Long ago, when my mother was still alive, I dreamt. And I went to gather firewood [in my dream]. I returned from gathering firewood. I went to wash my hair. I came back from washing my hair. I came back to comb my hair.

I slept well [in my dream]. The next time I looked, I didn't have any hair—when I looked in the

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[1] It is widely believed in Middle America that dreams of water are ill omens; for instance, to go through a puddle or see dirty water brings sickness or death in Rabinal (Teletor, 1955:127–133; Shaw, 1972:219), seeing dark water in Mitla has the same result (Parsons, 1936:320) as does a muddy river among the Popoluca (Clark, 1968:102–103) and the Pocomchi (Mayers, 1958:20–21). In Teotihuacan a flood predicts the death of a friend or relative (Gamio, 1922:414). In Atla a wild river brings debts (Montoya Briones, 1964:176).

[2] Three-storey buildings are uncommon even today in San Cristóbal.

[3] That would have been a reasonable price for eggs.

[4] Dreaming of descending a slope or falling means in Atla that the dreamer will sink into poverty (Montoya Briones, 1964:176–177).

evening. "Why don't I have any hair? My Lo–rd, what happened to me?" I said to myself. I went to ge–t a comb to comb my hair. All I had now—all I had now was my scalp. "But where did my hair go? Why?" I said.

I just tu–rned around. I looked behind me. Now I had hair! "Here is my hair now! I'm probably going mad!" I said to myself. I got my comb. I started to comb it. I started to look at it. I was combing my hair like this. Bu–t it was coming out in the comb. Holy Mary! It was falling out. I used to have lots of hair. It wasn't the way it is now. It's just a little pig's tail now!

Oh, and I was combing my hair, bu–t it was coming out in clumps. My hair was coming out. Certainly it wasn't very long afterwards, probably a half a year later. "Why would I dream such a thing, mo–ther? Who knows. What do you think it means? My hair kept falling out. My head was just like a ceremonial gourd. It looked like I took my comb, the wooden comb I had put away. I combed it with that," I told my mother. I combed my hair, the comb was fi–lled with hair.

You see, my head was left na–ked. "But what can I cover this with, My Lord? What can I put on it? Even if I covered my head with my shawl, if I covered my head with it like this, but still that's no use. I would be embarrassed. People would make fun of me. *Why does she have a gourd for a head?* they would say about me," I said in my heart, in my dream.

But you see, I told my mother the next day. "Mother what do you think I should do? I dreamt that my hair fell out."

"Oh, I'm about to die, for sure, daughter! I'm about to perish, for sure, daughter! Be happy! You'll be left alone. There won't be anyone to scold you. There won't be anyone to criticize you," said my mother. God, I started to cry when my mother told me that. I cried. I felt terribly that my mother should die from that. It probably wasn't . . . . For exactly six months she was fine. In the sixth month, on the ninth of January, my mother died. Six months had passed. It was going into the seventh month when she got sick. It was the little cold, the little chills. My mother would warm herself [by the fire]. She had no strength left. She kept vomiting. After she vomited, she fell over next to my fire. Her nostrils were buried in the ashes. Her nostrils filled with ashes. God! My mother's time had come. She died. We gave her purges for three days. It did no good, now. My mother died anyway.

You see, the dream came true. It ca–me true. They come true. Whatever I dream always comes true. It's never been that it hasn't come true. I dreamt the same way about my son's child. It probably was eight or ten months ago or so, I think. It looked as if she eloped. She got a husband. She got married. It seemed as if it turned into nothing but quarrels. She kept fighting with her in-laws. And that's what happened. Look at them! Fights! Our dreams have to come true. Yes!

All my hair fell out. My mother died. My mother was buried. I became an orphan. My mother was gone now. I became an orphan. Dreams always come true. That's all there is.

My Tooth Falls Out

D163

I dreamt that [one of] my teeth fell out. "Oh, My Lord! Ah, why did my tooth fall out?" I said to myself.

I took my tooth. I was cu–pping it in my hand like this. "But why did my tooth fall out?" I said to myself again. So I too–k it in my hand, like this. I stu–ck it in, like this. "My tooth is fine. I can eat with it now," I said to myself.

You see, my tooth didn't come out. I stuck it back in. It grew firm. "I can eat with it now. My tooth hasn't anything wrong with it now."

I was eating well now. It was alright. My tooth was alright now. At first I had been cu–pping my tooth in my hand. "My Lord, why would my tooth have fallen out? But, agh, now I haven't anything to worry about, of course! My tooth is fine now," I said.

My tooth was fixed like that. They've been fine ever since. Hm!

None have come out. No!

Who knows why we dream that. It's said that our husbands will die. It's said that our children will die. But nobody of mine has died yet from that tooth of mine falling out. No! No one![1]

The Daub Falls off My House

D164

I dreamt that the daub fell off my house. It crumbled. Only the wattle fra–mework [was left].

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[1] The loss of a tooth is a common dream motif in Middle America, signifying death. The victim is unspecified in Mitla (Parsons, 1936:320), in Atla it is a parent (Montoya Briones, 1964:177), in Sayula and Panajachel it is a member of the family (Clark, 1968:104–105; Tax, 1950:732). If the tooth is a molar the victim will be the dreamer or his spouse in Panajachel (Tax, 1950:732), but in Rabinal it will be the dreamer's sister (Teletor, 1955:126).

"Ah, why did this happen to my house, My Lo–rd? What can I do about this? Won't the awful Spook come in to grab me, with my house having no daub?[1] What can I do about this? Shall I mix the mud all by myself now and slap it on my house later today? It would scarcely be hard for him to get in with my house gaping wide! It seems to be split open, now that it hasn't any daub. Where can I go? Shall I spend the night in somebody else's house? Even if I go spend the night, my things will disappear. A robber will get in," I said to myself.

You see, the next time I looked at my house—who knows how—it had its daub. It had its daub again. The daub to my house hadn't fallen off anywhere. It was fi–ne now. "Oh, I was right that you were lying! *The daub to my house has flaked off. The daub to my house has crumbled!* you were saying. And now your house is fine," my neighbor told me [in my dream].

"Ah, go see for yourself, the daub to my house has all fallen off," I said. The daub had never fallen off my house. It was fine. I was telling a lie [she thought].

"You're a big liar. It's because you wanted to lure me here, to pay you a visit. That's why I came to look at your house."

"But the daub to your house hasn't fallen off at all. The walls of your house are fine. It's 'cause you just wanted to chat," my neighbor told me. ʔAkuš was my neighbor's name. I brought her. She came to look at my walls. When my neighbor arrived, there wasn't anything wrong with my house. It was fine. It was fine. I was just dreaming a lie, it seemed. Yes!

It was just a torment, it seems. A torment, it seems. The walls were fine. There wasn't anything wrong with them. No!

[What could it mean?] They say it means we'll get divorced, of course. I've heard them say that's what it means. Who knows if it's true. That's just what people say, it seems. It means we'll get divorced or that one of our own will die. Yes!

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[1] See note 1 to D33.

We Watch the Arrival of the Virgin

D165

It was at the fiesta of St. Lawrence. It seemed to be on our fiesta.

You see, the stewards went to meet the Virgin on the trail. They struck up the band as they went to meet her on the trail.

They waited for her at Muk'ta Krus, it seemed. The drums were thumping now. They struck up the band. They le–ft. They went to meet her. "Oh, they've already gone to meet her."

I thought that the Virgin had arrived already.

"That band has left already," said the people.

As for me, I went out in a rush. "I guess we ought to go look. Let's go, girls! Let's go watch Our Lady of the Ascension coming in.[1] She is coming, since you can hear the Virgin coming in now," we were saying. We le–ft. We went to watch by the corner of Nača's house. In the end we met at the corner of Nača's house. She never came. Only the rockets were bu–rsting there.

And the sun rose high. It was nine o'clock.

You see, then [she came]. They stru–ck up the band at Muk'ta Krus. They came. Our friends [the Ixtapanecs] came fi–ling in.[2] They came along. After the Virgin arrived, she entered the church. Now the bells were ringing.

It seemed like a fiesta, the fiesta of St. Lawrence. The Virgin entered the church. After she had gone in, they came out. They had a meal by the door of [the Chapel of] Esquipulas. The men who had brought the Virgin finished eating. They were all cro–wded about dancing in front of the cross. It turned out that when they were dancing in front of the cross, there wasn't any music. They were just dancing and dancing all by themselves.

"Why would you be stamping away? What are you doing dancing? You shouldn't just be dancing there like that, like madmen! Let's go to the steward's house!" the Ixtapanecs said to each other. "Let's go to the steward's house! What are you looking for here?" said the Ixtapanecs. "Let's go to the steward's house."

They arrived at the steward's house. They didn't dance anymore [at the spot] where they had been. They arrived at the steward's house. The music was playing at the steward's house. Then they went to dance there.

The men danced. They exchanged their ceremonial robes. [The women] exchanged their shawls with the Ixtapanecs. The Ixtapanec [women] were wearing [Zinacantec] ceremonial robes. Our countrymen were wrapped now in little shawls, the little basket-weave shawls of the Ixtapanecs.[3] They were dancing and dancing spi–ritedly now at the steward's house, the Steward of Our Lady [of the Rosary].

They danced three rounds. They finished dancing. "Let's go, friends! Our Holy Lady needs to be cared for," said the sacristans. They went back. They went to the church.

But, as for me, I never saw if I reached the church. I just stayed behind—there by Petul Buro's cross, as we call it. There at Petul Buro's cross, above Maryan

ʔOk'il's house. I stayed there. The house of the Steward of Our Lady [of the Rosary] was there at Palas Šut's house. It was there.

Then I woke up. I never reached the church. It was cut short like that. I didn't reach the church. No!

[What could it mean?] Who kno–ws. Could it be that I saw what the fiesta was like? Or could it be because I'm heartsick over never going to visit the Virgin? I used to take my candles with me. I [used to] go meet the Virgin, but now it's been probably, eh, it's over twenty years since I went. I never go now. No!

This year I was supposed to go. I was going to visit the Virgin, but because the mother of my little boy here [my grandson] was wounded[1] I never went. So I can't forget that my daughter was [nearly] killed. Yes!

[Was that long ago?]Ah, that [dream] was long ago. It was probably, eh, that was probably ten years ago. Yes!

It was ten years ago.

I Am Naked, My Skirt Disappears: First Account

D166

I went to the river. I came back.

You see I was going to soak my laundry. I took off my blouse. I took off my skirt.

You see I [changed my skirt]. I tied my sash. Finally, when I saw that I had tied my sash, it seemed that I was wearing my skirt properly.

I finished washing my skirts. I finished wringing them out. Then I was going back home. Then I saw . . . . When I reached, when I climbed up the riverbank, I reached the place where there is a bank by our path. Then I saw that one side of my skirt was torn and flapping. One side of my skirt was torn and flapping.

"Ah, why is my skirt like this?" I said to myself. I felt my waist here. No skirt now! Then I saw that I was naked. "Ah, why in the world, My Lord? Thank God my blouse is long! The awful men will look and look at me, naked as I am, My Lord," I said to myself. "What can I do about this?" I tried to pull my blouse down. My blouse was [too] short. Now my blouse came down just to here. Here! "But if I meet men they'll see me now—if I meet them on the path like this. I'll be embarrassed," I said to myself. I pi–cked up my shawl. I wrapped my shawl around me. So then I covered myself, because I was ashamed.

You see, then my old godfather, the gentleman whose name is Maryan K'ohcoʔ, came along.

"Come on by, father!" I said.

"Okay," he said. I met him on the trail. "Why are you wearing your shawl that way? How come? What's the reason?"

"Don't mention that, father! I just don't know what to do. I'm a bit naked. I changed my skirt properly. I washed my hair well. I finished shampooing my hair carefully. I don't know how—while I was just standing—my skirt disappeared. I hadn't anything else to wear. That's why I'm naked like this. That's why I wrapped myself in my shawl. If you think I have my sash, it's the poor cord of my shawl [that I used] to tie my skirt!" I told my godfather.

"Lord, why in the world are you like this, daughter? It isn't proper that way. Who knows what's the matter with you. Why are you naked all of a sudden? Where did you put it? Who stole it? Could you not have seen who stole it from you? Or didn't you notice where it went?"

"I didn't notice where it went. I changed [my clothes] properly. I tied my skirt properly. I shampooed myself carefully. After I washed my skirt carefully, it was wet. Then I saw that my [other] skirt was gone. I was walking around naked now. I was just wearing my blouse. That's why I wrapped myself in my shawl."

"Go on, then. Go get one! You probably have an old skirt at home. Is this the time to be walking around like that? You'll meet people. People are abroad now. Don't you see it's late afternoon. I'm going to get the mules," my godfather told me.

I hu–rried along home now.

I arrived to spread out my skirt. I arrived to spread out my blouse. I arrived to comb my hair, it seems. I finished combing my hair. I had an old skirt, co–vered with patches. But the trouble was, my sash was gone. "Ah, I guess I'll go get my sash or I'll use my boy's old sash to tie around my waist," I said to myself. I picked up my boy's little sash. It was terribly short. I was going to tie it around my waist. But I couldn't tie it around my waist. It was terribly short. I fastened a little belt around my waist. "Eh, I don't think this will do. My Lord, how can I find [my sash] like this? I'll simply go to Mother Loša's house. I'll go ask her to weave me a sash. How could I get along like this, without my sash?" I said as I left.

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[1] Every fiesta of St. Lawrence, Our Lady of the Ascension is brought from Ixtapa to "visit her brother."

[2] The Ixtapanecs are addressed as "my friend" (*kamiko*).

[3] Ixtapanecs and Zinacantecs do exchange their ceremonial clothing during the fiesta of St. Lawrence.

I woke up when I was going to have a sash woven for me. It was broken off when I was going to have a sash woven for me. My husband asked me, "What are you saying? Gabbing away, you loafer! Get up! It's growing light," he told me. "Gabbing away!"—it was probably that he heard me talking in my sleep. One of my children had died recently. I was carrying the baby. It was six months old. "What are you doing, gabbing away? Get up! Grind [the corn], you loafer!" my husband told me. I got up. I got up to light my fire. I was crying now about being naked.

"What could this mean, My Lord? Could it be that someone will die? Are my children going to die from this? Why was I like that, without my skirt?" I said to myself at dawn.

"Hurry up, you bitch, with the tears streaming down your cheeks! I'm going to gather firewood," I was told. He asked for his tortillas. He ate before he left. My firewood gatherer left. Then I was left to cry by myself. Sitting at the foot of my metate, I cried.

God, My Lord,
  What could my soul,
My spirit mean, My Lord?
  Will another of my children die from this?
Which one of my children will die?
  I am suffering, I am wretched, My Lord.
I can't bear the loss,
  I can't endure the bereavement, it seems,
If my children just die, My Lord,
  It feels as if I myself were dying, indeed, My Lord,

I cried at the foot of my metate.

Then my crying subsided. I didn't cry anymore.

"Never mind," I said to myself. I went out after I finished grinding. I went to feed my chickens after he left me with a scolding, because of what I dreamt—when he heard about it. Yes!

[Did you dream this long ago?] Ah, it was certainly long ago. It was at least, oh, twenty-four years ago. Yes!

I Am Naked, I Abandon My Baby: Second Account

D255

I went. I went to get firewood. I've gotten used to always carrying my shawl like this. I rolled up my tumpline, my ropes, my pad. I took my machete. I left. I went to gather firewood [in my dream]. One of my babies had died recently [on the earth's surface]. That child of mine died, as I told you.

As for that little girl of mine—she was just this big, like this. Her name was Mersel.

"Stay there, my baby. I'm coming back!" I told my little girl. "Why would my child be left behind by herself?" I said to myself now, but I was already in the woods. I was walking about, it seemed, looking for firewood. "Ah, should my child be left behind by herself? Ah, don't I know how to act, leaving the baby behind?" I said. "Eh, forget it, My Lord! What do I want to be gathering wood for, while my little girl is left by herself? Is it right for me to abandon her back [there] all by herself?" I said to myself.

Have you seen his stile, beyond my stile? You've seen it? Where the alley is. It goes straight, like this. There, above the gully. I woke up there. Would you believe it? I had no skirt. I was just wide open. Not even . . . I was only carrying that shawl of mine. I was carrying it, like this. I was naked. I didn't even have my blouse. This breast of mine was po–king out. One was po–king out. "Why don't I have any clothes, My Lord?" I said to myself.

"Ah, what can I do? What? I'm embarrassed, My Lord. I'll meet the man who's coming along there!" I said to myself. I had my shawl like this. I clutched my shawl. Quickly, I covered myself like this. I had no sash. I had no shirt. I had no blouse. My breasts were just bobbing up and down. I just clutched that shawl of mine. See, like this! I clutched it like this. I clutched it like this. I was embarrassed about the man coming. "Ah, My Lord, Jesus Christ!" I said to myself. I was hugging myself like this. Because I was meeting the person who was coming along.

I covered myself like that. Yes!

"Ma'am," he said.

"Go on!" I said. "My Lord, Jesus Christ, he saw that I was wrapped up in my shawl, that I had no skirt! Ah, why is it, My Lord? Why is such an awful thing happening to me?" I said to myself. Not much time passed [after that dream]. Aah, probably seven months. Since my little girl died in August. She died on the twenty-eighth of August.

"Ah, why is it, My Lo–rd? Why ever am I naked like this?" I said to myself. I was crying now. Ah, I was crying when I awoke. I was crying, indeed. Now my child died. It didn't take long. It didn't take long.

[Was that long ago?] E–h, it was probably twenty-four years ago. I know it was! Twenty-four years ago, indeed! Since first it was that little boy of mine. [Their deaths] were probably a year apart, since my children all died right away. It was twenty-four years ago, of course—since my little girl was six, five years old. My little boy died in his ninth month. He was my little girl's younger brother. Since my Maryan who is alive now, is twenty-two years old. So it's more or less that long ago. It's twenty-four [years ago]. Ye–s!

MY FLOWERS ARE RUINED

D167

Now we left the big market [in Tuxtla]. I had already found a place to sit. It was shown to me in my dream. It was here by the telephone pole, the lamp post. "You can sell there!" a Ladina told me.

"Fine!" I said. I was selling there.

Then we were chased out of there.

You see, I left. I went to the corner. I went to sell.

You see, the place where I was selling was floo–ded with water, and mu–d—there where I was.

You see, the place where my flowers were piled up was covered with mud now, covered with dirt now. They were going to rot from the water and so on. My basket was filled with water. My shawl was soaked now. My cloth was soaked now. I had my little mat. It was folded up in the bottom of my basket. It was completely soa–ked. When I pulled it out, the water was dripping from it. "Ah, why did this happen, My Lord?" I said to myself in my dream. "Ugh, I think you're awful. You don't know how to act, son! You don't know how to behave, child! Have you no eyes, spilling water on my [things]?" I told the person from Voˀ-bi¢ because a person from Voˀ-bi¢ was selling next to me.

"Ah, I never saw it, ma'am. Ah, do you think I saw it? Could I really have sprinkled [water] on your shawl? Could I really have sprinkled [water] on your mat? They got wet because the water spilled by itself. It was the Ladina who spilt it," the awful person from Voˀ-bi¢ told me.

"Ah, even if the Ladina spilt it, you could have told me a word, son! It was a bad thing you did. How could it be alright? What am I going to sleep with tonight? My mat is soaked. My blanket is soaked. I have nothing to sleep with tonight. Just nothing! Do you mean I'm to sleep on my haunches? Do you think that's the way to do it?" I told the poor fellow from Voˀ-bi¢.

"Ah, never mind, ma'am! Forget it! We can buy some charcoal and dry out our clothes," the fellow from Voˀ-bi¢ told me.

"Ah, never mind, ma'am! Forget it! We can buy some charcoal and dry out our clothes," the fellow from Voˀ-bi¢ told me.

As for my flowers . . . .

You see, the next time I looked . . . I had turned around to talk to that guy from Voˀ-bi¢—when I looked at my flowers, they were all covered with mud, ruined by the mud.

"Skip it! Curses!" I said to myself. I pi–cked up my rope. I pu–lled my rope out. I got [my things] ready one after another. I put them in my basket. I threw out all my flowers. Then I left. I went to spend the night at the Ladina's house where I sleep.

I arrived at the Ladina's house. "Have you sold everything already, Tonita?" the Ladina asked me.

"I've finished selling, because my flowers weren't left behind in bundles, because someone got them soaked with water. How could they be alright—now that they are soaked with water? My flowers will rot," I told the Ladina.

"Never mind, go get some more! Don't fret!" she told me.

"It would be a good idea if I left early tomorrow morning on the second-class bus. Please open the door for me! I'll leave at four in the morning," I said. I left Tuxtla at four o'clock it seems.

I came to get my flowers. The next time I looked, I was coming along here—here by Granadilla. I woke up there. "Oh, where am I, My Lord?" I said.

I realized I was at home. When I woke up, I was supposed to be on a trip. I wasn't on the road. I was at home, lying down. Yes!

You see, "It's probably because somebody will come today to ask you [to sell] flowers for them. Don't worry! They'll come to ask you [to sell] flowers. You'll probably want to." They were right. It was no lie. It was probably around nine o'clock.

"Mother Toni–k, Mother Toni–k, are you going to Tuxtla? Because we have lots of flowers now. There are daisies and calla lilies." I was told. Yes!

It was probably because I saw clearly. [I saw] clearly that I was going, because I had some flowers. So they went to get my flowers for me as if it was today [then] and I was going to Tuxtla tomorrow.

I saw the place that I dreamt about. I looked at it. [The flowers] were gone. The place where I dreamt —in the place where I had had my seat—there were just some big, old baskets. In the place where I was selling there were just some big crates. It was blocked. There was no place for me to sell. No!

That's why I dreamt that. I knew that I wouldn't sell there anymore.

I go to sell at the little market [in Tuxtla]. Yes!

I go to sell at the little market. Of course they're snapped up. I can't say they're not snapped up, though slowly. Yes!

I sell for two days. Then I come back. Yes!

[What could it mean?] Who kno–ws, I think I dreamt that because I don't sell anymore [in the big market]. Could my soul have seen it? Or could it be that we [had to] go to a different place? Since we were going to speak to the governor. We were going to speak to the magistrate or somebody so that he would let me sell at the big market. It wasn't allowed now. No, we were simply left with the little market. Now we just sell there. Yes!

That's why Maryan ʔOk'il has been acting up. If I ask him the favor of giving me a ride he says he won't take me. Yes!

Even so, we'll see how it turns out. Yes! [We'll see] what I can do. Yes!

[Did you dream this recently?] Recently, it was probably a week ago. Yes!

I AM OFFERED CORN GRUEL

D168

It seemed I went to visit. "Comadre, how are you?" I asked my comadre.

"I'm just the same, comadre," my comadre said to me.

"Come in, comadre. Sit down! Here is an old mat for you. Let's visit!" my comadre told me.

I sat down. "Eat some tortillas, comadre!" she told me. "Drink some corn gruel, comadre!" she told me.

"Why not leave it at that, comadre? Don't take the trouble," I told my comadre.

"Come on in, daughter," I told my daughter. "Ah, I feel very sick. Why do we eat the food? What if we get sick from it?" I said.

"Never mind, put it in your pot," my daughter told me.

"Please give me holy pardon, comadre. Scold me! Get angry with me, but I can't eat the food you are offering me. I feel pretty sick with a cough," I said.

"Ah, never mind, comadre. Never mind, you can get [home] to warm it up and eat it. Do you have your little pot or do you [want] to borrow a pot?" my comadre asked me. I poured it in my pot.

"No, comadre, I have my little pot," I said.

I poured it into my pot. "Take it, daughter!" I told my daughter. "You drink the gruel!" I told my daughter. She drank some corn gruel. Me, I didn't eat any.

You see, we were supposed to be going home.

"Thank you, comadre. May God repay you for [letting us] eat your food."

"It's just a little food, comadre," my comadre told me.

"Thanks a lot. We'll talk to you again. We'll talk to you. There are some things I have to do at home."

"Yes, you're right, of course, comadre. Thank you for talking to me. Thank you for visiting me," my comadre told me.

"Ah, don't mention it, comadre. I haven't anything of consequence to tell you."

"Yes, you're right, of course, comadre. We'll talk together again."

"All right, comadre. I'm going, then, comadre."

"Go right along, comadre!" she told me.

Me, I went home. I arrived home. "Oh, what do you think, daughter? Oh, where have I been walking around hunting for a meal in my dream?" I said when I woke up the next morning. Because I paid a visit.[1] How could I have been asleep for a short while? I was visiting. I was eating in [other] houses. I was given some meat to eat. I was asleep. You don't believe I was awake? It was my present wherever I went walking about, hunting [for food] from house to house.

"Taste my present. Eat it! Warm it up! It's there in the clay pot," I told my daughters. In the end. there was nothing. I felt like eating. I felt like eating some meat.

I GO SELLING, I AM CHEATED ON THE BUS

D169

It seemed that I went to Chenalhó the day before yesterday. I left. I went to buy oranges, to buy sweet lemons, to buy guavas, to buy bananas.

The thing is, it's a he–lp if there's a bus, if the fruit comes by bus. "Oh, I know what's missing—it's my sugar. I don't have the sugar for my corn gruel. It's not ready [to take]," I said to myself.

You see, I retraced my steps to where I had come from. I came back from [the spot] where I was waiting for the bus. I went to get the sugar.

You see, the sugar was this big. The sugar looked like little cakes of wax. But I didn't want it like that. How would I know how to measure it? How big a piece? How mu–ch? How big a piece should be put in my pot of corn gruel? The sugar was in little blocks this big, this thick.[1] "How would I know how much? Ah, forget it. I'll buy some in San Cristóbal," I said to myself. I came back. The bus appeared—the Chenalhó bus.

"Are you going to San Cristóbal?" I asked.

"San Cristóbal," he said.

"Please take my things, then," I said. I had carried with me a bag of my oranges, my sweet lemons and a basket of my bananas, my little bananas, and my passion fruit. Yes!

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[1] Zinacantecs visit each other not just "to see the face," but when they wish to discuss a specific matter. They find it very embarrassing to accept food when they have nothing to give in return. An anthropologist studying the religious system of Zinacantán who could often be seen following the religious officials from house to house aroused a great deal of gossip. He was said to be "tagging along like a dog waiting for its handout."

I came by bus. "How much will you take me for?"

"Six pesos," he told me.

"Do you think San Pedro [Chenalhó] is the same as Tuxtla, then? From Tuxtla it's six pesos, but as far as San Cristóbal. But this is from Chenalhó to San Cristóbal." [2]

"Ah, it's the same. It's eighteen leagues or so," he told me.

"Ah, why is it eighteen leagues? Tuxtla is further away. San Pedro is nearer," I said.

"Ah, why? Is it of no use your being old now? Don't you remember? You know that San Pedro is further away, that Tuxtla is nearer," he told me.

"Ah, are you harrassing me like this because you see I'm an Indian? Tuxtla has always been further away! San Pedro is nearer," I said.

"Eh, forget it then! With your baggage you can go for five pesos," he told me.

"Well, that'll probably be alright," I said. I got into the bus.

You see, he let me off here at the fork, at the fork. "But how are my things going to go, with me here at the fork? Now that my son has picked a fight it seems—bawled out Maryan ʔOk'il, it seems—he'll never pick me up here. My Lord, why would it be? Who, who should I send off to tell them, so that one of my daughters will come and meet me? Eh, I'll simply go here to the house of—what's his name?—There is a Chamulan named Lol there. I know him. He [lives] here at Ventana. So I'll go there. I'll go leave my things there for safekeeping," I said to myself. "I'll leave my fruit there for safekeeping, because I won't speak to the driver."

I just carried along the basket with my little bananas. I left the rest in safekeeping. I woke up. I was walking along on the other side of the ridge. Yes!

I didn't arrive home. I didn't arrive home. No!

You see I was going to cross over the river.

But the bridge had collapsed. I didn't cross over. The river was flooded.

You see, I thought it over [on the earth's surface]. "If I go to San Cristóbal, if we go anywhere now, just before All Souls' Day, if it's the way it used to be, San Cristóbal gets flooded. Then we have to go around by Ȼekiltik of course. It's hard for us to cross over," I said in bed. That's why I dreamt that. Yes!

"This is not a good thing. It's terribly roundabout on foot. How could cars pass by there? It's terribly ha–rd for us to travel," I said in bed.

"Ah, don't keep fretting! Do you have anything important to worry about? Are we going to eat lots of sugar, just the two of us?" my Petuʔ asked me. Yes!

Just like when she worried when you left. "Oh, can you get by?

Can you get over that part of the road where it's bad?" She asked you, you know. "What if you have to spend the night alone?" She said, you know. Yes!

"If you have to spend the night by yourself?" "What if something happens to him, mother? If Lol spends the night there, what if someone goes and kills him in his car?" she said. Yes!

Because that girl frets too much. Yes!

"No, he won't be killed. He'll get by, of course!" I said.

"Mother, but listen!" she said. She went outside to listen. "You hear, that car sounds as if it's there," she said. If he spends the night there, when is he going to get his coffee? When is he going to get his food, like that?" she kept saying to me. Yes!

"Ah, if we had somebody to keep us company, daughter, we'd go, go look."

"He's gone now!" she said.

"Listen, he's gone around [the bend] now. Never mind, then," I said. Yes!

She went out to listen. She went out to watch you, [to see] if you were coming back, [to see] if anything happened to you, she said. She just worries too much. That's why she said that to me. She saw I wasn't fretting over my sugar. Yes!

[When did you dream it?] I think it was the day before yesterday, just the day before yesterday. I dreamt the day before yesterday. Yes!

It was because I was worried because I needed my fruit. I need all these things that are necessary for All Souls' Day. Yes!

That's what our custom is there. We buy bananas, oranges, sweet lemons, passion fruit, peanuts, sugar, meat. Everything we eat, the spirits eat, too. Yes!

Because we wait for the spirits' souls, it seems. Yes!

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[1] Unrefined sugar is usually sold in large round blocks that taper at the ends.

[2] Tonik's annoyance is thoroughly justified as Chenalhó is 23 miles from San Cristóbal while Tuxtla is 50 miles distant.

I AM ATTACKED BY A SPOOK OR WAS IT ST. MICHAEL?

D170

I dreamt.

My husband went to play [music on the earth's surface]. It seems that I don't believe what they say in our town about the talking god.[1]

"I'll be back. I'm going to play at our compadre, Manvel [ʔOkoȼ's] house," my children's father told me. He left.

"Go on, what do I need you for? That's your father! The devil's your father!" you see, I said myself.

"Wait and see, he'll come to grab you in your bed, talking that way against Our Lord! He's Our Lord, he's not the devil," he told me when he left. He was right, it was no lie. I went to bed. Happily I went to bed. First it seemed he was opening my door. The awful Spook was coming in.[2] I have a little window. He was there at my window. He was thrusting his ugly hand in like thi–s. But his horrible fingernails were this lo–ng!

He came in. He was going to grab me. He didn't get in. I simply didn't know [what to do], because, "Open the door!" or something he told me. He came into my house. He was wa–lking into my house now. He went. He went to get me in my bed. He went to shove me, but his horrible nails were really lo–ng. It seemed he was scra–tching me with his horrible fingernails.

So, "Ge–t your horrible fingernails off me, you disgusting thing! You're the devil. How could you be god? You are temptation," I said. I spat on him. "Stinking, stinking disgusting witch, devil, temptation," I said.

I started to say the prayers, "Ay, Ave Maria Purisima!" I said the catechism. "Our father who art in heaven," I said. You could hear me sa–ying the catechism, so the Spook wouldn't grab me, so that the devil wouldn't grab me.

You see, "Flap, flap, flap, fla–p" went his horrible wings next to my house.

"That's the Spook, daughter. You'd better go see if our door is fastened tight," I said. Because my house just has a stick [to hold the door tight].

"It's firmly in place, mother. Don't worry! Go to sleep!" my daughter seemed to tell me.

But it wasn't the Spook—it was that horrible devil. "He's offended because I called him *devil*," I said. Because he doesn't like to be called "devil." It was the god who talks, as they say.

You see, it was because I don't believe in him, myself. That's why [my husband] told me, "He'll come and grab you." [That's what] he said as he left.

As for him, he went and prayed at the house where he went to play.

Señor San Miguelito,
How are you?
I've come to play Thy tunes.
I've come to play Thy songs.
Wilt Thou give me Thy grace?
Wilt Thou give me Thy blessing?
Because I have come from quarreling,
From fighting with my wife. My wife [said],
Go and see your father, the devil.
Go and see your father, the demon.

He said [this] when he arrived [at the talking saint's]. That's why [the talking saint] came to startle me. Hm!

That's why he went and frightened me that way. He went and pushed against my door. He went and shoved it. Yes!

But he's the same as—he's nothing less than the devil. Yes!

[Did you dream it long ago?] Ah, it was long ago indeed. It was probably twelve years ago. It was twelve years ago. Long ago.

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[1] The "talking god" (*hk'opohel rioš*) is a saint image, usually of St. Michael, that allegedly has appeared from a cave and is kept in a box in a private home where, for a fee, it will diagnose illnesses and prescribe cures. "Talking gods" or "talking saints," as they are also known, arouse considerable skepticism in the community and frequently are confiscated by the civil authorities. Even so they seem to spring up with some regularity, especially in the hamlets.

[2] While it would be natural to associate a talking saint with the Earth Lord, since both are conceived as Ladinos, it is strange that Tonik would confuse St. Michael with a Spook.

Postscript

All the evidence is in. *"Oh, I've had such a curious dream!* said Alice. . . . So she sat on, with closed eyes, and half believed herself in Wonderland, though she knew she had but to open them again, and all would change to dull reality" (Carroll, 1962:150, 152). But here in Zinacantán, even "on the earth's surface," mystery lurks. And in the chill black of night the souls wander on perilous paths. But he who sees, dreams well.

Appendix 1

LIST OF DREAMS AND DREAMERS

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49.	Šun Min	(96)
50.	Romin Teratol	(38)
51.	Mikel Ȼoȼil	(42)
52.	Mikel Ȼoȼil	(43)
53.	Mikel Ȼoȼil	(43)
54.	Mikel Ȼoȼil	(43)
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59.	Mikel Ȼoȼil	(45)
60.	Mikel Ȼoȼil	(45)
60b.	Mikel Ȼoȼil	(45)
61.	Romin Tan-čak	(54)
62.	Romin Tan-čak	(54)
63.	Romin Tan-čak	(56)
64.	Romin Tan-čak	(56)
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70.	Romin Tan-čak	(60)
71.	Romin Tan-čak	(60)
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77.	Šun Min	(98)
78.	Mal Heronimo	(114)
79.	Mal Heronimo	(114)
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145.	Romin Teratol	(39)

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148. Tonik Nibak (145)
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251. ?Anselmo Peres (52)
252. Tonik Nibak (163)
253. Tonik Nibak (160)
254. Tonik Nibak (154)
255. Tonik Nibak (167)

Appendix 2

GAZETEER

(Spanish names in parentheses)

Acala	lowland town on the Río Grijalva
ʔA¢'am	Salt—see Salinas
ʔAč' ʔAsyento	New Ranch, lowland ranch
Agua Escondida	Cakchiquel town in Guatemala
ʔAk'ol Ravol	Upper Ranch, ranch in Zinacantán Center
ʔAn¢il Ton	Women's Stone, rock near Bik'it Mušul Vic
ʔApas	(Apaz), Zinacantec hamlet
Atla	pseudonym for Pahuatlán, Nahuatl town in the state of Puebla
Bik'it Karmen	Little Carmen, lowland ranch
Bik'it Mušul Vi¢	hill in Zinacantán Center
Bik'it Tušta	Little Tuxtla, Tuxtla Chico, town near Guatemalan border
Bochil	Tzotzil town on the road to Simojovel
Burrero	colony on the trail to Ixtapa
Ȼahal Yemeltik	Red Banks, Chamulan hamlet near Mitontic
Calvary	Kalvario, principal mountain shrine in Zinacantán Center
Ȼekiltik	Skirts, Barrio Mexicano of San Cristóbal where skirts are woven and dyed
Chamula	Tzotzil town near Zinacantán
Chanal	Tzeltal town
Chenalhó	San Pedro Chenalhó, highland Tzotzil town
Chiapa	Chiapa de Corzo, town on the Río Grijalva
Chiapas	state in southern Mexico
Chichicastenango	Quiché town in Guatemala
Čiloʔ	Sweet Water, stream in Zinacantán Center
Čokoʔ	area at the foot of Hil Na ʔIčin
Comitán	town on the Pan American Highway
El Zapotal	lowland town with Tzotzil minority
ʔElan Voʔ	(Elambo), Zinacantec hamlet
Granadilla	Zinacantec hamlet
Hok' Č'enom	see Granadilla
Hol Na ʔIčin	mountain shrine in Zinacantán Center
Htek-lum	see Zinacantán Center
Huichol	Indian group living in Durango, Jalisco, and Nayarit
ʔIčin Ton	Horned Owl Rock; Chamulan hamlet on road to San Cristóbal
ʔIsbontik	Dogwoods, on Pan American Highway north of San Felipe
Ixtapa	town with Tzotzil minority on the trans-Chiapas highway
Kalvario	see Calvary
Kankreh	Crab, lowland ranch
K'at'ištik	Hawthorns, Chamulan hamlet bordering Zinacantán Center
Larraínzar	San Andrés Larraínzar, highland Tzotzil town
Mahob Pepen	Butterfly Swatting Place, on trail to El Zapotal
Masan	Zinacantec hamlet
Mexico City	
Mitla	Zapotec town in the state of Oaxaca
Mitontic	highland Tzotzil town
Mitziton	Chamulan colony of San Cristóbal
Mt. Hueitepec	principal mountain overlooking Zinacantán and San Cristóbal
Muk'ta Karmen	Great Carmen, lowland ranch
Muk'ta Krus	Great Cross, cross at northwestern entrance to Zinacantán Center
Muk'ta Nab	Big Lake, ranch in foothills east of El Zapotal
Muk'ta Ton	Big Rock, shrine at foot of Mušul Vi¢
Muk'ta Vi¢	Great Mountain—see Mt. Hueitepec
Mušul Vi¢	hill at eastern edge of Zinacantán Center
Na Čih	(Nachig), Dear House, Zinacantec hamlet
Naben Čauk	(Navenchauc), Thunderbolt Lake, Zinacantec hamlet
Nandayapa	lowland ranch
Nantaburiʔ	lowland ranch
Ni-oʔ	Springhead, spring in Zinacantán Center
ʔOn Teʔtik	Madrone trees, on trail to El Zapotal
Panajachel	Cakchiquel town in Guatemala
Pasteʔ	Zinacantec hamlet
Pat ʔOsil	(Patosil), Back Land, Zinacantec hamlet
Pocomchi	Indian group in Guatemala
Popol Ton	Mat Rock, in Zinacantán Center
Popoluca	Indian group in Veracruz state
Puyal Voʔ	Snail Spring, in Voʔ-č'oh Voʔ
Rabinal	town in Guatemala
Ravoltik	ranch in Zinacantán Center
Sak-č'en	White Cliff, shrine on Mt. Hueitepec
Salinas	Zinacantec hamlet
San Andrés	see Larraínzar
San Antonio	colony of San Cristóbal
San Cristóbal	San Cristóbal de las Casas, political and economic center of the Chiapas highlands
San Felipe	agencia of San Cristóbal with Tzotzil minority
San-kištoval	mountain shrine in Zinacantan Center
San Lucas	see El Zapotal
San Pablo Chalchihuitán	highland Tzotzil town

San Pedro	see Chenalhó
Santa Lucia	church and barrio of San Cristóbal
Sayula	Popolucan town in Veracruz state
S¢ellehtik	the Ridge, settlement in Voˀ-č'oh Voˀ
Simojovel	Tzotzil town
Sisil Vi¢	St. Cecilia Mountain, in Zinacantán Center
Sok'on	cross near eastern cemetery in Zinacantán Center
Soyaló	town with Tzotzil minority on the trans-Chiapas highway
T'aht'ah Betik	Cracked Path, trail in Pat ˀOsil
Taki-ˀuk'um	Dry Stream, stream in Pat ˀOsil
Tenejapa	highland Tzeltal town
Teotihuacan	town in the state of Mexico
Tiˀ Čiloˀ	Edge of Sweet Water, alongside Čiloˀ in Zinacantán Center
Tihera	fork of the roads going to Chamula and Zinacantán Center, fork of the trans-Chiapas and Pan-American highways
Totolapa	lowland Tzotzil town
Ton ₵'ikin	spring at foot of Muk'ta Vi¢ in Voˀ-č'oh Voˀ
Tuxtla	Tuxtla Gutiérrez, capital of the state of Chiapas
Valalupa	lowland ranch
Ventana	mountain pass at eastern entrance to Zinacantán Center
Vergel	lowland coffee finca
Villahermosa	capital of the state of Tabasco
Voˀ-bi¢	Five Pieces—see Salinas
Voˀ-č'oh Voˀ	(Bochoboj), Five Springs, Zinacantec hamlet
Yaˀahvil	see Ventana
Yaˀam Ton	mountain shrine north of Zinacantán Center
Yaleb Taiv	(Yalemtay), Where Frost Falls, Zinacantec hamlet
Zinacantán Center	political and ceremonial center of the township of Zinacantán

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